THE

VIRTUOUS ORPHAN;

OR, THE

LIFE OF MARIANNE,

COUNTESS OF *****.

TRANSLATED FROM

THE FRENCH OF MARIVAUX.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

THE

TRANSLATOR's PREFACE.

THE reading of that part of hiſtory that relates to human life and manners, has been always conſidered by allowed judges as one of the beſt methods of inſtructing and improving the mind. When we ſee the heart laid open, and the ſecret ſprings and movements that actuate it expoſed, and ſet in one impartial light, with their different good and evil tendencies; we are enabled to form a true eſtimate of human nature, and are taught what ought, or ought not, to be our own conduct in every ſimilar inſtance.

But the inſtruction, I think, is not carried to it's proper extent: the ſcene of action is generally laid in exalted and publick life; among deep politicians and martial heroes. And though this may be of ſome ſervice in cheriſhing publick-ſpirit, and a warm regard for the intereſt and good of nations; few readers, comparatively ſpeaking, will ever have occaſion to reduce the example into practice: and, if we except what I have juſt mentioned, all the advantage reſulting from their ſtudy will be this; that they are informed of ſome matters of fact, pleaſed, and ſtruck with admiration.

But when the hiſtory is reduced to our own level, and applicable to our real circumſtances in life, much extenſive and laſting benefit may accrue from the peruſal of it; for, in the right diſcharge of the common duties of humanity, and in a proper conduct, either in affluent or in embarraſſed and difficult circumſtances, every one has an immediate and important concern: in the frailties, too, and little foibles of our nature, we are all pretty equal ſharers. An example, therefore, given to theſe purpoſes, that deſcribes every different diſpoſition of the mind, according to the variety of it's ſituations, and the actions naturally flowing from thoſe diſpoſitions; and all guarded, too, with juſt encomiums on the ſide of virtue, and ſevere cenſures and remonſtrances againſt vice; cannot fail, I think, of making a ſtrong impreſſion on the mind of every perſon not wholly loſt to all ſenſe of moral excellence, and producing ſome of the genuine fruits of it in his conduct.

Beſides, hiſtories of this kind are generally made publick by way of entertainment; and, under that notion, even a libertine may be induced to read them with eagerneſs and delight: and, it is highly probable, if he goes through them with attention, and is not paſt all reflection and ſerious thought, ſome incident, or applicable circumſtance, may ſtrike him, and tend greatly to his reformation. And what an entertainment, indeed, will they be to a judicious and ſober reader, when he finds religion and virtue painted in the moſt lovely colours, and ſet in every attractive light!

The advantage, too, that theſe entertaining pictures of human nature may be of to youth, is very conſiderable. Thoſe who have been concerned in the important buſineſs of education, muſt know that the love of pleaſure is the moſt natural and eaſy inlet to young minds: every

every thing that preſents itſelf through this channel is ſure to gain a ready acceſs; cloſe and abſtract reaſonings are above their capacity; grave and ſerious diſcourſes may ſometimes fail of the intended effect; for (not to inſiſt on the averſion common in young people to every thing gloomy and ſolemn, and that is impoſed as a taſk) it requires great exerciſe of thought and reflection to attend to the thread of a diſcourſe, and conceive immediately every idea the writer or ſpeaker would expreſs. But lively examples, and plain matters of fact, are eaſily comprehended; and, the moment their underſtandings are informed, the affections are excited; which, being free from all falſe biaſſes, are properly and exactly ſuited to each particular incident as it occurs to them: and thus, if due care is taken to fix the application deeply in their minds, a love of virtue, and an abhorrence of vice, is inſenſibly inſtilled into them, and the impreſſions may laſt for ever.

It muſt be acknowledged, then, that a hiſtory, in familiar and common life, is in point of real uſefulneſs preferable to every other; ſince the benefits ariſing from it are univerſal, and extend to all ſtations and circumſtances: for even the ſtateſman and general (in which two peculiar views mankind are commonly repreſented in hiſtory) cannot be ſaid to form a compleat character, without attending to the offices and duties of private life; and it is this laſt branch of conduct (when their hiſtory is related) that can be of real advantage to the generality, and point out any thing to them capable of their imitation.

The hiſtory before us deſerves to be conſidered as a uſeful piece of inſtruction; a leſſon of nature; a true and lively picture of the human heart. Our little foibles are expoſed with much wit and ſpirit; the true motive to every action is honeſtly acknowledged; and not the leaſt pretenſion made to a virtue which, in reality, had no exiſtence. Of what uſe this natural colouring, and painting things juſt as they are in themſelves, muſt be, is very obvious; for they who know any thing of human nature, will readily acknowledge, that we are too apt to impoſe upon ourſelves in aſcribing thoſe actions of ours to a laudable motive, which, in fact, had their riſe from ſome low and ſordid diſpoſition. The reflections have nothing in them ſtudied and forced; but are the language of the heart, the fruits of experience, dictated immediately by the circumſtances of the perſon who makes them: the ſentiments throughout have an uncommon delicacy and beauty in them; they do honour to morality, and ought to be cheriſhed by every one who would be truly polite, and throw a luſtre and an attractive quality on his virtues. In one word, it is a production that reflects glory on the French nation.

But ſtill there may be ſome readers whom it will diſguſt. A few of mankind, out of a love of cavil, and an affectation of ſuperior judgment, find fault with every thing, for no other reaſon than becauſe it is generally approved of. Others, again, can reliſh no hiſtory that does not ſet the hero in a perfect and unexceptionable light; blemiſhes and defects in his behaviour they will not admit of; a low character, though juſtly painted, is contemptibly hurried over: in ſhort, their pride and delicacy are ſhocked, if they meet with any circumſtance that ſuits human nature, and is below the pitch of ſupreme excellence. The firſt ſort are not worthy the pains of making a reply; and theſe laſt, I am afraid, do not propoſe to themſelves any real improvement from what they read, but rather the gratification of a heated and elevated fancy. But I would have theſe viſionaries reflect, that the avoiding

vice

vice is the firſt natural ſtep we take in purſuing virtue: and unleſs the difficulties and obſtacles that ariſe from headſtrong paſſion and corrupt habits are removed at our ſetting out, we ſhall never make the leaſt progreſs towards the height of virtue we aſpire after. What rule of conduct, then, can an example afford us, that is beyond the reach of human capacity to imitate? And how ſhall we be ever able to ſhun the conſequences of vice and folly, to which we are all in ſome degree ſubject, and theſe readers among the reſt, when our whole time is employed in contemplating ſuch objects as have no defect either in point of underſtanding or manners?

Some readers, too, will perhaps be diſpleaſed at the quarrel between Mrs. Du Tour and the coachman; but there cannot be a better argument in it's vindication, than it's containing an excellent moral, vaſtly extenſive, and ſuited to a great number of individuals in all ſtations.

The reflections this quarrel introduces have a viſible tendency to create in the mind an abhorrence of ſuch vulgar ſcenes, which we are daily witneſſes of in real life; and to inſpire a delicacy that will make us incapable of behaving in a manner ſo repugnant to good ſenſe, and ſo contrary to all our ideas of true politeneſs.

They who indulge a brutal behaviour are not confined to the lower claſſes, to whom a want of education, a want of the very means of cultivating and humanizing the mind, may be ſome excuſe: they are even rivalled by ſome amongſt the great, who make one grand privilege of their ſuperior ſtation to conſiſt in the right they pretend to have of acting beneath it at pleaſure.

Perſons of this depraved taſte can only be ſhamed out of a habit ſo mean and contemptible; which cannot be better done than by repreſenting it in it's own light: and one that is incapable of being wrought upon this way, muſt be entirely loſt to all ſenſe of ingenuity.

As to this tranſlation, I have not much to offer. When I read the original, I thought it would admit of an Engliſh dreſs, that might do juſtice to the fine ſpirit that reigns throughout: with this view, and to give my female readers eſpecially a piece ſo worthy of their attention, entire, and in ſome meaſure perfect, I immediately ſet about it. How I have ſucceeded in my attempt, the publick muſt determine; and the encouragement it meets with will ſufficiently declare their ſentiments.

THE

THE

VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

PART I.

I Am ſurprized, Madam, to find the few incidents of my life, which made up part of the converſation the laſt time I did myſelf the honour to ſpend ſome days at your rural retreat, ſhould have ſo far raiſed your curioſity as to entreat me to give you the whole. My hiſtory is, indeed, very remarkable: but I am a very improper perſon to write it, except you will tell me where I muſt learn a ſtile. It is true, indeed, that the world once thought I had wit; but that kind of it, I believe, however agreeable to the ear at the firſt hand, loſes all it's ſmartneſs in the reading. When a celebrated beauty ſpeaks, though ſhe has ever ſo little wit, it will be thought ſuperior. Men do not know how to ſet a value upon what we ſay; for, while they gaze with delight upon ſuch an agreeable object, what ſhe ſays is improved by what they ſee.

I have ſeen a lady, whoſe converſation was thought all enchantment, her expreſſions incomparable, her turns vivacity and delicacy itſelf; and while ſhe ſpoke, pleaſure ſat ſmiling on every countenance: but, alas! ſhe was ſuddenly ſeized with the ſmall-pox, and was extremely pitted. What a change! the poor lady has loſt all her charms, and her converſation is dwindled into mere impertinent chit-chat. You ſee how much her fine ſenſe was owing to the ſuperior attractions of beauty: and really, I think, this was my caſe; for my eyes, I believe, have had more wit than I.

How many times have I caught myſelf ſaying things which have given me pain upon reflection; and which would never have ſtood trial without the external charms of blooming beauty, and the pleaſing air that accompanied them, which alone gained all my applauſe; and which the ſmall-pox would have reduced into it's intrinſick worth, mere idle impertinence!

I have juſt mentioned a ſtile; but if you aſk what that is, really the queſtion will remain unanſwered. But if I do not know what a ſtile is, how ſhould I write a good one? I think I have heard you commend my letters; and on that account I intend to write like them. The freedom allowed in the epiſtolary kind of writing will give me a licence to ſet down whatever ideas occur to my mind; and, as I ſhall lie under no reſtraint, I intend, as I am grown very fond of reflection, to follow my own inclinations; and be at liberty either to go on with my narration, or deſcribe the ſituation of my mind, as beſt ſuits with my preſent humour.

But I beg you would not forget you have promiſed to keep my name ſecret: for I am reſolved to be known to none but you.

Fifteen years ago I was abſolutely unacquainted with every circumſtance of my birth, and had never been informed whether I was of a noble or mean extraction; a baſtard or legitimate. I muſt confeſs this looks like the beginning of a romance; but it is not, I will aſſure you.

I am going to relate the firſt cataſtrophe of my life, and which has been

the ſource of infinite misfortunes: but it was happy for me, I was then too young to feel the greatneſs of my loſs.

A ſtage-coach on the road to Bourdeaux was attacked by villains, in a place fit for ſuch black deſigns. Two of the gentlemen leaped out of the coach, and made reſiſtance; but, being overpowered by numbers, were ſoon murdered, after having wounded ſome of the aſſaſſins. Two women in the coach, with the poſtilion and coachman, ſhared the ſame unhappy fate; and there only remained alive a canon of Sens, and I, a miſerable orphan, who ſeemed to be between two or three years old. The canon fled; while I, who had fallen down in the coach, was ſcreaming and crying in the moſt dreadful manner, being half ſmothered under the body of one of the women; who, wounded and unable to ſupport herſelf, fell upon me; and, in her expiring agonies, almoſt cruſhed me to death.

The horſes ſtood as ſtill, as if they had been dead too; whilſt I remained in this deplorable ſituation, filling the air with inceſſant ſhrieks, without being able to diſengage myſelf.

You muſt obſerve, that one of the perſons killed in the coach was young and beautiful, of about twenty years of age, and dreſſed like a perſon of quality; the other ſeemed to be forty, and had the appearance of a chamber-maid. If one of theſe was my mother, it was certainly the lady; becauſe the likeneſs between her and me, though diſfigured by death, and ſtained with blood, was too ſtriking not to be taken notice of by the perſons who ſaw her corpſe, and compared the features of her face with mine. Beſides, my dreſs was remarkably genteel and handſome, and my linen extremely fine, which rendered it very improbable I ſhould be the daughter of a chambermaid.

I forgot to tell you, that a footman belonging to one of the gentlemen in the coach, though mortally wounded, fled croſs the fields; till, growing weak with loſs of blood, he fell down at the entrance of a neighbouring village, where he died without telling to whom he belonged. All they could draw from him before he expired, was, that his maſter and miſtreſs were juſt murdered.

Whilſt I was ſtruggling and crying under the body of the young lady, five or ſix gentlemen who were riding by, ſeeing ſome perſons lying dead near the coach, and hearing the cries of a child within, ſtopped at this terrible ſpectacle, either from that curioſity which ſuch ſhocking ſcenes are apt to inſpire, or from a charitable deſign of giving me their aſſiſtance; when, looking into the coach, they ſaw the bodies of the two women, and where, by my cries, they judged I was alſo.

Some of them (as they ſince have owned) were abſolutely for withdrawing; but the others, touched with compaſſion for me, ſtopped them; and, alighting, came firſt to the coach, while the reſt followed. Here they were ſtruck with a new ſcene of horror; the lady lay with one ſide of her face upon mine, which ſhe had bathed with blood; one arm preſſed me cloſe to her boſom, while her head declined upon mine; ſeemed as if ſhe had been taking a laſt embrace, and was loth to bid me an eternal adieu. They removed the lady, forced me from her arm, and took me out of the coach almoſt drowned in blood.

After this, they conſulted what ſhould be done with me: they ſaw at ſome diſtance a ſmall village, where they reſolved to take me; and gave me to one of their ſervants, who carried me thither, wrapped up in his cloak. Their deſign was to put me into the hands of the vicar, that he might ſeek out a perſon willing to take care of me. But this gentleman, to whom all the inhabitants were ready to conduct them, was gone to viſit another clergyman, and there was nobody at home but his ſiſter and two maid-ſervants. This lady was a perſon of the ſtricteſt piety and virtue: ſhe was affected with the diſmal ſtory, took me into the houſe, and promiſed to perſuade her brother to keep me; and had all the above particulars ſet down by a ſcrivener of the place.

At laſt, the gentlemen who brought me thither contributed to raiſe a ſmall ſum, which they put into a purſe, gave it to the vicar's ſiſter for my uſe, and then took their leave.

It is from this lady I received all theſe particulars, the reading of which I do not doubt has filled you with terror. Sure never did any perſon enter upon life with greater misfortunes: I had

loſt

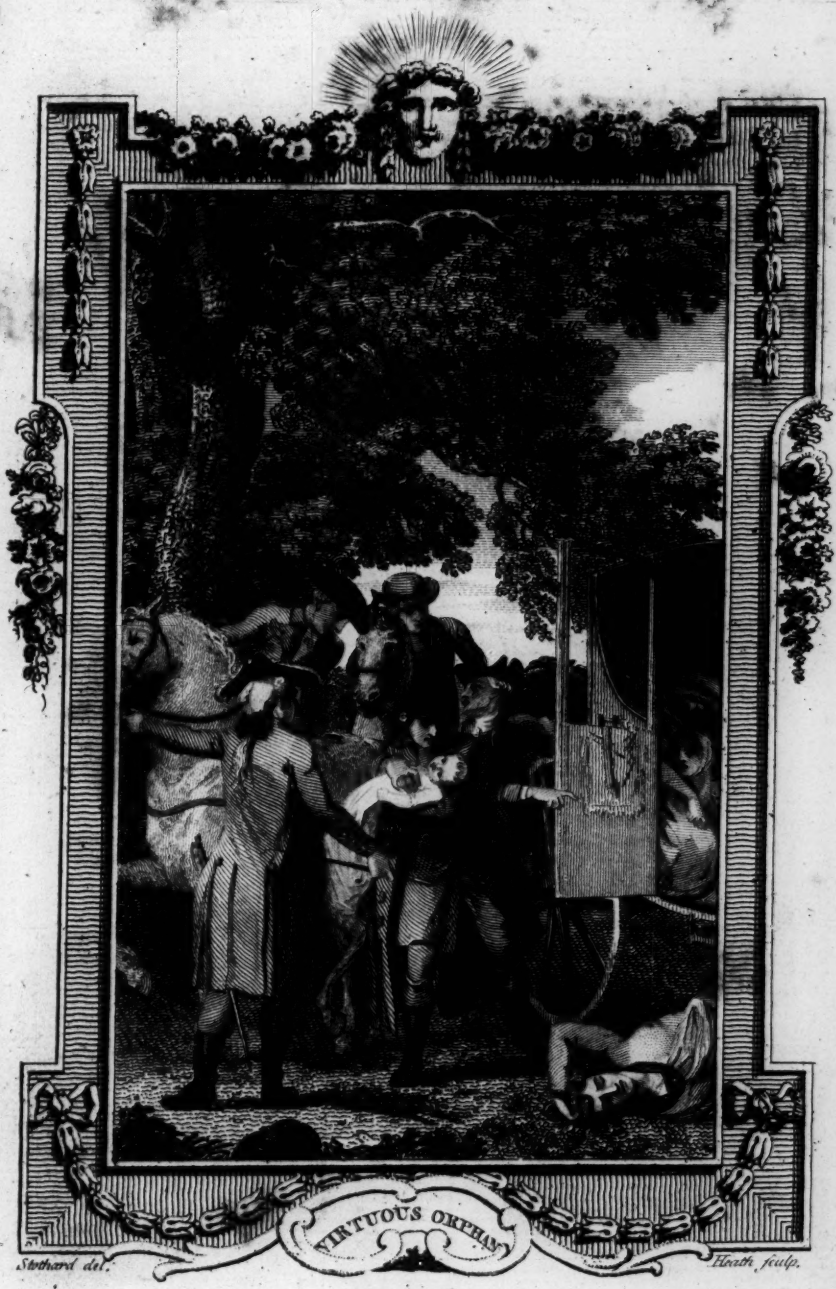

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Plate I.

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loſt thoſe dear relations from whom I received my being, at an age when their care was needful to ſupport my tender frame, and ſow the ſeeds of virtue in my heart. But I was inſenſible of my loſs, and was too young to know the diſmal ſituation I was in.

I need not mention what became of the coach, or the poor murdered travellers, ſince that is foreign to my own hiſtory. Some of the aſſaſſins were apprehended, three or four days after, for another robbery: but what added to my misfortunes was, that theſe villains had found nothing either in the coach, or the cloaths of thoſe they had aſſaſſinated, that could reveal the ſecret of my birth. In vain the ſtage-coach regiſter was ſearched; it could only inform us, that a gentleman and a lady, whoſe names ſounding like thoſe of foreigners, could give us no information, it being likely they had concealed their real names; we could only learn, I ſay, that a gentleman and lady had taken five places in the coach, three for themſelves and a child, and two more for a footman and chambermaid. Thus the ſecret of my birth became impenetrable; and, deprived at one ſtroke of every perſon whom nature or kindred would oblige to aſſiſt me, the charity of mankind became my only ſupport.

The greatneſs of my misfortune procured me the charitable protection of the good vicar, who conſented to keep me. People came to ſee me from all the neighbouring towns; for I was become an object of curioſity, as well as pity. The ſuperſtitious were deſirous to examine the features of my face, and the lines in my little hands, and fooliſhly imagined they ſaw there my ſad adventures writ in legible characters. Every body took a kind of romantick fancy to me: they thought me pretty, and my air engaging; and you cannot imagine how much theſe natural accompliſhments were to my advantage, or how noble and delicate they rendered the tenderneſs which I inſpired. They could not have careſſed a little unfortunate princeſs with greater reſpect, or a more becoming and graceful air. The ladies, eſpecially, intereſted themſelves in my misfortunes; and were continually making me preſents of the fineſt and genteeleſt dreſſes, in which they ſtrove to outvie each other.

The vicar has often ſaid, that he never heard thoſe ladies, amidſt all the favours they heaped upon me, uſe the word Charity; the word was too harſh, and therefore ſhocked the delicacy of their nice ſentiments. Whenever they ſpoke of me, it was in the politeſt and tendereſt terms: they never called me the poor orphan; but it was always 'that lovely child!' If they mentioned my parents, they were foreigners; and, without doubt, of the firſt rank in their own country; it could not be otherwiſe; and they were as ſure of it as if they had been eye-witneſſes of every thing they were pleaſed to imagine. There was a ſtory given out about me, which had been amplified by the extravagances of every one that told it, and of the truth of which they were afterwards as fully convinced, as if they had not been the authors of it themſelves.

But, alas! all things come to an end; and the fineſt ſentiments have their period, as well as every thing elſe. As my adventure grew ſtale, it ceaſed to ſtrike their fancies. A habit of ſeeing me diſſipated the imaginations which had been ſo beneficial to me; their ſublime and generous ideas were forgot; and the tender ſatisfaction they took in ſeeing, in loving, and admiring me, appeared no more in their countenances. As theſe inclinations took their riſe from a capricious fancy, and a love of novelty, it is not very ſtrange that, in ſix months time, their charming little creature, their lovely infant, ſhould become a poor unhappy orphan, to whom they no longer ſcrupled to uſe the word charity; for they ſaid I had a title to it. The clergy in the neighbourhood recommended me to them as a proper object of their concern; but the religion of the ladies was of much leſs ſervice to me than their extravagance had been, for I made little or no advantage of it: and had not the vicar and his ſiſter taken the tendereſt concern for me, I muſt have been miſerable indeed! Their affections increaſed as faſt as the others cooled; and I have reaſon to be thankful, that, though robbed of a father and mother, I found, in theſe two pious perſons, all the affection that could be hoped for from thoſe dear relatives.

Mr. De Roſand, for that was the

name of my benefactor, was a gentleman of a good family, and formerly enjoyed an eſtate, which was exhauſted by a tedious law-ſuit: however, his living brought him in a handſome ſubſiſtence; and he knew how to be contented without enjoying many of the ſuperfluities of life. Pride and oſtentation he was an utter ſtranger to: his generoſity, and the agreeable gaiety of his temper, in ſpite of his age, made him beloved by all who knew him; and he knew how to keep up the two characters of the accompliſhed gentleman and the judicious divine.

Mrs. De Roſand was a lady of good ſenſe, free from affectation; and, though an old maid, had ſuch a ſweet diſpoſition, ſuch true politeneſs, and undiſſembled goodneſs, as abundantly recompenſed the want of thoſe charms which had been deſtroyed by the ſmall-pox, ſhe being extremely ſeamed by it.

Theſe are the perſons to whom I owed my education, and that virtue which has ſupported me under all my afflictions, and has raiſed me from the loweſt and moſt miſerable condition to my preſent ſtation. We lived in the greateſt harmony: their affection for me knew no bounds; and I, in my turn, honoured and loved them as my parents. The houſe we lived in was one of the moſt antique buildings I ever ſaw; it had, for ſome ages paſt, belonged to the vicars of the place: the rooms were ſpacious and numerous, but the cielings low. We had behind the houſe a pretty commodious garden, a beautiful ſylvan ſcene, which ſeemed rather the product of nature than of art: there was fruit in abundance of every kind, which grew promiſcuouſly amongſt the other trees that never bore any; ſo that they all together formed a thick and ſhady grove. The vine ſupported his feeble branches by encircling the oak, and the flowers ſeemed ſcattered with a careleſs hand over the verdant turf; thoſe whoſe tender ſtalks were liable to be broke down by unfriendly feet, creeped in cluſters round the trunks of the trees; while the woodbine and jeſſamine were made to riſe above, and twine amongſt the branches: there the trees were never pruned but in order to make them fruitful, or to let in the proſpect of the fine meadows, or the far diſtant hills; which, ſeeming to mingle with the clouds, formed a delightful horizon. We had no anſwering platforms, no cut-walks, nor any thing like that ſtudied affectation of regularity which diſguſts the eye by a repetition of uniformity, and a conſtant ſameneſs of deſign; for it was a maxim with Mr. De Roſand, that nothing but what is natural can be pleaſing to the ſubjects of nature, nor can art any farther delight than as it reſembles it. The agreeable intermixture of opening and ſhade was contrived with ſuch exquiſite art, as not only to appear natural, but to let in or exclude the proſpect of the adjacent country to the advantage of the whole ſcene.

Oppoſite the middle door of the houſe was a long ſhady walk, which extended itſelf to the bottom of a piece of paſture-ground behind the garden; and at the foot of ſeveral of the trees were raiſed ſeats of earth covered with camomile. When fatigued with ſevere ſtudy, Mr. De Roſand took delight in relaxing his thoughts with working here, and acting the part of a laborious gardener; an employment he choſe at once to preſerve his health and recreate his mind: he committed the management of his kitchen-garden and vineyard to a poor labourer in the neighbourhood, whom he had releaſed from priſon by paying a debt for him; and who, nevertheleſs, he rewarded well for his labour.

This good man began every day with paying a grateful homage to the Supreme Being, in which we all joined. After breakfaſt, the ſiſter and I worked with our needles, played upon a ſpinnet, or amuſed ourſelves with reading; and in the afternoon we walked in the garden to ſee Mr. De Roſand work, and be entertained with his converſation. In the evening, this pattern of benevolence acted the part of an arbitrator of the differences of his contending neighbours; which he was frequently ſo happy as to adjuſt to the ſatisfaction of all parties concerned: and, after ſupper, concluded the day as he began it.

This worthy gentleman began early to ſhew his zeal for my happineſs, by eſtabliſhing in my mind the niceſt ſentiments of virtue and honour: he repreſented religion in a light which made it appear all amiable and lovely, and as the higheſt happineſs of a rational being;

being; he painted the ſubſtantial pleaſures of conſcious innocence, the exquiſite happineſs of a mind that can ſurvey itſelf with tranquillity and ſelf-approbation, in ſuch pleaſing colours as perfectly charmed me. The pleaſure that ſparkled in his venerable countenance, and the extreme delight he took in talking on theſe ſubjects, informed me he was no ſtranger to this kind of happineſs; and that he was only deſcribing the actual ſituation of his own upright mind. His good ſenſe placed him above the ſuperſtition and bigotry too common even amongſt the pious and the learned: he never thought a man more religious for being leſs ſociable than his neighbours; and therefore could never bear to hear the moſt delightful employment of the ſoul repreſented in the gloomy light and forbidding language of moſt of our clergy. 'Religion, my dear Marianne,' ſays he, 'and ill-nature, are entirely incompatible; it never was deſigned to abridge the innocent pleaſures of life: we are not to ſcorn and ſpurn back the favours of indulgent Heaven; but with gratitude and thankfulneſs to uſe them.—Take notice, my dear,' would he ſay, as we were walking ſometimes in the garden, 'what a vaſt profuſion of delight nature has ſpread around us! But, if we call off our thoughts from this pleaſing landſcape, and view the minuteſt part of this verdant ſcene, or the ſmalleſt inſects, which in buſy millions fly over our heads, our ſurprize will ariſe in proportion to our attention! See, this ſame earth gives the various colours to every flower, and ſupplies the different fragrance of the jonquil and the roſe: it feeds, with equal impartiality, the talleſt elm and the meaneſt ſhrub; the fineſt plant, or the moſt noxious weed!' Then he would take up a flower, and enter into a curious deſcription of it's mechaniſm; while the moſt ordinary objects, which were a moment before unregarded, appeared full of wonders, which I longed to be acquainted with. Thus he led me, through a delightful labyrinth, to the Firſt Cauſe, while I liſtened with the utmoſt eagerneſs and attention; till, at laſt, he would break out into a rapture—'O thou overflowing Fountain of Goodneſs! how ſoon are we loſt in the contemplation of thy works! How exquiſite is the delight thou haſt prepared for man!'

Theſe early improvements gave me a habit of thinking, which ſerved as a counterbalance to my natural ſprightlineſs and gaiety: they improved and entertained me; and I do not know if I was not, at this time, more happy in this rural life than I am in my preſent elevated ſituation; however, this is certain, that I feel a wonderful ſatisfaction in bringing theſe paſt ſcenes to my remembrance.

Mrs. De Roſand was not behindhand with her brother in her care of my education; ſhe taught me every thing neceſſary for a young lady to learn: ſhe loved me moſt tenderly; and I remember that many times I have ſeen her look upon me with ſuch a moving ſoftneſs in her countenance, and then burſt into tears at the remembrance of my diſaſters, that I have felt the ſame emotion; and, charmed with this proof of her friendſhip, have thrown my arms about her neck, and, with the tendereſt embraces, mingled my tears with hers. A country vicar's ſiſter is commonly an aukward, untoward, unbred creature; but Mrs. De Roſand was perfectly the reverſe; ſhe was polite and virtuous; her behaviour free and eaſy: ſhe was enough concerned for my happineſs to tell me faithfully of my faults, and to conſult the leaſt painful way of doing it; ſhe did it always without any witneſſes, told me the reaſonableneſs of her requeſt, and in a manner ſo friendly, as, inſtead of diſguſting me, heightened my eſteem and affection for her. Happy would it be for children, if parents would take this method; and, inſtead of frightening them into their duty, by gentle methods fix it in their hearts!

I was about fifteen, when one of Mr. De Roſand's relations, who had no other heir than he and his ſiſter, writ from Paris that he was dangerouſly ill. This gentleman had already given them frequent information of his ill ſtate of health; but in this letter he entreated them, with the greateſt earneſtneſs and importunity, to let him ſee at leaſt one of them once more before he died, and to be as expeditious as poſſible in giving him this ſatisfaction.

As Mr. De Roſand placed his delight

light in performing the duties of his function, he determined not to leave his cure; and therefore he ſent his ſiſter.

She had no deſign, at firſt, to take me with her; but, a day or two before ſhe ſet out for this journey, ſeeing me look uneaſy, and obſerving that I ſighed—'Take courage, Marianne!' ſaid ſhe; 'ſince you dread ſo much my 'abſence, I will not be againſt your 'going with me, if I can prevail upon 'my brother to conſent to it. I have 'a proſpect in view for you, and have 'ſome thoughts of putting you to a 'tradeſwoman to teach you ſome bu-'ſineſs that you approve of; for it is 'time to think of doing ſomething. 'Our lives are precarious; we ought, 'therefore, to look forward to futu-'rity: as long as we live, we ſhall be 'ready to aſſiſt you to the utmoſt of 'our power, not to mention what we 'ſhall leave you when we die; but 'that will not be ſufficient to maintain 'you, for we have not much to leave. 'I do not believe the relation I am go-'ing to ſee is rich; and we ought to 'chuſe ſuch a ſtation for you as will be 'a ſettlement. I tell you this, my dear 'Marianne, becauſe you are now at 'years of diſcretion: and, methinks, 'I would fain have the comfort, before 'I die, of ſeeing you married to ſome 'honeſt man; or, at leaſt, in a ſituation 'that will not make our deaths ſo great 'a loſs as it muſt be if we are ſnatched 'away before you are provided for.'

I was ſo touched with this diſcourſe, that I threw myſelf into her arms. I could not bear the thoughts of loſing her without giving way to the tranſports of a grief ſuch diſmal thoughts occaſioned: I wept; nor could ſhe reſtrain the painful pleaſure of ſympathizing with me, and accompanying me with her tears. At that inſtant Mr. De Roſand came in; and, looking at me with an air of benevolence—'What 'is the matter, ſiſter?' ſaid he: 'I be-'lieve Marianne is crying.' Upon this, ſhe told him the ſubject of our converſation, and the deſign ſhe had to take me with her to Paris. 'With all my 'heart,' returned he; 'but, if ſhe ſtays 'there, I fear I ſhall never ſee her more; 'and this is a thought I have not yet 'learned how to ſupport. I love the 'dear child moſt tenderly; we have had 'the care of her education, and have 'ſpared no pains to fulfil the delight-'ful important taſk. Now I am grown 'old, and my grey hairs tell me I muſt 'not expect to live long—but, O my 'dear Marianne! my dear child! how 'ſhall I be able to bid you a final adieu, 'and to part never to meet again in 'this world!'

Nothing could be more moving than this converſation. I could make no other reply but ſighs and tears, the natural rhetorick of an oppreſſed and afflicted heart. The good man coming up to me—'Marianne,' ſaid he, 'you 'ſhall go with my ſiſter, ſince it is for 'your advantage, which I ought to 'prefer to every other conſideration: 'but, my dear, never venture to do any 'thing without our advice; and, if my 'ſiſter cannot place you well at Paris, 'you ſhall return back with her, and 'we will try what can be done for you 'here.'

I will not repeat all he ſaid to me before my departure: I muſt abridge; for theſe little particulars of my youth have no doubt tired you; they are not very intereſting; and, beſides, I long to come to things of greater conſequence. I have a great many adventures to relate; and I ought to have a great value for you, to engage me to enter upon a hiſtory which will be ſo very long. I muſt ſcribble over a great deal of paper; but I will not think of it, leſt my indolence ſhould take the alarm. Let us then proceed, and never mind it.

The thoughts of ſeeing the world, of being admired, and converſing with men of wit and faſhion, together with the childiſh expectations of being, and knowing, and ſeeing, I know not what, filled my mind, and diſplayed my inward ſatisfaction in the vivacity of my countenance; blind to the misfortunes I was ſoon to be involved in, I was impatient to leave that ſafe, that innocent, and peaceful dwelling: but, before we ſet out, this pleaſure palled and ſickened upon my mind, and theſe imaginary ſatisfactions vaniſhed; I grew dull, and could hardly refrain from tears. What a ſtrange contradiction we are to ourſelves! We are frequently all gaiety and mirth; when, in a moment, the ſcene changes, and grief and preſſing anxieties load our ſpirits. I could ſee no cauſe for the ſatisfaction I had before taſted. I ſighed; and, al-

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moſt without knowing what I did, I left the hurry my friends were in, we being almoſt ready to ſet out, and ſtepped into the garden to indulge my growing melancholy. As I was walking down the viſto, which extended itſelf into the cloſe behind the garden, I heard the vicar call me; when, ſtarting from my reverie, I turned about, and ſaw him coming towards me. 'Where have 'you been, Marianne?' ſaid he, as we met; 'the coach is ready: however, we 'may make them wait a little.' Then deſiring me to ſit—'My dear child,' reſumed he, 'thou art going to leave 'me; I fear I ſhall ſee thee no more! 'My heart is full! I am all tenderneſs! I feel the affection of a father 'that is about to part with his only 'child! Indeed, we have been to thee 'inſtead of parents: thy education has 'been my greateſt pleaſure; and which, 'though I ſhould never ſee thee more, 'I ſhall always think on with comfort. I found thee early improve in 'ſentiments of virtue, and with delight embrace it. How vaſt my ſatisfaction! I have endeavoured to 'make thee know thyſelf; have taught 'thee to ſearch thy own heart, in order 'to form a juſt opinion of thy merit. 'Value thyſelf upon thy purity of ſoul, 'and conſcious virtue; eſteem a tender 'heart, eaſily moved with the miſeries 'of others, and apt to take the impreſſion of their calamities, as a bleſſing 'infinitely preferable to the greateſt 'affluence without theſe humane diſpoſitions. Theſe qualifications will 'render thee truly amiable. Thou art, 'indeed, lovely beyond deſcription! 'But, oh! take care that theſe charms 'are not a ſnare to thee; for, if theſe 'exterior accompliſhments ſhould betray thee to loſe thy purity of heart 'and inward rectitude, thou wilt have 'reaſon to wiſh thou hadſt been as deformed as thou art now lovely. Believe me, penances and auſterities can 'never compenſate the want of moral 'goodneſs; ſince, as I have often told 'thee, and now repeat it, it is all that 'is worthy in man, all that is amiable 'in God himſelf, the perfect pattern of 'ſpotleſs purity and conſummate goodneſs. Never beaſhamed to acknowledge 'thy obligations to the Divine Being; 'nor to love him who is the moſt lovely 'of all beings. May his goodneſs ſurround thee! may he be thy guide in 'the ſlippery paths of youth! When 'thou art diſpoſed to change thy ſtate, 'prefer the honeſt, the worthy man, 'who loves thee enough to tell thee 'thy faults; but ſhun the flatterer, 'and deteſt the wretch that would rob 'thee of thy innocence. I entreat thee, 'my dear child, never to venture upon 'any thing of moment without advice: 'write often; but never forget to do it 'when you ſtand in need of our counſel. Adieu, my dear!'

After a tender ſalute, and many tears, we parted; and endeavoured, by a free and eaſy converſation, to diſſipate the gloom that ſo affectionate an interview had occaſioned: we ſoon grew chearful and agreeable company; and, after a pleaſant journey, at laſt arrived at Paris; but were obliged to paſs through almoſt the whole city before we reached the houſe of my dear friend's relation.

My ſurprize at the ſight of this noiſy and populous town, at the multitude of the ſtreets, and the magnificence of the buildings, exceeds all deſcription: it was to me the empire of the moon; I was no more myſelf; I ſtared at every thing with aſtoniſhment in my looks; but remembered nothing that I ſaw. However, the length of the city made me come to myſelf; and I began to enjoy, with a pleaſing ſatisfaction, the objects of my amazement; and was glad to find myſelf ſituated in a world ſo new, and ſo different from my expectations. The air I breathed ſeemed to revive my ſpirits; and there was a kind of ſympathy between my ideas and the objects that preſented themſelves to my ſight; and I could not help imagining, that in this vaſt crowd of varieties was contained an inexhauſtible ſource of pleaſures hitherto untaſted: in fine, I thought every delight centered here in it's higheſt perfection. Pray, was this the common effect of inexperience, or a preſage that here would lie my future ſcene of action?

We found the perſon we went to ſee had died about twenty-four hours before our arrival: but this was not all; every apartment in his houſe was ſealed up; and, though he had ſeveral offices under the ſtate, it was ſaid his debts far exceeded his eſtate. How they made it appear, I cannot ſay; for it has ſlipped my memory: all I know of it is, that we were not able to get admittance into

into his houſe; that all his effects were ſeized; and that, after many debates, in the compaſs of three months we were at laſt convinced that there was not a penny to be hoped for, and that it was a pity he had not left more for the diſcharge of his debts.

Had we not then made a fine journey of it? Mrs. De Roſand, however, behaved with prudence and moderation: ſhe was concerned, indeed, at our diſappointment; but it was purely on my account. She had flattered herſelf and me with the hopes that this money would contribute to ſettle me in a ſtation which would be an agreeable ſupport after their deceaſe: but, alas! what misfortunes were about to befal me! This dear woman, at this juncture, was taken with a violent fever; her illneſs increaſed daily; and what at that time added to our perplexity was, that the money we brought with us was almoſt exhauſted; and Mr. De Roſand, who had nothing but his living to depend upon, could not ſupply us with any more, without the greateſt difficulty. Her ſickneſs overwhelmed us both with care; and was to me a moſt inſupportable affliction. What a moving ſight! How tender were the ſentiments of her heart! Never had ſhe ſhewn ſo much affection for me before; for ſhe never had ſeen me in ſo deplorable, ſo wretched a ſituation. Though almoſt ſuffocated with my grief, I dried up my tears, and interrupted her ſighs with a thouſand tender careſſes, the natural tranſports of a grateful afflicted heart: my ſoul overflowed with love and gratitude; and I entreated her, in the moſt melting language, to lay aſide her concern for me, and conſult only the preſervation of a life which then appeared infinitely dearer to me than my own. I ſent to Mr. De Roſand, and informed him of the melancholy news of his ſiſter's illneſs, and the ſtraits to which we muſt ſoon be reduced. But there are times when unſeen diſaſters fall upon us without intermiſſion, and we are overwhelmed in a ſwift ſucceſſion of misfortunes: thus it was at preſent; for this gentleman, going to ſee one of his brother clergymen, ſix weeks after our departure, had the misfortune to fall off his horſe, (a dangerous accident for an old man!) and was not able to ſtir out of his bed when he received my letter. This was followed by another fatal event*: this worthy, this pious gentleman, was obliged to appear before his ſuperiors, to vindicate himſelf from a charge of hereſy which was preferred againſt him; and, though nothing was proved, except his having a fine collection of the works of the moſt celebrated Proteſtant divines, he was obliged to reſign his living, and a ſucceſſor was named. Thus was he made a ſacrifice to the avarice and cruelty of a prieſt who made uſe of his generous ſentiments, his univerſal benevolence and love to mankind, to ruin him, and get into his living. The remembrance of theſe things bring tears into my eyes; and I am obliged, dear Madam, to break off, in order to diſſipate the too-painful ideas which croud into my mind.

The earth is ſurely an abode very foreign to virtuous minds, ſince they are perpetually tortured upon it. In this exigence, many of his pretended friends forſook him, in ſpite of all the obligations of gratitude: but a ſet of gentlemen, of his acquaintance, embraced this opportunity to ſhew their regard for his diſtinguiſhed merit, by offering to contribute to his ſupport; and entreated he would make uſe of their houſes till their intereſt ſhould accommodate his affairs, and place him, if poſſible, in his former ſtation.

We almoſt deſpaired of the ſiſter's recovery, when we heard this news from the brother. At reading the letter, ſhe gave a loud ſhriek, and fainted; whilſt I, drowned in tears, ran to give her aſſiſtance. She came to herſelf, but did not ſhed a tear. From that moment I obſerved in her a courageous reſignation to the Divine Will, and her heart was compoſed and ſteady. The uneaſy fondneſs ſhe before had expreſſed for me became inſtantly a virtuous tenderneſs, which reſigned me into His hands who can make the moſt melancholy events ſubſervient to our happineſs.

When ſhe was come to herſelf, and we were alone, ſhe called me to her, with a faint voice; and, making me

* The Paris edition, and that of the Hague of 1735, have omitted this, and ſeveral of the foregoing particulars, but for what reaſon we cannot imagine.

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ſit upon the bed, told me ſhe deſired to ſpeak to me. Give me leave, my friend, to relate here a part of her diſcourſe, the remembrance of which is ſtill dear to me; for theſe were the laſt words ſhe ſpoke.

'My dear Marianne,' ſaid ſhe, 'I 'have no more a brother; for though 'he is not dead to the world, to you 'and I he is. His friends, I doubt 'not, will contribute to his ſupport 'while he lives: for my part, I ſhall 'ſoon be no more. I have placed my 'thoughts on a better world. But in 'what circumſtances do I leave you? 'Oh, how diſtracting is the thought! 'How many the cares in which thou 'wilt be involved! But it is God's 'will: this comforts me under this 'diſtreſſing circumſtance, ſad and 'frightful as it is. His deſigns, though 'impenetrable, are doubtleſs more to 'thy advantage than any I can propoſe. 'Perhaps I ſhall lie a while in this 'lingering condition; though, it may 'be, the firſt fainting fit will carry me 'off. I dare not give thee the reſt of 'my money; thy youth and artleſs in-'nocence will render thee eaſily de-'ceived. I will put it into the hands 'of the monk who viſits me, and de-'ſire him to diſpoſe of it to your ad-'vantage. He is related to me. If 'he does not come to ſee me to-day, 'you ſhall ſeek him to-morrow, that I 'may ſpeak to him. After this ſingle 'precaution which I ſhall take for 'you, I have only one thing to recom-'mend to you, which is, to be ever in-'flexibly virtuous and honeſt. Con-'ſtantly remember your education; 'and be aſſured you ſhall poſſeſs the 'richeſt, the nobleſt treaſure, that 'could be left you; the riches of the 'mind, the proper happineſs of a rea-'ſonable being. A pleaſure of the 'ſame nature with that of angels, and 'all the bleſſed above! It is true, my 'dear child, it will not prevent your 'wanting the comforts of this life, nor 'your being reduced to great ſtraits 'even to ſupport it; though it is not 'improbable, but that God will re-'ward your virtue here. Virtuous 'minds are ſcarce; but thoſe who eſteem 'virtue are not; for there are a thou-'ſand occaſions in life wherein we need 'the aſſiſtance of the virtuous. If a 'man marries an honeſt and prudent, 'though a poor woman, no diſhonour 'attends his choice: but though ſhe be 'beautiful, rich, and of noble de-'ſcent, and yet deſtitute of virtue, 'ſhame will be the portion ſhe brings 'to her huſband. Men will always 'be of this mind: the love of virtue is 'natural to them. It appears amiable 'even to thoſe who have not reſolution 'to embrace it: beſides, it fills the 'heart with comfort, and an inward 'ſatisfaction; it is the ſweeteſt repaſt 'to thoſe who live in indigence and 'want; a repaſt more ſweet than the 'luxuries of the epicure. But the 'diſtreſſes of this life are but ſhort! 'the ſcene, my dear, will ſoon change, 'when oppreſſed virtue will appear 'triumphant! when immortal glories 'and unfading delight will recompenſe 'their painful ſufferings! The ſcorn-'ers of virtue, who boaſt of their 'conqueſts, always condemn the wo-'men they ſeduce: they take advan-'tage of their weakneſs; degrade, de-'ſpiſe, and abandon them to reproach 'and miſery. It is only for want of 'reflection that any woman grows 'lewd! the height of folly and mad-'neſs! It will not bear a moment's 'thought to chuſe whether we would 'get rid of poverty at the ſevere rate 'of loſing the tranquillity of our 'minds, and the delightful expecta-'tions of endleſs unfading happineſs; 'at the ſevere rate of being deſpiſed; 'at the ſevere rate of being abandoned 'here to contempt and miſery, and of 'being hereafter deprived——'

Here ſhe began to falter, unable to finiſh the reſt. You are curious to know what anſwer I made. Indeed I could make none; I was not able to utter a word: her diſcourſe, and the thoughts of her death, had rendered me ſpeechleſs, and had ſwallowed up all the faculties of my ſoul. I preſſed her hand with eagerneſs between mine, and kiſſed it a thouſand times, whilſt my eyes ſtreamed with inceſſant tears: however, I loſt not a ſyllable of what ſhe ſaid; for it made ſuch an impreſſion upon my mind, that, I believe, I have repeated it word for word.

I muſt now come to the uſe I made of it. How many follies have I to relate to you! How ſeldom are we wiſe till there is ſcarcely any merit in being ſo! Why do we ſay that a perſon is at years of diſcretion, when it is rather

the age of madneſs and folly? How improper the expreſſion! for when firſt we enjoy our reaſon, it is a beautiful jewel often looked at, and much valued, but of little uſe; and it's fine luſtre is only fit to be admired.

I beg, Madam, you would bear with theſe tranſient reflections; for I ſhall always take the liberty to make uſe of them, ſince the many follies I have been guilty of give me a right to them, as being the product of my own experience. Now let us proceed.

As Mrs. De Roſand had told me ſhe apprehended the next fainting-fit would carry her off, I was too much concerned to go to bed that night, and therefore ſat up with her. She ſlept pretty well till two in the morning, when I heard her groan. I ran to her bed; I ſpoke to her; but ſhe was no longer in a condition to anſwer me: ſhe took hold of my hand, and ſeemed expiring, with a tender ſmile upon her countenance.

Grief took poſſeſſion of my heart; the terror and anguiſh of my mind ſoon deprived me of my ſenſes; and I had a momentary reſpite from the agony in which I was involved. But my reflection and my miſery returned together; and methought the world was a deſart, wherein I was left alone. I then found how affectionately I loved her; and recollected how affectionately ſhe had loved me: every diſtreſſing circumſtance was painted on my heart in ſuch lively colours, that I was almoſt diſtracted. Oh, how much grief can enter into the human heart! How vaſt our capacity for miſery! and how great our ſenſibility!

My cries and lamentations awoke the family. The landlord and his wife knocked at our chamber-door. I opened it without knowing what I did: they ſpoke to me; but my tears and ſighs were the only anſwer I could make. They ſoon knew the cauſe of my affliction; and went to ſuccour, if poſſible, the dear expiring woman. She lay motionleſs; and, diſtreſſing thought! who knows but ſhe was already gone! However, half an hour after, they were poſitive ſhe was dead. The ſervants came up with hurry and clamour: I fainted again, and was carried into the next room without my perceiving it. When I came to myſelf, as if aſtoniſhed with the exceſs of my miſery, my tears ceaſed flowing, and I was denied the ſweet conſolation of venting my grief, and by thoſe friendly drops aſſuaging the anguiſh of my burſting, tortured heart: but what a condition I was afterwards in I need not tell you; you may more eaſily form an idea of this diſmal ſituation than I expreſs it; beſides, the recital fills me with an inſupportable melancholy; and, on this account, I chuſe to break off.

Philoſophy is of little ſervice when we are oppreſſed with ſuch terrible afflictions. Whilſt our minds are ſerene and undiſturbed, we reaſon upon the virtue of patience, and the government of the paſſions; we applaud our all-powerful arguments, and think them capable of maſtering and controuling the bittereſt afflictions: but when we are borne down by ſuch violent, ſuch terrible calamities; when we have loſt all that is dear, all that makes life deſirable; how can we ſupport the ſhock? We have not even the inclination to make head againſt our ſorrows; we do not ſo much as ſtruggle, or catch at the help that offers, but give up all command of ourſelves, and are carried away by the violence of the torrent, without once attempting to ſtand our ground.

They who would give us a picture of human nature, very often deſcribe what we ſhould be, rather than what we are: like the writers of modern romances, who, fond of every thing that is marvellous, neglect nature, and deſcribe their hero as wanting even the foibles which we are unavoidably liable to; for a perfect character is a very unnatural one; and, whatever theſe viſionaries may think, thoſe who ſpeak from their own experience are more likely to teach us the knowledge of ourſelves than the dreams of theſe noveliſts. But to return.

Now was I left alone, with no other guide than the experience of a girl of about fifteen. As Mrs. De Roſand had called me her niece, the perſons of the houſe gave me a verbal account of every thing they pretended was found about her; which would not have required a more formal proceeding, had they even given me up the whole: but a part of the linen was ſtolen, and ſome trifles; beſides, from four hundred livres, which I knew Mrs. De Roſand had left me, they had the conſcience

ſcience to take half. I complained, indeed, but in ſuch mild terms, that it availed no more than my ſilence would have done. My grief made me inſenſible of every thing elſe; and, as I had no friend, as I was deſtitute of the conſolation of any one to comfort me, and concern himſelf with my affairs, I had no regard to them myſelf. This turn of mind put me into a ſtate reſembling tranquillity: but, alas! how lamentable is ſuch a ſeeming calmneſs! Indeed, the greateſt tranſports of rage and deſpair are leſs to be pitied.

Every one of the family ſeemed to intereſt themſelves in my misfortunes; eſpecially the landlord and his wife, who came, with a diſſembled compaſſion, to conſole me, under a diſtreſs of which they had made their advantage: a ſort of people the world ſwarms with; for generally none expreſs a greater deſire of alleviating our troubles than thoſe who cauſe or get any thing by them.

I conſented they ſhould ſell Mrs. De Roſand's cloaths for me, for which they gave me what they thought proper; and it was about a fortnight ſince my dear aunt, as they called her, (but I would fain term her my dear mother, or rather, my only friend, ſince there is no title but muſt yield to that; nor heart more tender, nor more unſhaken, than one inſpired by a true and ſolid friendſhip;) it was about a fortnight, I ſay, ſince my deareſt friend died, which I had paſſed in her lodging, without knowing, or caring, what would become of me; when the monk, whom I have already mentioned, came again to ſee how Mrs. De Roſand did. He was very ſorry to hear ſhe was dead; and as I was ſenſible he was the only man my dear friend had thought proper to entruſt with the ſecret of my birth, I could not help feeling a kind of ſecret ſatisfaction on ſeeing him come in.

He was touched with my misfortunes: the little care I took of myſelf in theſe heavy afflictions moved him extremely. He addreſſed himſelf to me in a very affecting manner; and ſet before me the dangers I ran in ſtaying in that houſe alone, and without a friend to own or adviſe me. He told me it was a ſituation that expoſed me to their artifices who might make an advantage of my ſince I was in the bloom of youth, and free from affectation. In ſhort, he let me know that, ſtupid with my grief, I ſlept on the brink of a precipice, blind to the dangers that ought to terrify me, and which ſhould have employed all my thoughts.

His diſcourſe had it's deſired effect: it rouzed me from my lethargy of thought; I ſaw my danger, and trembled to think what would become of me. This inquietude raiſed a thouſand terrors in my mind. 'Where 'ſhall I go?' ſaid I, all in tears. 'No 'ſoul on earth knows me; I am related 'to no man living. To whom ſhall I 'apply for help; or who is obliged to 'aſſiſt me? What ſhall I do, when I 'leave this houſe? My money will not 'laſt long: beſides, it may be taken 'from me; and this is the firſt time I 'ever had a ſum to ſpend.'

The good monk did not know what to anſwer. Methought I was become a burden to him; and theſe are a ſort of people who, when they have once given you their advice, have done all they are able to do. To return into the country would have been a folly; I could have no aſylum there: my dear friend Mr. De Roſand had ſent us all his money, which we received with his laſt letter, and had nothing to do but to drag out a tedious life in dependence. There was then no reſource on that ſide; and, indeed, my perplexity and terror almoſt made me diſtracted.

At laſt, the monk, after having racked his invention, thought of a charitable and pious gentleman, who was, he ſaid, entirely devoted to good works, and to whom he promiſed to recommend me the next day: but the next day would not do; I could not ſupport the thought of ſtaying any longer—I wept, I lamented my condition—He offered to go—I held him faſt—I threw myſelf at his feet—I entreated him to take me with him immediately—I could not bear the thought of his going without me. 'Oh! caſt 'me not into deſpair!' ſaid I. 'What 'would you have me do here? They 'have already taken from me ſome of 'my money; to-night they will take 'the reſt. They may convey me 'away. My honour and life are at 'ſtake; I dread every thing! Be aſ'ſured I can never have a moment's 'repoſe here—I will die rather; I will 'fly at all hazards: and, if you are

'indeed my friend, would not this af-
'flict you?'

The monk was terribly embarraſſed; and, finding he could not get rid of me, pauſed for a moment; and then, calling for a pen and ink, wrote to the gentleman he had told me of. He read the letter to me. It was wrote in the moſt preſſing manner; and he conjured him, by all the obligations of religion, to haſten to us with ſpeed. 'God,' ſaid he, 'has reſerved for you an act 'of charity the moſt precious, the 'moſt meritorious, and the moſt ac-'ceptable, in his ſight, of any you 'ever did in your life.' And to excite him more effectually, he mentioned my ſex, my age, and beauty, with the fatal conſequences they might poſſibly have, either from my own weakneſs, or the wickedneſs of others.

When the letter was writ, we ſent it as directed; and, while we waited for an anſwer, I kept the monk in ſight, being fully reſolved not to lie that night in the houſe. I cannot tell you what it was I apprehended, nor what was the reaſon my fears were ſo great: all I know of it is, that I took notice of my landlord's face, which I had not obſerved till then; and in his aſpect I read the moſt terrible things. That of his wife, methought, was ſurly and gloomy; and even the ſervants had the look of villains: in ſhort, every countenance there made me tremble. The moſt terrible ideas crouded into my mind; and I could not think of ſtaying, without thinking too of ſwords, daggers, aſſaſſinations, robberies, being purſued and inſulted by villains; whilſt my blood froze at the dangers which my fancy painted to me: for whenever we ſet our imagination to work on ſuch gloomy ſcenes, our own ideas readily furniſh us with a variety of horrors, and all that is dreadful immediately appears in it's moſt formidable, moſt frightful terrors.

I was amuſing the monk with theſe black and melancholy thoughts, when the man whom we had ſent with the letter returned, and told us, that the gentleman's coach was waiting for us below, and that he could neither write nor come himſelf, becauſe he was engaged in buſineſs when he received the letter. I packed up my cloaths, and made haſte to ſave my life. I ordered my dreaded landlord and landlady to be called, and inſtantly diſcharged what was due: and, in reality, their looks were not the moſt engaging; and imagination had little to do to render them perfectly diſagreeable. This, however, is certain, that I have remembered their faces ever ſince. Methinks I ſee them ſtill, and could even draw their pictures. I have, I believe, known ſome honeſt men, whom I have been at firſt ſight prejudiced againſt, only becauſe the air of their countenances ſeemed to reſemble theirs.

I went into the coach with the monk, and we ſoon arrived at the above-mentioned gentleman's houſe. He was between fifty and ſixty, yet ſufficiently genteel; very rich; and of a mild but grave countenance, which was predominant over a good complexion; and a happy plight of body. He gave us a kind and free reception, without compliment, or any other ceremony than embracing the monk; and then caſting his eye upon me, deſired us both to ſit down.

My heart fluttered; I was extremely embarraſſed and diſconcerted; and ſo out of countenance, that I durſt not even lift up my eyes. 'Come,' ſaid the gentleman, taking the monk by the hand, and preſſing it with an air of devotion and reverence; 'come, let us 'ſee what is to be done for this poor 'unhappy girl: pray, Sir, relate more 'particularly her hiſtory.' He inſtantly obeyed: which done, the gentleman reſumed—'How ſtrange are her ad-'ventures! how dreadful her ſituation! 'You was much in the right, father,' continued he, 'when you told me I 'could not do a more meritorious ac-'tion, than the ſerving this unfortu-'nate young creature: I am of the ſame 'opinion; and think too, that ſhe has a 'thouſand times more need of help than 'any other of her ſex. I am obliged 'to you for having pitched on me for 'that purpoſe. I bleſs the happy mo-'ment in which you was inſpired with 'the reſolution of informing me with 'her ſituation and misfortunes; for I 'am ſenſibly touched with your narra-'tion. But let us conſider what me-'thod we muſt take to extricate her 'out of her troubles.—How old are 'you, child?' added he, with an affectionate look. At this queſtion I could only ſigh, being unable to make any anſwer. After a ſhort pauſe, he reſumed—

reſumed—'Do not afflict yourſelf; 'take courage; I deſire nothing more 'than to ſerve you: God, the ſovereign 'Lord of all we enjoy, demands that 'we ſhould ſupply the neceſſitous, and 'feed the poor with the ſubſtance he 'has given us. Tell me, then, how 'old you are.'—'I am about ſixteen, 'Sir,' ſaid I. 'Really,' reſumed he, turning towards the father, 'one 'would be apt to think her older: at 'firſt ſight one cannot help obſerving 'ſomething to her advantage; the na-'tural innocence and expreſſive ſim-'plicity of her countenance give me 'a good opinion of the purity of the 'heart, and even ſhew ſhe is of a noble 'extraction. But, indeed, her mis-'fortunes are very great. How im-'penetrable are the deſigns of Provi-'dence!

'But let us now mind the main af-'fair,' continued he. 'As you have no 'fortune, we muſt know what ſort of 'employment you chuſe. Pray, had 'your deceaſed friend taken no reſolu-'tion on that head?'—'She had,' ſaid I, 'an intention of putting me out to 'learn ſome trade.'—'Very well,' re-plied he; 'I approve of her deſign: but 'do you likewiſe approve of it your-'ſelf? Speak freely; there are, perhaps, 'many things which may be more 'agreeable to you. For inſtance, I 'have a ſiſter that is rich, and of a ſweet 'diſpoſition, who has juſt loſt a ſervant 'whom ſhe had a great eſteem for, and 'who, doubtleſs, if ſhe had lived with 'her till her death, would have left her 'ſomething conſiderable. If you are 'willing to ſucceed her, I am ſure my 'ſiſter will receive you with pleaſure.'

This propoſal made me bluſh—'Alas, Sir!' ſaid I, 'though I am 'deſtitute of every thing, and though 'I do not know to whom I owe my 'birth, methinks I would chuſe to die, 'rather than to live with any body in 'ſo mean an employ; ſince, if my pa-'rents were alive, to all appearance I 'ſhould have domeſticks of my own, 'inſtead of being one myſelf. Liber-'ty is one of the greateſt bleſſings that 'Heaven can beſtow; a bleſſing that ap-'pears infinitely dearer to me than life 'itſelf.' My grief and confuſion here forced me to ſtop and wipe my eyes, and give way to a paſſion too violent to be reſtrained: however, I endeavoured to compoſe myſelf; and, with a me-lancholy air, reſumed, interrupted with ſighs—'Since I am obliged to 'work for my bread, I ſhall always 'prefer the meaneſt employment, pro-'vided I can be free, to the condition 'you propoſe, even though I ſhould 'make my fortune by it.'—'My dear,' ſaid he, 'do not afflict yourſelf; I ap-'prove of your thoughts; and am glad 'to find your ſentiments are not de-'preſſed with your circumſtances; and 'that, in ſpite of all your afflictions, 'you retain an elevation of mind which 'raiſes you above them. A little of 'this ſort of pride may be diſpenſed 'with; but you ought not to carry it 'too far: if you do, it will be very 'unreaſonable. Let the conjectures 'of your being born of noble parents 'be ever ſo probable, it will give you 'no eſtate; and you ought to regulate 'yourſelf according to that. Conſider 'you have nothing: but, however, we 'ſhall follow the views of your de-'parted friend. It is true, it will coſt 'more, becauſe your board muſt be 'paid for every year. But no matter, 'you ſhall be provided for this very 'day. I will take you to my linen-'draper, and there I know you will be 'welcome. Now are you ſatisfied?'—'Yes, Sir,' ſaid I; 'and never will 'forget your goodneſs.'—'Be ſure 'you make your advantage of it,' ſaid the monk, who had hitherto been ſilent; 'and let your conduct recompenſe this 'gentleman for the care his piety in-'duces him to take of you.'—'I fear,' replied he, in a devout and ſcrupulous tone, 'I ſhall have no merit in aſſiſting 'her, I am ſo much affected with her 'misfortunes.' Then riſing up—'Do 'not let us loſe time,' continued he; 'it grows late. Let us go to the gen-'tlewoman I have mentioned.—For 'you, father, you may retire; I ſhall 'give you a good account of the truſt 'you have committed to my charge.' Upon this the monk left us. I thank-ed him for his kindneſs with a timo-rous voice; for I was extremely trou-bled. And my benefactor and I ſtep-ped into the coach.

I wiſh I could tell you all that paſſed in my mind, and how much I was af-fected with this converſation, of which I have told you but a very ſmall part; for it was filled up with many other diſagreeable and mortifying hints. It may not be improper, however, to tell you,

you, that, young as I was, my temper was a little lofty. I had been educated with such a tender indulgence, and had been always treated with such respect, that a conversation of this kind was extremely shocking.

The favours we receive from some men are accompanied with such an ill grace, as render them extremely mortifying. They had sifted my misery for an hour together: and the conversation ran upon nothing but the compassion with which I inspired them; the great merit it was to relieve me; and that religion demanded their care of me, as the greatest object of compassion, and the most forlorn and wretched creature living. At last followed a crowd of proud, though seemingly charitable, reflections, and all the airs of persons puffed up with an ostentatious affectation of superior piety. Never did charity dress it's melancholy duties in so stately a garb. I was overwhelmed with shame; and all that self love, which is inseparable from the human heart, seemed expiring. How grating is this kind of behaviour to every ingenuous mind! What greater misery can befal us than to be forced to depend on the help of such persons, whose tender mercies are cruelty! Is that charity which does not sympathize with the miserable? Is that charity which begins with trampling upon our self love, and never relieves the soul till it has wounded it in the tendereſt part? A pretty virtue, indeed, which throws into despair those who are the objects of it! O how unlike that goodness they pretend to practise! how sublime, how transporting is the pleasure of easing the aching heart! of diffusing tranquillity and joy through the tortured, anxious soul! for how can we help sympathizing in the delight which we ourselves inspire? But how vastly are they mistaken, who applaud themselves, who strut and swell with their imagined liberality; who make a boasted shew of a few of the external acts of charity, without the principle of benevolence rooted in the heart? I would say to these pretenders to this virtue, 'When 'you so unmercifully insist on a particu-'lar enumeration of all my miseries; 'when you bring me face to face with 'the whole groupe of my misfortunes, 'of themselves almost insupportable; 'when the ceremonial of your questions, 'or rather of your burdensome exami-'nation, precedes the assistance you are 'pleased to afford me; you call that cha-'rity: but I say it is an act brutal, 'barbarous, and uncharitable; and not 'the result of any generous sentiment.'

I have now done. Let such as need this information make a good use of this lesson; they may be sure it comes in good part, since I speak from my own experience.

To return; I was in the coach going to the draper's with this gentleman. I remember he was much more inquisitive as we went, than he had been before the monk; and that I answered him in a voice low and sorrowful; and was under such restraint, that I durst not move a limb; and, like a tender plant blasted by the rude north wind, I shrunk up, and seemed to take no room in the coach.

However, in spite of the melancholy in which I was involved, I was astonished at the subjects with which he entertained me. Methought his conversation was very odd; that he softened and grew mild of a sudden; and that he instantly became more fawning than zealous; more generous than charitable: in short, he was entirely changed.

'I am sorry to see you, my dear, 'under such restraint,' said he; 'I can-'not bear to see you so reserved, since, 'if indulged, it would soon grow into 'an aversion to me, though I am wholly 'at your service. Our conversation 'with this monk has, no doubt, dis-'concerted you. These sort of people 'have a rough, harsh way of expressing 'themselves; and we are sometimes 'forced to imitate them: but I have 'naturally a tender heart, and wish you 'would look upon me as your friend, 'and as a man who interests himself 'in your affairs, and entreats you 'would repose an entire confidence in 'him. Do you hear? the only right 'I claim is to give you, when you 'need it, a little friendly advice; which, 'I hope, will not keep you at any dis-'tance. Suppose, for example, I should 'tell you that you are young and 'handsome; and that these two fine en-'dowments will expose you to the arti-'fices of the first giddy-brained young 'fellow that sees you; and that it would 'be very wrong to hearken to his im-'pertinence, because it could be of no 'service to you, and would not deserve

'your

'your attention. Let your views be 'only how to raiſe your fortune, and 'neglect nothing that will contribute 'to this great deſign. I know very 'well, that the fair, at your age, are 'enchanted with the thoughts of charm-'ing every beholder. I do not doubt 'but you will be univerſally admired, 'whether you endeavour to make any 'conqueſts or not: but never make it 'your buſineſs to pleaſe every body; 'you will find a thouſand pert little 'fellows, whom your ſituation obliges 'you not to mind. What I tell you, 'I will aſſure you, does not proceed 'from any exceſs of ſeverity in me,' continued he with a fawning ſmile, and, at the ſame time, taking me with a free air by the hand. 'No, Sir!' ſaid I. And then, obſerving I had no gloves—'I will buy you ſome,' ſaid he: 'they preſerve the hands; and that 'is worth minding, when they happen 'to be ſo perfectly lovely.'

Upon which he bid the coachman ſtop, and bought ſeveral pair for me, which I tried on with his aſſiſtance; for he would, by all means, help me. I let him do it; though I bluſhed at my obedience, without knowing why. I was unaccountably uneaſy, and doubted what this might ſignify.

I mention all theſe little particulars, becauſe they really are not ſo inſignificant as may be thought at firſt ſight.

We arrived at laſt at the draper's, who ſeemed to me a good ſort of a woman, and who received me on terms which were ſoon ſettled and agreed on for my board. If I remember well, he talked to her a good while in private; but I then apprehended nothing: I did not think myſelf ſo nearly concerned as perhaps I was. When he went away, he ſaid he would return and pay us a viſit in a few days, and recommended me very earneſtly to the miſtreſs of the houſe, who, after he was gone, ſhewed me a little chamber, where I put my cloaths, and where I was to lie with another young woman.

I muſt, for the ſake of the ſtory, acquaint you with the name of this tradeſwoman; ſhe was called Mrs. Du Tour; ſhe was a widow, and did not ſeem to be above thirty. She was pretty fat; and ſeemed, at firſt ſight, to be the beſt-natured creature in the world. Her family conſiſted of a pretty little boy, who was her ſon, of about ſix or ſeven years old; of a maid; and one Mrs. Toinon, her journeywoman.

Had I fallen from ſome ſuperior region, I could not have been more chagrined than I was at my preſent ſituation. Perſons whoſe ſentiments are delicate are ſooner caſt down than others; their hearts are more ſenſible, their ſouls more tender, than the reſt of the world: and thoſe humane diſpoſitions that make them more ſenſible of the ſuperior, the God-like pleaſure of doing good, here add an emphaſis to every miſery; a kind of ſtupid melancholy hangs upon their ſpirits; and with this melancholy was I ſeized, which ſpread a conſtant gloom over my countenance.

Mrs. Du Tour did all ſhe was able to diſperſe this cloud from my brow. 'Come, come, Mrs. Marianne,' ſaid ſhe, (for ſhe had aſked my name) 'do 'not be ſo melancholy; you are with 'very good-natured people, I will aſ-'ſure you: I love to ſee folks chear-'ful and merry. Pr'ythee, my girl, 'tell me what ails you? Do not you 'like our company? For my part, I 'no ſooner ſaw you than I took a fan-'cy to you. Ods-bobs! if you ſpoil 'that pretty face with crying ſo, you 'will never get a huſband. There is 'our Toinon,' continued ſhe, pointing to her on the other ſide the table, 'ſhe is a very good girl; you muſt get 'acquainted with her: her company, 'I hope, will divert you.'—'O la! 'Madam, Miſs and I ſhall be pure 'company: I will divert her, I war-'rant you; for, really, I do not love 'to ſee folks look uneaſy.' This was the converſation at ſupper; to which I made no anſwer, but an inclination of my head, and a look which ſufficiently expreſſed my acknowledgment; except ſometimes I had courage enough to tell them, they were very kind; though I thought myſelf out of my true ſphere, and born for quite other company. Their blunt vulgar freedom appeared very diſagreeable to me; and their language was a kind of jargon, whoſe harſhneſs offended the too great niceneſs of my ears. I was already perſuaded, that in the polite world there was ſomething ſuperior to this, and formed in ſome meaſure to fill up the loſs of my generous benefactors, Mr. De Roſand and his dear ſiſter. I ſighed after the pleaſure of a converſa-

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tion entirely unknown to me, and ſuitable to my own ideas; ſome fellow-mind, capable of all that delicacy of ſentiment which I perceived in my own thoughts; of eaſing my heart by bearing a part in my grief; and, by the charms of friendſhip and virtue, teach me to conquer my inward gloom and ſettled diſcontent.

But how ſtrange are the whimſies that ſometimes poſſeſs our minds! Though I knew not where to look for this relief, and could not fix upon any perſon whoſe ſoul I thought refined enough to reliſh my ſentiments, and ſhare my heart; though I had ſcarce ſeen the ſtreets of Paris, yet I could not help obſerving the number of the coaches, and the ſplendid oſtentation of grandeur which appeared amongſt the great, and imagining that this new world ſeemed not altogether unknown to me, and that I ſhould here find what I ſo ardently longed for; and, methought, there was within me a natural inclination which wanted only theſe objects to exert itſelf upon; ſo that when I ſaw them, it was juſt as if I had met with ſomething I looked for.

You will eaſily judge, that with theſe diſpoſitions, Madam, how chimerical ſoever they appear, Mrs. Du Tour and Toinon muſt be very diſagreeable companions for me. To give you a deſcription of the latter, I muſt inform you, ſhe was a girl that had a high opinion of her own merit, and no ſmall ſtock of vanity: as to her ſtature, ſhe was very tall, and held up her head with ſo remarkable an air, as ſhewed ſhe was tenacious of loſing any part of her height, which ſhe looked upon as a great perfection; but, when engaged in diſcourſe, ſhe confirmed what ſhe ſaid with ſuch an affected and ridiculous toſs, that you would have been almoſt in pain for her neck. She was extremely expert at her buſineſs, and handled her goods with all the judgment and addreſs imaginable, in which her whole ſoul was employed; for her wit was no longer than her ell.

For my part, I was ſo aukward in theſe things, that I provoked her every moment. You would have ſmiled to ſee with what an air of conceitedneſs and pride ſhe reprimanded me, and blamed my want of dexterity; but the beſt of the jeſt was, that, generally, her corrections made me ſtill more aukward, becauſe they increaſed my diſguſt.

We lay in the ſame room, as I have already told you; and there ſhe uſed to give me leſſons how to gain preferment, as ſhe called it: then followed the hiſtory of her family, their circumſtances, their characters, and what they gave her laſt year for a New-year's gift; then ſhe mentioned her lover, a genteel, accompliſhed youth, to be ſure; and, that I might have an opportunity of ſeeing his merit, I ſhould take a walk with them both; to which, without envying her happineſs, I readily conſented. The inclinations of Mrs. Du Tour were not forgotten: her lover would already have married her, if he had been rich enough to ſatisfy her vanity, which was the only obſtacle; he ſaw her every day, and was always a welcome gueſt. It is only to divert you that I mention theſe trifling particulars; if they tire you, I will paſs them over.

Mr. De Climal, for that was the gentleman's name who brought me to Mrs. Du Tour's, had not left me above three or four days, before he came to ſee me: I was then in our room with Miſs Toinon, who was buſy ſhewing me her fine cloaths; and who, out of complaiſance, left the room as ſoon as he entered.

'Well, how does my angel?' ſaid he. 'I flatter myſelf you like your 'ſituation?'—'I hope, Sir,' anſwered I, 'I ſhall like it better when I am be-'come more uſed to it.'—'I ſhould be 'glad,' returned he, 'to ſee you con-'tented and happy; for I love you, my 'dear, with all my heart: the firſt mo-'ment I ſaw you I was tranſported 'with pleaſure; and ſhall give you all 'the proofs of my tenderneſs which 'lie in my power. Poor child, what 'delight ſhall I take in ſerving thee! 'But I muſt have your friendſhip in 'return.'—'I ſhould be very ungrate-'ful, Sir,' cried I, 'not to have a real 'friendſhip for you.'—'No, no!' returned he; 'it is not for want of gra-'titude that you do not love me, but 'becauſe you will not take the free-'dom with me I could wiſh.'—'I am 'too ſenſible of the reſpect I owe you,' ſaid I. 'Nay,' ſaid he, 'it is uncer-'tain whether you owe me any, ſince 'we do not know who you are.' But, 'Marianne,' continued he, taking my hand,

hand, which he gently ſqueezed, 'can-
'not you be a little more familiar with
'one who loves like me? You ſhould
'lay open all your ſoul to ſuch a
'friend; tell him your moſt ſecret
'thoughts; hide none of your incli-
'nations; and be always glad to ſee
'and converſe with him. Is this too
'much for me to expect? Sure it is
'not! I inſiſt upon it, that you ſhall
'make me your confidante, and that
'you throw off all reſerve; or elſe I
'am afraid we ſhall quarrel. But,
'hark'e,' continued he, putting his hand in his pocket, 'I had like to
'have forgot to give you ſome money;
'here are a few louis d'ors.' At firſt I refuſed them, telling him I did not want money; I had not yet ſpent what Mrs. De Roſand had left me: but, nevertheleſs, he forced me to accept them, in ſpite of all my reſolutions to the contrary; but I could not receive them without confuſion; and a mixture of ſhame and humility was, I dare ſay, viſible in my behaviour. But it was not for me, with all my ſtock of pride, to refuſe them from a gentleman who had taken me, a poor orphan, under his care, and to whom he reſolved to act as a father. As I received this preſent, I thanked him, and made my acknowledgments with a grave dejected air. 'My dear charmer,' ſaid he, 'no more
'curtſeys, no more ceremonies, I be-
'ſeech you! Shew me rather that you
'are pleaſed. Come, let us ſee how
'complaiſant you will be for the new
'ſuit of cloaths I am going to give
'you.' I did not, I believe, much mind the ſuit he promiſed; but he ſaid this with ſuch an air of goodneſs, that, I confeſs, he won my heart. All my reſolutions vaniſhed, and were ſucceeded by the moſt lively expreſſions of gratitude; while my eyes could ſcarce retain the tears of ſenſibility that almoſt overflowed their banks. 'O my
'generous benefactor!' cried I, 'have
'I, indeed, found a father? Has the
'loſt Marianne ſome room to hope that
'ſhe may again lift up her eyes with
'comfort, and find the dear name of
'parent revived in you?'

Charmed with this ſudden emotion, he took my hand, kiſſed it with the moſt tender and eager tranſport, and with a rapture which, notwithſtanding the confuſed ſtate of my own mind, I could not help taking notice of, and looking upon as very extraordinary: but, ſingular as it was, it did not alarm me; and I only conſidered it as a ſudden though odd expreſſion of a good and honeſt heart.

However, from this moment, my converſation became more eaſy and free from conſtraint; and this freedom gave me charms which he had not obſerved before: he frequently heſitated in his diſcourſe, and then looked upon me with an exceſs of tenderneſs; which, though I took notice of, I only attributed to the delicacy of a virtuous and generous ſoul, pleaſed with the pleaſure it communicates, and happy in the reflection of doing it's duty. I could not then penetrate into his deſigns; my imagination had laid a plan for me which flattered my good opinion of him; and, thus prepoſſeſſed, I was the eaſier deceived: but how delightful was the deception! Methought a mountain was removed from my breaſt! I began to taſte again the peaceful joy, the inward tranquillity, that I had formerly experienced. Though I ſaw him enchanted with delight, I imagined my ſituation, my youth, my wit, my beauty, might inſpire him with a moſt innocent affection. 'It is natural,' ſaid I to myſelf, 'for perſons to have the moſt tender
'ſentiments for one of my age placed
'under their care; they are pleaſed
'with every degree of merit they ob-
'ſerve in them, becauſe it reflects a
'greater merit upon their munificence,
'by ſhewing it placed on a deſerving
'object.' In ſhort, my youth and inexperience made me blind to his deſigns; and, though I began to think him an original, I was not much more ſurprized at his behaviour than I ſhould have been at the careſſes of a parent: he took my hand, and, with a gay air, kiſſed it a thouſand times. I admired the rapidity of his friendſhip; and could not help thinking, with pleaſure and a ſecret delight, how very unaccountable it was that his affections ſhould, at once, ariſe to ſo great a height: and this touched me more ſenſibly than all his favours. How readily does the honeſt mind think others ſo too! I formed my opinion of him from my own innocence and artleſs ſimplicity. The virtuous are too ready to be governed by appearances, and think others like themſelves; for the open, undiſguiſed heart, can no more charge the ſeeming

virtuous with wearing a maſk than he can wear one himſelf.

Perhaps, Madam, I ought not to have troubled you with theſe ſerious reflections, generally diſagreeable to ladies of your age. Conſider that, as you have given me orders to write, you ought in conſcience to bear with my impertinence. For my part, I do not care to think I am writing a book; that would diſcompoſe and embarraſs me too much. I perſuade myſelf I am talking to you, and that all I write paſſes in converſation. To proceed then.

It was the faſhion, at this time, to let the hair hang in curls upon the ſhoulders: mine was of a bright cheſnut, and fell down with a becoming negligence. Mr. De Climal praiſed their beauty; and, with a gallant air, took up ſome of my locks, and twiſted them round his finger. 'Nature, my 'dear Marianne,' ſaid he, 'has been 'profuſe of her favours to you, and 'has denied you nothing that could 'enhance your charms! That lovely 'face would have been the moſt beauti-'ful in the world without the addition 'of thoſe graceful ringlets; theſe 'make your too-lovely form compleat, 'and leave no room for addition.'—'They will not reſtore me my dear, 'unknown parents,' ſaid I, 'or let me 'know to whom I owe my being; nor 'revive my ever-dear deceaſed friend!'—'Very true,' returned he; 'but they 'will make you admired and adored 'by every body: for my part, I ſhall 'never be able to refuſe you any thing.'—'I make no doubt of it,' ſaid I; 'I 'depend entirely on your generous and 'tender heart.'—'On my tender heart!' cried he, laughing. 'Oh, then, my 'little charmer, you can talk of the 'heart, I find! Would you give me 'yours in return, if I ſhould aſk it?'—'Believe me, Sir,' replied I, with an ingenuous freedom, for I had no notion what returns he meant, 'you well 'deſerve it; and I ſhall ſooner ceaſe to 'be, than to be grateful.'

I had no ſooner made this reply, than I thought his look was eager and wild, and his eyes ſparkled with uncommon fire; which, like a flaſh of lightning, at once alarmed me, and put me upon my guard; and I began to look upon him as a man not altogether ſo diſintereſted as I had before thought him; and inſtantly fear'd all his generoſity and innocent friendſhip was degenerated into a criminal paſſion.

However, I did not take this ſudden ſuſpicion for a proof of the baſeneſs of his views. I reſolved to be better ſatisfied, and to take notice of the minuteſt circumſtance that might give a light into his deſigns. My reſerve vaniſhed in proportion as my ſuſpicions increaſed; and that timidity, for which he had juſt before reproved me, was entirely diſſipated. I believed, if it was true that he indulged an unlawful paſſion, there was no room left for ceremony on my part, and that it was he, not I, ought to be embarraſſed; as was the guilt, ſo ſhould the ſhame and confuſion, be his own. This reaſoning ran from the ſame ſource as the reſt; it appeared ſubtle and refined; and therefore I approved of it, and thought it juſt. I did not ſet myſelf upon making theſe nice diſtinctions; for our reflections naturally flow from the incidents that excite them at firſt; they arrive in our minds in a manner ſpontaneous, and almoſt without our perceiving them; and run on like a conſtant ſtream, whoſe courſe we are not able to ſtop.

It is true, that thoſe againſt whom we reaſon in this manner have little to hope for from us; for it ſuppoſes that, with reſpect to their prevailing paſſions, we are thoroughly averſe to them. On this account, Mr. De Climal was perfectly indifferent to me; and this indifference, if he had uſed me ill, would readily have given place to hatred. I ſhould have looked upon him with leſs averſion; and, perhaps, might have returned his affection, had our acquaintance begun in another manner; but I had hitherto only conſidered him as a pious and religious man, who had taken the charge of me out of charity: and I do not know any light we can conſider a perſon in more unlikely to produce love. We have none of the tender ſentiments for one who is introduced to our thoughts in this manner: the humiliation which the mind has ſuffered ſhuts up all the avenues of the heart from the ſoft pleaſures of the tender paſſions. Whilſt you demand thoſe affections which are your due, and which may be juſtly claimed of us, nature and reaſon conſpire to juſtify ſuch pretenſions; for we are naturally grateful; and it is hard, if not impoſſible, to extinguiſh

all

all ſenſe of gratitude from the human breaſt: but change the ſubject, and demand a certain tenderneſs, which can only ſpring from an union of ſoul, and a harmony of the ſofteſt ſentiments, and then ſelf-love revives; ſuch demands overturn the ſet of ideas we had before entertained, and make us at variance with him and ourſelves; and we can never give a heart freely, while it is expected from us as a debt. And thus it was with Mr. De Climal and I.

It is true, that, if men knew how to oblige, I believe they might gain all that they could reaſonably expect; for can any thing be ſweeter than ſentiments of gratitude, when they are not oppoſed by ſelf-love? Here the mind is an inexhauſtible ſource of tenderneſs: but to gain this a perſon muſt have two virtues, which ſeldom, almoſt never, meet in the ſame perſon; the one to hinder your being filled with diſguſt and indignation at the manner of conferring the favours you receive; and the other to oblige you to be grateful by a genuine benevolence, and unconſtrained liberality.

Mr. De Climal had ſpoke of a ſuit of cloaths which he intended to give me; and we went together to buy it, that I might pleaſe my fancy. I believe I ſhould have refuſed it, if I had been ſufficiently confirmed in my ſuſpicions; for I ſhould have had an invincible averſion againſt making any advantage of his weakneſs, becauſe I could not ſhare it with him; for, when love is mutual, all theſe affairs are adjuſted, and we imagine the higheſt degree of delicacy conſiſts in not being at all delicate about them; but I was ſtill in doubt what were his inward ſentiments: and, ſuppoſing it was only friendſhip, I concluded it muſt be a very extraordinary one, and one that deſerved all my pride ſhould be ſacrificed to it. Thus I accepted of his preſent at all hazards.

The cloaths were bought; I choſe them genteel and modeſt, and ſuitable to a young lady not very rich. After this was done, Mr. De Climal talked of linen; (and really I wanted ſome) and it was immediately purchaſed. Mrs. Du Tour might have furniſhed us with the ſame ſort; but he had his reaſons for not buying it of her. He inſiſted upon having it ſome of the fineſt; and Mrs. Du Tour would certainly have thought this an extravagant kind of charity; and though it might be expected ſhe would not concern herſelf about it, becauſe ſhe would have judged it was no buſineſs of hers, it was better ſhe ſhould loſe her profit by it, than that we ſhould truſt her with what ſhe might be cenſorious enough to put no favourable conſtruction upon.

His behaviour relating to the linen left me no room to doubt what were his motives. I wondered that the cloaths, which were very handſome, had not at firſt taught me his ſentiments; for charity is not extravagant in her gifts. Friendſhip itſelf, whoſe higheſt pleaſure is to communicate ſatisfaction and delight, is ſubſtantially good, but not magnificently ſo: our virtues ſeldom arile to their proper height; for we are more apt to be ſparing than profuſe; and it is, in general, only vice that exceeds all bounds.

I whiſpered to him, and told him, with a ſerious air, that I could not accept of linen ſo extremely fine and expenſive: he only laughed, and ſaid—'Hold your tongue, you little ſilly 'rogue; you are young, and do not 'know what you would have. Go to 'your glaſs, and ſee if it is too fine for 'that beautiful face!' And then, without minding what I ſaid, agreed to the price, and paid for it.

Here I found myſelf much embarraſſed; for I ſaw he loved me. Loved, did I ſay? No! let me rather ſay he indulged inclinations infinitely beneath that noble paſſion, which exerts itſelf in the moſt ardent deſires after the happineſs of the beloved object. I ſaw his motives were baſe and ungenerous, and that his extravagance was only intended to bribe my affections, and to betray me into ruin and miſery. I thought, too, that in accepting of his preſents I gave him juſt reaſon to think I favoured his paſſion. I conſidered what I ought to do; but I believe, now I think coolly, I did it only to loſe time. I aſſembled a thouſand reflections, in order to excuſe to myſelf the indeterminate ſtate of a mind loth to part with what flattered it's vanity. By this means I was unable to fix upon any thing; and thereby both deferred the rupture with Mr. De Climal, and kept his preſent.

But, aſhamed of his views, and ſhocked at his deteſted hypocriſy, my dear friends, my generous and kind

benefactors, Mr. De Roſand and his ſiſter, came into my mind. 'What a 'frightful difference was there,' ſaid I to myſelf, 'between the aſſiſtance they 'gave me and that I now receive! How 'exceſſive would be his concern, did 'he know the dangers to which I am 'expoſed! and how great her grief, 'had ſhe lived to ſee me in this dread-'ful ſituation!' Methought my behaviour, in this laſt adventure, violated, in the moſt cruel manner, the reſpect I owed to her tender friendſhip and unblemiſhed purity; and that it was a kind of ſacrilegious inſult on her memory: nay, methought ſhe took even now a ſhare in my calamities; and, though bleſſed with unfading happineſs, bluſhed at my weakneſs, and was anxious leſt I ſhould deſert the paths of virtue, and forfeit my glorious hopes of immortal felicity. On this occaſion I felt a thouſand ſenſations; which, though ſufficiently felt, are impoſſible to be deſcribed.

On the other hand, I reaſoned with myſelf, that I had no retreat, and Mr. De Climal had given me one: I wanted cloaths, and he bought them for me; beſides, they were grand and genteel; and, in imagination, I had already tried them on, and found they fitted me exactly. But I did not take care to ſtop at this particular, which was intermixed with my other conſiderations; for the pleaſure it gave me glowed in my cheeks, and I was glad to indulge the delightful idea, and to flatter myſelf I might do it without a crime. What admirable artifice do we make uſe of to ſeem innocent of follies we long to commit!—'Then,' ſaid I to myſelf, 'Mr. De Climal has not yet 'ſpoke of his hateful paſſion, and per-'haps he may not venture to do it this 'long time; and it is not for me to 'ſearch into the motive of actions ſo 'beneficial to me. I was introduced 'to him as a charitable and pious gen-'tleman; and he has been charitable 'to exceſs. If his views are bad, it is 'the worſe for him: I am not obliged 'to examine his conſcience; and I can 'never be an accomplice in any of his 'crimes till he has explained him-'ſelf.'

This little caſe of conſcience thus decided, my ſcruples vaniſhed, and the linen and cloaths appeared lawfully mine.

We returned back to Mrs. DuTour's; and, in our way, Mr. De Climal, by little and little, diſcovered his paſſion: he unmaſked inſenſibly, and the fawning, amorous lover, took place of the grave and pious devotee; I could ſee but half his face, but I concluded that I ought to ſee him entirely, in order to know him, and therefore reſolved to be very inſenſible, and not ſeem to underſtand him till then. My cloaths were not yet in a place of ſecurity; and if I had ſhewn my reſentment too ſoon, I ſhould, perhaps, have loſt all. Perſons governed by ſuch paſſions as that of Mr. De Climal's for me are naturally baſe and ungenerous when they have loſt their hopes, and are unable to make an honourable retreat. He is an unworthy and deſpicable lover whoſe deſires exceed his love, and had rather enjoy the perſon than the affection of his miſtreſs: not but lovers of the moſt delicate and refined ſentiments have deſires in ſome meaſure, but at leaſt their ſouls, united with the tendereſt ties of affection, go hand in hand with the gratification of their ſenſes.

I reſolved not to underſtand Mr. De Climal's amorous expreſſions. 'I 'am afraid I ſhall love you too much, 'Marianne,' ſaid he; 'and if I ſhould 'what would you do?'—'I would be 'ſtill more grateful,' ſaid I, 'if it 'were poſſible for my gratitude to ad-'mit of an increaſe.'—'Nevertheleſs, 'my dear Marianne,' ſaid he, 'I am 'uncertain what you will think when 'you know all my tenderneſs; for you 'cannot eaſily conceive how great it 'is!'—'How, Sir!' returned I; 'can 'you believe that it is poſſible I ſhould 'be inſenſible of your friendſhip?'—'Ah, my little wag!' replied he, 'do 'not change my expreſſions; 'I did 'not ſpeak of my friendſhip, but my 'tenderneſs.'—'What!' ſaid I, 'is 'it not the ſame thing? Pray where is 'the difference?'—'No, my life!' ſaid he, looking upon me with eyes that expreſſed the difference ſufficiently; 'no, 'my dear girl! it is not the ſame thing; 'for I ſhould be overjoyed to ſee the 'one appear more ſweet and deſirable 'to you than the other.' Upon this, I could not help caſting down my eyes; and, though I endeavoured to hide my confuſion, I was not able to do it, my embarraſſment was viſible, and it was impoſſible for me immediately to compoſe

poſe myſelf in order to make him a reply. 'What, my little jewel!' cried he, taking me by the hand, 'not a 'word? Do not you underſtand me?' —'I am aſhamed, Sir,' ſaid I, 'that 'I cannot find terms to thank you for 'ſuch goodneſs.'

Happily for me, the converſation ended here, by our arrival at home, which cut off all farther diſcourſe for the preſent; however, as we parted, he whiſpered in my ear—'Go, you dear 'rogue! for the future, be more appre'henſive; and learn to melt that heart 'into greater tenderneſs. I leave you 'mine to aſſiſt you in it.'

This diſcourſe was plain and intelligible enough; and I was obliged to ſeem inattentive, in order to countenance my ſimplicity, and that my anſwers might the better be diſpenſed with: but a kiſs that he gave my ear, in ſpeaking to me, drew all my attention; for it was impoſſible I ſhould be deaf to that, though I had art enough to diſſemble it. 'Sir, did not I hurt you?' cried I, with a natural air, pretending to take the kiſs he had given me for a jog of my head againſt his. As I ſpoke this, I ſtepped out of the coach; and I really believe he was the dupe of my artifice, for he anſwered, moſt naturally, 'No.'

I carried the bundle of cloaths into my chamber, and locked it up, while Mr. De Climal waited in the ſhop with Mrs. Du Tour. I was down again immediately. 'Marianne!' ſaid he, in a grave and reſerved tone, (for it was now his time to appear religious again) 'let your cloaths be made im'mediately; for I will come to pay 'you another viſit in three or four days, 'when I expect to ſee you dreſſed.' Then, turning to Mrs. Du Tour—'I 'have endeavoured,' ſaid he, 'to chuſe 'her cloaths ſuitable to the fine linen 'ſhe has ſhewn me, which was left her 'by a deceaſed friend.'

I muſt obſerve, that Mr. De Climal had told me, beforehand, he intended to give it this turn to Mrs. Du Tour: you will eaſily gueſs the reaſon, though he did not tell me. 'Beſides,' continued he, 'I think it proper that Miſs 'ſhould be genteely dreſſed, becauſe I 'have ſomething in view for her, which 'may poſſibly ſucceed, and will be 'much to her advantage.' He ſpoke this with an air of beneficence, and the look of an honeſt man: he was, indeed, a contraſt to himſelf. Mr. De Climal, with me, was quite a different perſon from Mr. De Climal in company with others: when I ſaw his devout countenance, I could not comprehend how it was poſſible that he ſhould ever appear in the character of a debauchee. He had good ſenſe, and did not want wit; but, then, he had hypocriſy, a baſe and unmanly vice! to counterbalance it; and, in particular, had a deſign to ruin me, while he pretended to be doing a work of charity. Good God! how many talents haſt thou given men to make them good for nothing!

He retired, after a ſhort converſation, with Mrs. Du Tour in private; and was no ſooner gone, than ſhe, to whom he had related my hiſtory, applauded his piety and generoſity. 'Marianne,' ſaid ſhe, 'it was a lucky moment when 'firſt you ſaw this worthy gentleman; 'you ſee he takes as much care of you 'as if you were his own child: for 'certain, this man has not his equal 'in the world for goodneſs. How 'very charitable he is!' The word Charity ſounded harſh and diſagreeable to me; for my ſelf-love was too tender not to be ſenſibly wounded at it: but Mrs. Du Tour knew no better; her language was agreeable to her underſtanding, vulgar and unpoliſhed; and whatever ſhe ſaid, as it was always without thought, ſhe pleaſed or diſpleaſed without deſign. However, this expreſſion made me look uneaſy; but I took no notice of it, as we had no other witneſs than the grave Mrs. Toinon, who was much more diſpoſed to envy my new finery, than think me humbled in receiving it. 'Oh, as for 'that, Miſs Marianne,' ſaid ſhe, in her turn, with a jealous air, 'was 'wrapped in her mother's ſmock, ſhe 'has ſuch fortune.'—'On the con'trary,' ſaid I, 'I was born to be 'the moſt unhappy, or elſe I ſhould 'have been infinitely better provided 'for than I am now.'—'So, is it 'true, then,' ſaid ſhe, with an affected toſs of the head, 'that you have nei'ther father nor mother? and that you 'are owned by nobody living? That 'is pleaſant!'—'Yes,' returned I, ſeverely nettled, 'it is mighty pleaſant! 'a joyful circumſtance, indeed! and 'I wonder you, Mrs. Toinon, have

'not

'not congratulated me upon it!'—'Hold your tongue, you fool!' ſaid Mrs. Du Tour, who ſaw I was vexed; 'ſhe has reaſon to ſneer at you: thank 'God for having preſerved your parents! Who ever tells people they 'are foundlings? I had as leave be 'called a baſtard.'

Was not this a comfortable way of taking my part? This woman's zeal ſhocked me more than the impertinent inſult of the other, and the tears guſhed into my eyes, which I laboured in vain to conceal. Mrs. Du Tour, touched to ſee me ſo affected, imputed it to the impertinence of Mrs. Toinon, without imagining that ſhe herſelf had been in the leaſt inſtrumental to my uneaſineſs. Her concern made me tremble, for fear Mrs. Toinon ſhould be again reprimanded, while the tears trickled down my cheeks; and I made haſte to divert this converſation, by entreating them to change the diſcourſe. Mrs. Toinon, for her part, at ſeeing my tears ſeemed quite confounded, for ſhe was not ill-natured, and, I believe, had no intention to make me uneaſy: ſhe was, indeed, vain, and had a ſufficient ſtock of pride, which ſhe thought became her; and it was really a very mortifying circumſtance for the poor girl, to think I had a ſuit of new cloaths and ſhe had none. Perhaps ſhe thought ſhe ought to make herſelf amends by being witty at my expence: notwithſtanding, to make up the matter, they made me a fine compliment; and told me they ſincerely begged pardon. And as I ſaw that theſe good people had no notion at all of my pride, nor the delicacy of ſoul, which made me ſo ſuſceptible of pain, and that they did not ſuſpect the leaſt part of the confuſion they gave me, I received their careſſes; and the converſation turned upon my cloaths, which they were impatient to ſee, and their curioſity made me deſirous to hear what they would ſay of them.

I ran to fetch them without heſitation, for my diſguſt had ſubſided, and given way to the pleaſure I imagined I ſhould immediately feel upon a review of my new finery. I took the parcel I had before carried into my chamber, and brought it down to them. How giddy and thoughtleſs are young people! and how haſty was I fooliſhly to indulge my vanity, for which I was ſeverely humbled! The firſt thing they ſaw in opening it was the fine linen, the buying of which we had been at ſo much pains to conceal, and which had coſt Mr. De Climal a lye, and me the conſenting to it. I had entirely forgot that this linen was in the bundle with my cloaths. Mrs. Du Tour inſtantly caſt her eyes upon it, and cried out—'Ha, ha! ſee, here is ſomething elſe! 'Mr. De Climal told us your deceaſed 'relation left you that, when I find he 'bought it for you himſelf. I muſt 'tell you, Marianne, it was very ill 'done of you not to have it of me; 'you are not more nice, I hope, than 'thoſe ladies of quality that have honoured me with their cuſtom: your 'Mr. De Climal has a mind to be pleaſant; I find the old ſaint has got a 'colt's tooth in his head. I ſee how it 'is,' added ſhe, drawing the ſilk from under the linen, (for her anger did not put a ſtop to her curioſity, which in our ſex is a governing inclination that keeps pace with every thing that paſſes in our minds;) 'I ſee well enough how 'it is,' ſaid ſhe: 'I know the reaſon 'why he deceived me about the linen; 'but I am not ſuch an errant fool as 'he takes me to be, I know better. 'Out upon it! Who would have 'thought it? Away! away with her 'things!' cried ſhe, raiſing her voice, and toſſing them from her with a diſdainful air. 'Marry, come up! this 'is mighty pretty, indeed! He has the 'goodneſs to put his Miſs to board 'with me: but what he buys for her 'he has elſewhere, I will aſſure him! 'I muſt have the trouble, forſooth, 'and other people the profit!'

All this while Toinon fingered the ſilk as if ſhe was afraid ſhe ſhould ſoil it. When, having an opportunity to ſpeak, by Mrs. Du Tour's leaving off—'Good lack-a-day!' cried ſhe, 'who 'would not be an orphan? This the 'poor girl ſaid only to bear a part in 'the ſcene; for, as demure as ſhe 'looked, if he had given it her ſhe 'would have been ſtupid with plea-'ſure.'—'Come, be quiet, Toinon,' interrupted Mrs. Du Tour; 'I ſee well 'enough you only envy the girl.'

Hitherto I had been ſilent; I felt ſo many different ſenſations, ſo much confuſion and vexation, that I knew not when to begin: it was a ſituation entirely new to me; and I could not forbear

forbear ſhewing my reſentment. At laſt I began to recollect myſelf; and my anger, bearing every other conſideration before it, was expreſſed in the moſt lively manner: but it was an anger frank and natural; and which, as it ſprung from my own innocence, could not have been felt by a guilty mind.

It was true that Mr. De Climal had pretended to love me; but I was conſcious I had not liſtened to his paſſion, and was reſolved to make no advantage of it; and though I had received his preſent, when I knew at the ſame time I ſhould never comply with his views, it was only owing to the little reaſons dictated by my wants and my vanity, and which had not, however, ſtained the purity of my intentions: my reaſoning, doubtleſs, was erroneous, though not criminal; and therefore I did not merit the inſults thrown upon me by Mrs. Du Tour. I made a terrible uproar; I threw the cloaths and linen upon the ground, without knowing why I did it; it was only an expreſſion of the violence of my paſſion. At laſt, I ſpoke, or rather cried; but I remember nothing of what I ſaid, but that I confeſſed that Mr. De Climal had bought the linen; and that he obliged me to keep that ſecret, without telling me the reaſons he had for doing ſo: and that I was very unhappy in being placed amongſt perſons who accuſed and inſulted me, without any reaſon for doing it; that I would inſtantly leave them, and would only firſt call a coach to take away my cloaths; that, for my part, I did not care what became of me; and that it was better I ſhould die in want and indigence, than live in a ſituation ſo contrary to my inclinations; that I would leave Mr. De Climal's preſent with her, ſince I deſpiſed his love, and abhorred his brutal paſſion. In ſhort, I was like a little lion; my head was turned; every thing that could aggravate my affliction preſented itſelf before me: the death of my dear friend, and the abſence of her brother; my being deprived of their tenderneſs and friendly advice to ſupport me under every exigence; the fatal loſs of my parents; the mortification I had already undergone; and the dreadful thought of being without a friend, without one dear companion to liſten to my tender complaints, and teach me to regulate my paſſions; unknown to the world; and without the leaſt hint of my extraction; and nothing before me but the proſpect of a miſery which knew no bounds, for I had only my beauty to procure me friends; and what a dreadful reſource is the vices of mankind! Dreadful, indeed! and I reſolutely reſolved to loſe my life rather than my virtue. Which way ſoever I turned my thoughts, how diſmal was the view that lay before me! Was not all this enough to turn the brains of one ſo young as I?

Mrs. Du Tour was frighted to ſee me in ſuch a violent tranſport, as it was quite unexpected; for ſhe only thought to ſee me out of countenance, and confuſed with my guilt. 'Lord, Ma-'rianne!' ſaid ſhe, when ſhe could find room to put in a word, 'any one may 'be deceived: pr'ythee, child, mode-'rate your paſſion; I am ſorry I have 'ſaid ſo much,' (for my behaviour had convinced her of my innocence, ſince my rage was too great to proceed from a guilty conſcience.) 'Come, come, 'endeavour to compoſe yourſelf.' But I would not hearken to what ſhe ſaid; and, at all hazards, was reſolved to leave her family.

At laſt ſhe puſhed me into a little room, where ſhe ſhut herſelf in with me; and there, after having exhauſted my ſpirits with my complaints, I gave way to my grief; my tears, which before were reſtrained by my anger, now began to flow plentifully, and to give eaſe to my burſting heart; which the good woman ſeeing, bore me company, and cried too moſt heartily.

At this inſtant Toinon came to tell us dinner was ready; and, as ſhe was always of every body's opinion, ſhe cried for company: but, after this flood of tears, being moved at their careſſes, I began to be appeaſed; my paſſion ſoon abated, and all was forgot.

Perhaps the ſum Mr. De Climal paid for my board contributed a little to ſoften Mrs. Du Tour's reſentment, and to make her repent her having uſed me ill: the vexation of not having ſold us the linen was, without doubt, her greateſt uneaſineſs; for, while we were at dinner, ſhe changed her tone; addreſſing herſelf to me, that if Mr. De Climal loved me, as to all appearance he did, I ought to make my advantage of it. I ſhall never forget her words

as

as long as I live—' Hark you, Marianne,' ſaid ſhe; ' was I in your ' place, I know how I would manage ' him; for, ſince you have nothing, ' and are a poor girl, who have loſt ' even the comfort of having any relations, I would take at firſt whatever ' Mr. De Climal would give me. Odsbobs! I would get all I could, but ' he ſhould never gain my affections; I ' would not love him at all the better for ' that, I would be hanged firſt; for our ' honour ought to be preferred before ' every thing. I am not the woman ' that will ſay any thing to the contrary ' of that you ſee; in a word, my girl, ' (for one word is as good a thouſand) ' for certain, there is nothing like being virtuous, and I ſhall die in that ' opinion. But this does not argue that ' you muſt throw away all the bleſſings ' you meet with; theſe things may be ' eaſily reconciled: for inſtance, there ' is Mr. De Climal and you; well, muſt ' you bid him be gone? No, ſurely! ' He loves you; is that your fault? ' let him love you; for every body muſt ' anſwer for himſelf. He buys you ' cloaths; take them, girl; are not they ' paid for? If he gives you money, do ' not be ſilly; but accept of it freely: ' it is not for you to be proud and above ' it. If he aſks you for your love, ' ſoftly there; play cunning with him, ' and tell him it is not impoſſible but ' you may in time: to give your word ' and retract it may go a great way. ' Firſt, you muſt have time to bring ' yourſelf to love him; and then you ' muſt perſuade him you begin to love ' him; then you ſhould have time to ' augment your paſſion; and then, ' when he thinks you entirely his, is ' not your honour a ſufficient excuſe? ' Is there not a thouſand good reaſons ' to plead. Cannot you preach to him ' of the wickedneſs of his intentions? ' Mean while the time paſſes, and preſents come without aſking. And if ' he at laſt grows out of humour, cannot you be as ill-natured as he; let ' him go and be hanged: marry! what ' is given is given, and there is nothing ' like a preſent; for, when it is once ' given, it cannot be demanded back; ' but if a man does not make preſents, ' he keeps his riches in his own poſſeſſion, and then there is no coming ' at it. Really, if one of theſe devout hypocrites thought fit to pay his ' reſpects to me, he ſhould give to the ' end of the world before I would bid ' him leave off.'

The zeal and ſpirit with which Mrs. Du Tour uttered theſe fine maxims were even better than the maxims themſelves; they were, indeed, indulgent enough, but ſuch as would have ill ſuited with the character of a woman of honour; for theſe doctrines are more than a little dangerous, and, I believe, lead to the very brink of libertiniſm; and, however flattering they may appear to our vanity, they muſt be ſhocking to every mind that has the leaſt ſenſe of honour, the leaſt remains of virtue eſtabliſhed in the heart; and I cannot think it very eaſy to remain honeſt in ſo dangerous a road.

Young as I was, I could not hear her arguments without an inward abhorrence; and, indeed, was a girl in my circumſtances ſure of preſerving that ineſtimable jewel her chaſtity, yet the practice of theſe looſe principles would for ever be a diſgrace, and ſtamp an indelible mark of infamy upon her character: for muſt not ſhe want honour, who can perſuade a man that ſhe ſhall one day forfeit it; nay, the art of deceiving a man with theſe avaricious hopes is, in my opinion, more criminal than even, in ſome unguarded moment, to fall a ſacrifice to guilt and ſhame; for the moſt infamous inducement, the baſeſt and moſt ungenerous motive to be vicious, is that which is prompted by avarice, and terminates in falſhood and deceit.

For my part, my heart was too ſincere to behave in a manner that appeared to me ſo infamouſly deteſtable. I would neither do ill, nor ſeem to promiſe that I ever would: I hated injuſtice and falſhood of every kind; but that which proceeded from degenerate motives like this, could not fail to fill me with horror and deteſtation. Her diſcourſe made me ſhake my head and bluſh for her, while ſhe gave me advice for her advantage and my own. For Mrs. Du Tour's part, ſhe would have been extremely glad to have the profit of my board continue a great while longer, and pleaſed herſelf with the thoughts of helping me to ſpend Mr. De Climal's money in feaſts and entertainments; for thus, with a laugh, did ſhe explain herſelf; for ſhe loved good eating, and was a perfect gluton when

when at others expence; but was very ſtingy when at her own.

After dinner my cloaths and linen were given to the workwomen, whom Mrs. Du Tour deſired to be as expeditious as poſſible. She hoped, without doubt, that in ſeeing myſelf well-rigged and ſpruce, (for theſe were her terms) I ſhould be tempted to draw out my adventure with Mr. De Climal to a good length. It is true, I had all the vanity and folly that can poſſeſs a young giddy mind: a ribband well choſen, or a genteel ſuit of cloaths, whenever I met them, were ſufficient to make me ſtop ſhort; my fancy glowed, and my agitation of heart would continue an hour after; nor did I fail to imagine myſelf equipped in all thoſe trifles. But, in ſpite of this diſpoſition, ſince I was certain Mr. De Climal loved me, I abſolutely reſolved, the firſt time he explained himſelf, to let him know how vain his expectations were.

Four days after, my cloaths and linen were brought home; it was on a holiday, and juſt as I was getting up. At the ſight of them both Toinon and I were ſilent, but from very different motives; a ſudden joy fluttered about my heart, while ſhe caſt down her eyes with a ſullen diſcontent; ſhe reflected, no doubt, upon the difference there would ſoon be between us, and would gladly have changed her parents, and have been the orphan, for the vain pleaſure of enjoying my imagined happineſs. She looked upon me with a ſtupid and jealous eye; but with ſuch a mixture of humility, that, notwithſtanding my own ſatisfaction, I could not help pitying her. But her grief could not be helped: however, to give her as little pain as poſſible, I put on my cloaths in the moſt modeſt and grave manner, before a little ſilly looking-glaſs, which could ſcarce ſhew me half of my perſon; but that half appeared ſmart, and ſufficiently charming.

I then began to dreſs my head, that I might enjoy at once all my ornaments; I could not look upon my growing beauty, which ſeemed to increaſe in proportion as I advanced in dreſſing, without feeling a kind of pleaſing palpitation at my heart, whilſt my hand trembled at every pin I ſtuck. I made as much ſpeed as I could to finiſh my agreeable employment, yet without being over haſty, for I was willing to have nothing imperfect: but I had ſoon done; for all the perfection of dreſs that I was then acquainted with, lay in very narrow bounds. It is true, I began with admirable good diſpoſitions, but that was all.

Indeed, when I knew the world, I was a better judge of theſe little elegances, which our ſex look upon as neceſſary to compleat the charms of nature, and ſhew that the poſſeſſor has a good taſte. Men talk of philoſophy, and the ſtudy of the ſciences; but what is all this knowledge to that of placing a ribband with judgment, or of deciding what colour beſt ſuits the preſent complexion, and is moſt adapted to pleaſe?

If we knew what paſſes in a coquette's head on ſuch occaſions; if we did but obſerve how delicate and penetrating her ſoul is; how ſharp in the judgment ſhe makes, on the faſhions ſhe tries, then rejects, heſitates, and at laſt, when weary with uncertainty and irreſolution, chuſes; for ſhe is ſeldom content, and the effect always comes vaſtly ſhort of her idea: if one could but know the mighty importance of all theſe ſeeming trifles, it would be enough to confound the moſt able capacities; and Ariſtotle himſelf would be but as a ſchool-boy, compared with a coquette. When ſhe has found what pleaſes, it is but a very indifferent diſcovery, for ſhe muſt find out what is better, in order to carry it on to it's laſt perfection, and finiſhing excellence; and, to attain this, ſhe muſt read the ſouls of men, that ſhe may prefer what will pleaſe them moſt.

Charmed with the power of pleaſing, the coquette employs her art to form herſelf to ſuit the taſte of her admirers: one day ſhe appears gay and eaſy, and with an air that enſures ſucceſs; the next, with a countenance ſoft and languiſhing, adorned with all the tender graces; and then with a beauty, modeſt, ſerious, and reſerved: thus, with varied charms, ſhe ſtrives to retain the fickle ſex. She knows how to be many women in one; and by turns aſſuming each perfection, ſuits herſelf to the inconſtancy of her admirers, by preſenting them every day a new miſtreſs.

How vain are ſuch ſnares, and how unlikely to hold a man of ſenſe and honour: it is virtue, it is virtue alone,

that is the univerſal charm, to which all hearts ſecretly pay an humble adoration; but when united with that ſweet complaiſance, and open freedom of ſoul, which triumphs in the countenance, and ſparkles in the eyes of a lady of ſenſe and good-nature, it needs not thoſe empty blandiſhments which the vain part of our ſex are ſo fond of.

But I am always wandering from my ſubject: pray, forgive my digreſſions; they divert me, and give a kind of relaxation to my thoughts. Beſides, you know, I am now converſing with you.

To proceed. I told you before I was ſoon dreſſed; and really I ſo perfectly eclipſed poor Miſs Toinon, that I was aſhamed of it. Mrs. Du Tour told me I looked charmingly; but Toinon could not forbear finding fault with my cloaths; whilſt I, out of charity to her, approved of whatever ſhe ſaid; for if I had ſhewn my ſecret ſatisfaction, ſhe would have been more humbled ſtill; and I thought I ought to conceal a pleaſure that, if diſcovered, would give another pain. I have always retained this delicacy and regard for the hearts of others.

I was in haſte to go to church; but, I believe, rather out of vanity than devotion. My companion Miſs Toinon, who, on holidays, was waited upon by her lover, went out before me; poſſibly for fear the gaiety of my dreſs ſhould attract the attention of her admirer; for, with ſome people, a new ſuit has as many charms as a pretty face.

I went out alone, confuſed, and at a loſs how to behave, fooliſhly imagining that my appearance required a particular air of diſtinction with which I was entirely unacquainted. I held up my head with the awkward ſtiffneſs of a roſy country girl, who endeavours to diſplay all the ſmiling graces which had lain concealed in a ruſtick retreat.

I come now, Madam, to an event which has been the original of all the paſt ſcenes of a life intermingled with extreme diſtreſs and exquiſite happineſs. With this I ſhall begin my Second Part, believing it neceſſary to give you, as well as myſelf, ſome reſpite.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

THE

VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

PART II.

TELL me, my dear friend, if your ſeeming impatience to ſee the ſequel of my Hiſtory is not partly complaiſance? I almoſt ſuſpect it; for, hitherto, what I have related is only a thread of adventures, uncommon indeed, but not very engaging: and which, if I was diſpoſed to print, would, I am perſuaded, appear low and trifling to many of my readers; for I am yet only a petty linen-draper; and that would diſguſt them.

There are people whoſe vanity mixes with every thing they do, and even with their reading. Give them the hiſtory of the human heart, and, provided the characters are of diſtinguiſhed rank, it will appear to them quite important and worthy their conſideration: but you muſt not preſume to mention perſons of a lower claſs; they do not love to ſee any actors on the ſtage but lords, princes, or kings; or, at leaſt, thoſe who have made a figure in life. Nothing elſe will ſuit their noble taſte, for the reſt of the ſpecies are beneath their notice: they will inſinuate that Nature might very well have ſpared the production of theſe creatures, and that the mechanick is a diſhonour to her. Judge, then, Madam, with what diſdain theſe readers would look upon me.

But this picture does not at all affect you: your notions of human nature are more noble, more conformable to truth, and therefore more ſuitable to an individual of that vaſt body which compoſes the human ſpecies; and, undazzled with the glare of external grandeur, I am perſuaded you obſerve the harmony ariſing from the different claſſes of the ſame collective body, and even ſee that the higheſt and moſt ſhining characters are ſometimes rivalled and outdone in real uſefulneſs, and intrinſick native excellence, by the loweſt and moſt miſerable. I was afraid the Firſt Part of my life contained ſo few events, and ſuch long reflections, that you would already think me tedious: however, you are pleaſed to ſay the contrary, and to preſs me to go on. I ſhall therefore proceed.

I have already told you that I went to church. At the entrance I found a crowd of people; but that did not detain me, for I paſſed through it, without much difficulty, to the upper part of the choir, attracted by the ſplendid appearance of a great number of perſons of faſhion, who were ſitting with an air of eaſe and indolence. The ladies were extremely well dreſſed: ſome, whoſe complexions were very ordinary, attempted to put on ſuch an agreeable air as might make the hardneſs of their features imperceptible; whilſt others, too full of themſelves to ſuſpect they wanted thoſe charms which captivate all hearts, diſplayed their folly by a thouſand airs of coquetry, in which their whole ſouls ſeemed to be employed.

One I obſerved, charming indeed, who ſeemed not to think it worth her while to affect thoſe ſilly arts in which the others were engaged, for ſhe was above acting the coquette, and ſeeking applauſe from what ought rather to raiſe contempt: ſhe ſat with an air of ſatisfaction in her looks, quite negli-

gent of her ſuperior power to draw the attention and the hearts of the beholders.

I was not leſs pleaſed with the countenance of a lady who ſat near her: ſhe was ordinary to the laſt degree; but had ſuch an engaging openneſs, ſuch an air of benevolence and native goodnature, that it was impoſſible to ſee her without partaking of her diſpoſition, and being prepoſſeſſed with ſomething like friendſhip and eſteem.

There were alſo ſeveral gay young gentlemen of the ſword and gown, whoſe behaviour ſhewed they were full of themſelves; and who, leaning on the backs of their chairs, put themſelves into thoſe gallant and ridiculous poſtures which ſhewed them well verſed in all the arts of the foppiſh part of the polite world: one while they lolled upon their elbows; then ſtood upright, to ſhew their ſnuff boxes; bowed to the right and the left; ſighed, and put themſelves into a thouſand different attitudes, in order to ſhew their good mien, or diſplay their charming ſelves to the beſt advantage.

The place I had taken was juſt in the centre of this gay part of the audience; and I was ſcarce ſeated, before I obſerved the eyes of all the gentlemen fixed upon me, for I ſeemed to engage their whole attention: but this was not all; the ladies ſoon found themſelves deſerted; and, following the eyes of the gentlemen, fixed upon me for their rival, who had taken from them the regards of their admirers. I was convinced that theſe were their thoughts by a glance they caſt at me, which I perfectly underſtood, though they tried to do it with an air of ſimplicity and negligence; but that negligence evidently ſhewed it was deſigned; for, in ſpite of themſelves, it had a touch of diſdain and uneaſineſs. Here my pride took the alarm, and I felt an inward triumph at the viſible confuſion which the ladies diſcovered. O vanity, thou darling foible of the ſex! when we indulge this ſtrong propenſity to captivate every beholder, what follies are we not liable to! I had forgot my devotions, which, doubtleſs, would have engaged my ſoul, had I been dreſſed more ſuitable to my circumſtances, and was acting a part very unbecoming the poor, the wretched Marianne, who had nothing to expect but either to exchange the gay trifles I wore for want and miſery, or to preſerve them by forfeiting my peace and innocence.

My rivals did not long keep their eyes fixed upon me; their examination was ſhort, for we have ſoon done with what humbles us.

Among the gentlemen whoſe attention I had engaged, I obſerved one who drew from me a more than common regard, and to whom my eyes ſeemed voluntarily to move; his air was graceful and engaging, and ſomething in his mien ſo charming, that it was impoſſible to look upon him with indifference. I took a pleaſure in looking at him; and, though a coquette to others, was very ſincere with reſpect to him: mean time, I gave up the care of pleaſing, to indulge the delight I had in ſeeing him. Love, perhaps, uſually inſinuates itſelf into the heart with this artleſs ſincerity; becauſe it is not unlikely but the pleaſure of loving may interfere with the care of appearing lovely.

The young gentleman, in his turn, gazed upon me in a manner very different from the reſt; a modeſt and tender reſpect appeared in his looks; while, by our mutual glances, a kind of ſerious, ſilent intercourſe, paſſed between us: the others openly applauded my charms, while he ſeemed to feel them, at leaſt I flattered myſelf it was ſo; but all my mind was confuſed. I cannot ſay what I thought of him or myſelf; all that I know of it is, that his looks embarraſſed me, and that I was afraid to return them, yet could not help doing it every moment; and though I was loth he ſhould meet my glances, yet was not ſorry that he had done it.

The ſervice being ended, I went out of the church, regretting the place I had juſt left: I felt a vacancy in my breaſt; my heart ſeemed to want ſomething, but not to know what it was; I ſay, it did not know what it was; but that, perhaps, is ſaying too much; for I was inceſſantly turning my head, to ſee once more the amiable gentleman I had left behind, yet could hardly believe it was he that induced me to it.

He was talking to ſome perſons who ſtopped him, and my eyes continually met his; at laſt, the crowd hid him from my ſight, and dragged me with them:

them: I found myſelf in the ſtreet; and, with a dejected mind, took the way home.

My thoughts were no longer full of myſelf; and I did not even wiſh to be agreeable: indifferent to all but him, I neglected my charms, and took no care to diſplay them to the beſt advantage. Mean while, I was ſo loſt in thought, that I did not hear the noiſe of a coach coming behind me, and ready to run over me, till alarmed by the coachman's crying aloud—'Have 'a care, take care there!' His laſt cry made me ſtart from my reverie; but the danger in which I ſaw myſelf, frighted me ſo much, that, in endeavouring to eſcape it by running, I fell down, and with the fall hurt my foot.

But one ſtep farther, and the horſes had run over me. The people about me were alarmed, and cried out, and the maſter of the coach louder than the reſt, who bounced out inſtantly, and flew to help me. I was ſtill on the ground; from whence, notwithſtanding all my efforts, I was unable to riſe: the good people lifted me up, but ſaw it was impoſſible for me to ſtand. Judge of my aſtoniſhment, when, amongſt thoſe who expreſſed the greateſt eagerneſs to aſſiſt me, I ſaw the young gentleman whom I had left in the church: the coach, I found, was his; he lived but juſt by, and would by all means have me carried to his houſe.

What an air of inquietude appeared in his countenance, and how nearly he was touched with my misfortune, I leave you to imagine; however, I ſoon perceived that his concern was alleviated by the ſatisfaction of meeting me again, and that his grief was mixed with the joy of having it in his power to ſerve me. 'Take care of the young 'lady!' cried he to thoſe that held me up; 'carry her gently—take time—'there!—ſoftly!' For at that time he did not ſpeak to me: it ſeemed to me that he forbore it on account of my condition, which would not permit him to expreſs his tenderneſs in any other manner than in his care for my ſafety.

For my part, I likewiſe ſpoke to the other people, but not at all to him; I durſt not even look upon him, which made me the more impatiently long for it: ſometimes, indeed, I could not avoid giving him a tranſient glance, in ſpite of all my reſolutions to the contrary. What my eyes ſaid to him I cannot determine; but his made ſuch tender anſwers, that there muſt have been ſomething very moving in mine to have deſerved them. This made me bluſh, and put my heart into ſuch a ſituation, that I was at a loſs how to act, and which I do not know how to deſcribe: I felt a mixture of trouble, pleaſure, and fear. I ſay fear; for a girl who is unacquainted with the world, and a novice in theſe affairs, does not know how far ſuch an adventure may carry her: ſhe is involved in a thouſand difficulties, which overwhelm her; and, poſſeſſed by them, ſhe is no more herſelf; mean while, the novelty of the ſituation affrights her extremely. It is true ſhe finds a pleaſure in it; but it is a pleaſure that is dangerous and deceitful: nay, even her modeſty is alarmed; it's delicacy is ſhocked and frighted at the apprehenſions of an impending danger. Love does not deceive us, and make us blind to futurity; it no ſooner ſhews itſelf, but it lets us know what it is, and what we are to expect; for when it has taken poſſeſſion of the heart, the ſoul feels it maſter there: it indeed flatters it with the hopes of happineſs; yet, with an open and profeſſed authority, it aſks no advice, but boldly tells it the ſlavery it is to expect.

This, I think, is the ſtate of mind in which I found myſelf at that time; and I believe it is the ſame with all young girls in the like circumſtances.

I was at laſt carried to Valville's houſe, (for that was the young gentleman's name) and laid upon a couch in the parlour.

I really wanted immediate help, for I felt a great deal of pain in my foot; but Valville, eager to ſerve me, had prevented even my wiſhes; the ſurgeon was ſent for to come with all poſſible ſpeed; and in a few minutes he was there.

I paſs over the apologies I made, during this ſhort interval, for the trouble I had given him; they were the common compliments which every body knows how to make on ſuch occaſions, which he anſwered in the uſual manner. All that was particular was, that I ſpoke with the air of a perſon ſenſible of an obligation, who had nothing to do but to make excuſes for a trouble which could not be avoided; and he anſwered

anſwered in a tone which prepared me for a more ſerious converſation. Even our mutual glances were a kind of prelude to it; he did not caſt one at me which did not plainly ſay, 'I love you;' nor did I know what to do with mine, becauſe they would have told him the ſame.

We were both in this ſilent intercourſe when the ſurgeon entered; when, on the account Valville gave him of my misfortune, he told us that my foot muſt be examined.

I bluſhed at this propoſal out of a ſentiment of modeſty; however, I compoſed myſelf with the thought that I had the prettieſt little feet in the world; and that, though Valville was going to ſee it, it was not my fault, ſince neceſſity obliged me to ſhew it before him; and that it was my fall, not I, that ought to bear the blame.

We frequently imagine our conſciences very ſcrupulous and tender; not on account of the ſacrifices we make them, but of the artifices we make uſe of to deceive and impoſe upon them, and thereby prevent our making them any ſacrifices at all.

I made ſome difficulty of ſhewing it, and was willing to pull off only my ſhoe; but this was not enough. 'I 'muſt by all means,' ſaid the ſurgeon, 'ſee the bottom of the evil; I can do 'nothing without that.' Upon this the houſekeeper was called, who was ordered to pull off my ſtocking; while Valville and the ſurgeon retired out of decency and reſpect.

When my foot was ready, the ſurgeon examined and felt it, to find out the hurt. The good man, to be a better judge of the caſe, ſtooped low, becauſe he was old; while Valville, in conformity to his geſture, took inſenſibly the ſame poſture, and ſtooped as low as he, becauſe he was young; for though he was no great judge of the diſorder, he was of the prettineſs of my foot, with which he ſeemed extremely ſatisfied.

For my part, I did not ſay a word, and took no notice that I ſaw him: it would not have been modeſt even to appear to ſuſpect the attraction that drew him thither; and, beſides, I ſhould have ſpoiled all if I had let him ſee I underſtood his little artifice; for I ſhould have been obliged to take advantage of it, and appear more reſerved; and perhaps might have put him to the expence of a bluſh. The human heart is very unaccountable in it's ſenſations; for there are moments when it is confuſed and ſhocked at being taken in a fact, only becauſe it had determined to conceal it; and ſuch diſappointments always humble us. I acted in conſequence of this reaſoning; and though the preſence of Valville confuſed me a little, it was only becauſe he ſaw me, not becauſe he loved to ſee me.

'Whereabouts do you feel the pain?' ſaid the ſurgeon to me, touching it with his finger. 'Is it there?'—'Yes, Sir,' ſaid I; 'juſt there.'—'I think,' ſays Valville, 'it looks a little inflamed 'here,' touching it with his finger with an innocent air. 'Come, come,' added the ſurgeon, 'the damage will ſoon be 'repaired; it is only ſitting ſtill to-'day; a linen-rag dipped in brandy, 'and a little repoſe, will cure it.' Immediately my foot was bathed with brandy, the compreſs put upon it, and my ſtocking pulled on; when the ſurgeon took his leave, and left me with Valville alone, except ſome of the ſervants that were paſſing and repaſſing.

I did not queſtion but I ſhould be obliged to ſtay there ſome time, and that he would inſiſt upon my dining before I went; but I did not care to let him know I had the leaſt thought of it. 'After all the obligations you 'have conferred upon me,' ſaid I, 'may 'I be ſo bold as to beg you would add 'one more, Sir, and order a chair or a 'coach to be called to carry me home?'—'No, Miſs,' anſwered he, 'I cannot 'conduct you home for ſome hours yet. 'Your fall is but juſt over; and, be-'ſides, you are ordered to repoſe your-'ſelf a little; and I muſt, on that ac-'count, inſiſt on your ſtaying dinner: 'all that is neceſſary is, to ſend home 'to let your friends know where you 'are, that they may not be in pain for 'you.'

'This, indeed, was very neceſſary; for my abſence would doubtleſs have very much alarmed Mrs. Du Tour; and, beſides, what would Valville have thought of me, if I had ſeemed to be my own miſtreſs, and had nobody concerned for me, nobody to give an account to of my actions? Such a ſtate of independence would have appeared with a very ill grace; for it is very improper a girl ſhould be out of tuition at ſo tender an age; and eſpecially, conſidering the figure

figure I made; for there is but a ſmall tranſition from being lovely to being unworthy of being loved. See the inconvenience that attends beauty! it gives a probability that we are guilty upon the leaſt ſuſpicion that we are ſo; and on a thouſand occaſions it weighs down the ſcale againſt us.

But let it conclude what it will; the charms of beauty are too pleaſing to us ever to diſguſt the poſſeſſor; for we love ourſelves, and therefore love to appear amiable to others. In a word, beauty inſpires either with love or deſire: if it is love, let us be ever ſo auſtere, it is welcome; for the pleaſure of being loved finds always a place either in our hearts or our vanity. Suppoſing it only inſpires with deſire, there is nothing loſt by it: our virtue is indeed affronted; but our reſentment turns upon him that called it in queſtion, and not upon thoſe charms which were the cauſe.

But to return: you are now uſed to my digreſſions.

I have told you that an abſolute independence would not have appeared to my advantage; but Valville did not view me in that light, his reſpect plainly ſhewed the contrary; his looks and behaviour expreſſed a tenderneſs and fear of offending, that is only due to innocence and modeſt virtue: but, upon the leaſt diſtruſt, he would have no longer repoſed an entire confidence in me; and the ſhadow of guilt would have made me ſink in his eſteem.

But, could you believe it? in ſpite of all I ſhould riſque by ſeeming independent, I was in ſuſpenſe what part I ſhould take: and can you imagine the reaſon? It was becauſe I could give him no other direction than to a retail linen-draper's, ſince I could ſend to none but to Mrs. Du Tour's; a woman that, with ſome reaſon, I might be aſhamed of. Methought it would be the greateſt diſappointment to a man of quality like Valville, whom I ſaw ſurrounded with ſervants, to find the girl he loved ſo unſuitable to one of his quality; and that, though I had the air and appearance of a lady of diſtinction, I was far from being one. How could I have the courage to ſay—'Go to 'Mrs. Du Tour's, at ſuch a ſign, 'where I lodge?' How mortifying the expreſſion!

If my fault had been not to have been born of rich parents, had I but a noble extraction, though no fortune, pride, though ſtripped naked, would have ſomething to feed upon; I ſhould only appear deprived of the ſuperfluities and conveniences of life, but not of my right to the honours of it. But ſo great a ſhare of politeneſs and ſubmiſſive reſpect which he was pleaſed to expreſs, was not in the leaſt due to a paltry ſhopmaid, who muſt have appeared bold indeed to have permitted it, and might juſtly expect to be treated with contempt and inſolence, as a puniſhment of her preſumption and aſſurance. This was the reflection that I feared Valville would make. Methought I heard him ſay to himſelf—'How! is that all?' And the ſharpneſs of that little ſoliloquy would be ſo cutting from him, that I choſe to appear in a dubious light rather than in a ridiculous one; and to let him queſtion my honeſty, rather than laugh at my coſt, and ridicule the reſpect he had ſhewn me. Thus I concluded that I would ſend to nobody, and that I would ſay that it was not at all neceſſary.

I was ſenſible this was a very wrong reſolution; but do not you know that too often our ſouls are more proud than virtuous, more vain than honeſt, and conſequently more ſcrupulous when our vanity than when our honour is concerned? But do not be frighted; though I took this reſolution, I did not follow it; for, in the agitation theſe contending paſſions raiſed in my heart, I fixed ſuddenly upon an expedient wherein my miſerable pride was ſatisfied. My heart, indeed, would be ſeverely afflicted; but what ſignifies what our hearts ſuffer, provided our vanity be ſerved by it? We can diſpenſe with repoſe, pleaſure, and too often with honour itſelf, to make peace with it. This expedient was abſolutely to inſiſt upon returning home immediately. 'What! leave Valville ſo ſoon?' ſay you. Yes; I had the courage to reſolve upon it, and to ſnatch myſelf from a converſation ſo extremely ſweet and deſirable.

Valville loved me; and though he had not yet told me ſo, he would have time to make the pleaſing declaration if I ſtaid. I loved him; he was ignorant of it, at leaſt I thought ſo: but I ſhould not be able to conceal it; he would have had the pleaſure of ſeeing me ſenſible, I of ſhewing I was ſo, and both

both the ſoft delight of enjoying each others company.

O how many ſweets are contained in this idea! ſweets unmixed with the leaſt degree of ſenſuality! It is all rapture! The ſoul at firſt ſees, and could repeat, the various charms of ſuch a tender interview. What a ſacrifice was I going to make!

Theſe various ſenſations and reflections, though ſo long in relating, paſſed through my mind almoſt in an inſtant.

'Pray do not make yourſelf uneaſy, 'Miſs!' ſaid Valville, with a tender and preſſing air, and taking my hand with a modeſt baſhfulneſs; 'let me beg 'of you, dear Miſs, not to look uneaſy! 'Say but where you live, and a ſervant 'ſhall fly immediately, and put your 'friends out of their pain for your abſence! Pray, think of it ſeriouſly; you 'are not in a condition to go yet: 'come, it is pretty late; ſtay but dinner, and you ſhall go as ſoon as it is 'over. Why, my dear charmer, do 'you heſitate? You will have nothing 'to reproach yourſelf with for ſtaying 'here: nobody can blame you for it, 'ſince your accident compels you to 'it.'—'No, Sir!' replied I; 'I entreat you would permit me to retire. 'None can be more ſenſible of your 'civility than I am; but I cannot 'abuſe it. I do not live far from 'hence; and, ſince I find myſelf much 'better, I beg it as a favour that you 'will permit me to go.'—'But, Miſs,' reſumed Valville, 'what can be the 'motive of your reluctance for ſtaying 'in ſo natural, ſo innocent a conjuncture as this?'—'As for reluctance, 'I will aſſure you, Sir, I have none,' ſaid I; 'but it will be fitter for me to 'be at home, ſince a coach may be 'had.'—'What! ſo ſoon?' cried he, with a look full of the moſt tender ſoftneſs. 'It muſt be ſo,' replied I, caſting down my eyes with a melancholy air, which he ſeemed to underſtand; for hearts underſtand one another; and it is very probable he perceived what paſſed in mine, for he took my hand again, with an air of ſuch undiſſembled tenderneſs, and with ſuch a quick and rapid tranſport, that, if he had ſaid a thouſand times 'I love you,' he could not have expreſſed it more intelligibly. It was impoſſible I ſhould be miſtaken: I ſaw a lover before me, who ſhewed himſelf without diſguiſe; ſo that, with all my artifice, I could not ſeem to evade the evidence of his paſſion. He, full of ſuſpenſe, waited to ſee how I received this ſilent declaration; but his looks ſhewed his thoughts were, that he had not much reaſon to be diſſatisfied. I remained ſurprized, ſilent, and confuſed; which was a proof I was charmed too: for when a man is indifferent or diſagreeable to us, we acquit ourſelves more gracefully, and are never put into this diſorder; we know in every reſpect how to behave; but it is only love that ſoftens our ſouls, and throws us into this confuſion.

I was in this ſituation, my hand trembling in Valville's, which I made no effort to draw back, and which I gave up entirely to him. My power of action ſeemed for a moment ſuſpended; whilſt, ſeized by I know not what attraction, I was ſoftened into this tender fearful inactivity: at laſt, however, I uttered ſome words, but without order or connection, which in ſome meaſure diminiſhed the confuſion which my ſilence began to occaſion, and which ſupplied the place of ſomething which I did not, though I ought, to have ſaid; ſuch as—'Well, well, Sir! pray what 'means this?' This was all I could ſay to him: to which was added a ſigh, which took away, perhaps, all the little force I had given it.

However, I ſoon recovered my preſence of mind; and the emotions with which I was enchanted were diſſipated ſuddenly, on my reflecting that it was indecent to betray ſo much weakneſs and irreſolution before a gentleman every way my ſuperior, and which I endeavoured to correct by an act of ſelf-denial. 'What do you mean, Sir?' ſaid I, drawing back my hand with ſpirit and reſolution, but with a tone which expreſſed that I was juſt awoke from this ſoft diſorder. But I can hardly believe he was in a condition to obſerve it; for he ſeemed at leaſt as much captivated by that deluding paſſion as I; though it is not improbable but that he might ſee and take notice of every thing; for he was not ſo young a lover, and therefore not ſo liable to loſe his preſence of mind. Such a one may be moved, and feel all the delicacy that can fill a human breaſt; but he will not be perplexed; he preſerves his judgment, while it is only novices that loſe it: but what danger is not that maid expoſed

expoſed to who falls into the hands of a pretended lover, that knows how to take advantage of her weakneſs?

As for me, I ran no hazard with Valville: my diſorder was too ſhort for him to gain any advantage by it. I had nothing, indeed, to reproach him with: I had inſpired him with ſentiments to my advantage; but his love was not ſo violent as tender. When a man admires a woman in this manner, in the beginning of his paſſion, it makes his heart honeſt, inſpires him with virtue, makes him delight in the refined pleaſure of loving and reſpectfully treating the object of his affections. This is the firſt employ of a tender, generous mind; it dreſſes the object of it's love in all imaginable dignity and worth: nor is it without it's own reward; for it is attended with greater, far greater delight, than all the pleaſures of the ſenſualiſt or debauchee; and where a man is incapable of this happineſs, he himſelf is the greateſt loſer. But probably, Madam, you would think it gain to you, was I not quite ſo impertinent.

Therefore, to proceed. I was entreating Valville to let me go, with a grave and confuſed look—'Indeed, 'Sir, you ſurprize me!' ſaid I; 'you 'ſee yourſelf it is not without the 'greateſt reaſon I reſolve to retire, and 'that it is abſolutely neceſſary I ſhould 'do ſo.'—'You ſhall, Miſs—indeed 'you ſhall—you ſhall go immediately,' anſwered he, gravely; 'I am going to 'give orders that you may, ſince it is 'painful to continue here; and I am 'afraid I am become quite diſagreeable 'to you, by a ſudden emotion which I 'could not help; for I own I love you, 'and could ſpend all the time we ſhould 'be together, nay, my whole life, in 'making you ſenſible of it.' And if this pleaſing ſubject had laſted for my life too, I think I ſhould not have been weary; ſo ſenſible was the joy the dear declaration gave me; which, though flattering to my hopes, embarraſſed and confuſed me. This I would willingly have hid from Valville; but was too unſkilled in deceit to know what countenance to aſſume for that purpoſe. What he had juſt ſaid required an anſwer; but joy naturally renders us ſilent, and this ſenſation poſſeſſed my whole ſoul. I thought my preſent ſituation of mind not proper to be diſcovered; and being ſo little unacquainted with the art of diſſembling, I continued ſpeechleſs, with eyes caſt down. 'Why do not you anſwer?' ſaid Valville. 'Will not you favour 'me with one word, Miſs? Sure you 'will not leave me in this dilemma! 'Has the innocent liberty I have 'juſt taken made me ſo odious to you, 'that all the actions of my future 'life are incapable of making repara-'tion?'

In the midſt of this tender pleading, he again took my hand in his; and, with all the warmth of the moſt paſſionate lover, kiſſed it every moment, always begging pardon for his preſumption: but the beſt of the joke was, that I thought that a ſufficient reparation for the fault, and innocently enough received it as ſuch, when, in fact, it was only repeating it; though I do not think either of us perceived it.

'Will you then give me no anſwer?' ſaid Valville. 'Muſt I have the cruel 'mortification to think you hate me?' To which I anſwered, with a ſigh—'No, Sir, I do not hate you; I have no 'reaſon to hate you: you have never 'given me the leaſt provocation.'—'Why, then, do not you anſwer?' returned he warmly. 'I have told you 'already I love you; I entreat you, tell 'me frankly whether this declaration 'is agreeable to you or not? Though 'I dread to aſk, though the happineſs 'of my life depends upon your anſwer, I entreat you put me out of 'this cruel, this inſupportable ſuſpenſe.'—'What would you have me 'ſay, Sir?' ſaid I: 'I ſcarce know 'what love is; every perſon diſguiſes 'his heart under that tender name; 'and while the virtuous do honour 'to this ſoft paſſion, the vicious make 'it a cloak for every villainy; the 'blackeſt crimes and the moſt com-'plicated guilt, ruined innocence and 'bleeding honour, and all the black-'eſt ſcenes that even hatred and malice 'can invent, are hid under this ſa-'cred name Love. But pardon me, 'Sir, I believe you entirely incapable 'of baſeneſs and deceit; at leaſt, my 'heart perſuades me to think ſo. This, 'however, I muſt acknowledge, that 'I am extremely obliged to you; and, 'though it is probable it will never be 'in my power to return the obligation, 'I ſhall never forget the ſervice you 'have been to me in ſo great an emer-'gency.'—'You will never forget it!'

cried he briſkly: 'but how muſt I 'know, Miſs, you will remember me, 'if this is the laſt time I ſhall ever ſee 'you? I beg you will not let me loſe 'you for ever. If it be true you have 'no averſion to me, do not make me 'miſerable, by tearing from me the 'better half of my ſoul: if we part 'now, perhaps I may never ſee you 'more. It was to-day a mere chance 'that brought you to me: but how 'ſhall I be again bleſſed, if you will 'never let me know where to find you? 'I ſhould for ever ſeek you; for ever 'deplore your loſs in vain.'—'I own 'it will be in vain,' anſwered I, with an ingenuous freedom, and a look that ſeemed to pity us both. 'Well, Miſs,' continued he, putting my hand to his mouth, (for that was now become a trifle which was hardly thought on) 'let me know who are your parents or 'guardians; tell me what I muſt do 'to make myſelf agreeable to them: 'I earneſtly beg you will not deny me 'this conſolation before you go.'

Scarce had he ſaid this, when a valet entering—'Order the horſes to be put 'to the coach,' ſaid he, 'to carry this 'lady home.' This ſtep, which I had not foreſeen, broke all my meaſures, and caſt my vanity into all the agonies from which it had juſt been delivered. It was not Valville's coach I wanted: the petty linen-draper would not have eſcaped the mortification of being known. I imagined he would have ordered a ſervant to call a hack, and that I ſhould have gone alone, and had nothing farther to do but to tell the coachman where to drive me. 'Here,' thought I, 'I ſhall evade all the confu-'ſion and ſhame which this little ſhop 'had occaſioned.' This had already been the ſource of a thouſand different agitations, which returned in their full force; for he would not have failed to have enquired—'Where did you leave 'her?' whilſt the ſervant would innocently enough have anſwered, at ſuch a ſhop. Here, indeed, I had only been mortified by halves, and could only have bluſhed at a diſtance, ſince I ſhould have been abſent at this diſcovery of my meanneſs: but Valville had deſtined for me a ſhame more humbling and more compleat.

'I intend, Miſs,' ſaid he, as ſoon as the ſervant was gone, 'to conduct 'you home myſelf, attended with my 'houſekeeper, whom you have ſeen 'already. I fancy this precaution is 'more than neceſſary on my part, af-'ter what has happened: this I am 'bound to out of civility; it is a ſud-'den thought I have happily fixed up-'on, which I hope will be agreeable 'to you.'—'O Sir!' cried I, 'what 'do you propoſe to me? To be con-'ducted home by you! by a gentle-'man of your age! No, Sir, I cannot 'be guilty of ſuch imprudence. You 'do not conſider what people would 'make of this inconſiderate action: 'the world is malicious; it takes a 'pride in tarniſhing our brighteſt vir-'tues by foul imputations. How care-'ful ſhould we be, then, of giving the 'leaſt room for this ill-natured, un-'friendly vice, to triumph and diſplay 'it's barbarous eloquence! Though 'I have too good an opinion of you, 'Sir, to be at all afraid of truſting 'myſelf with you; yet, on this ac-'count, I muſt beg to be excuſed: I 'had rather, Sir, attempt to go home 'on foot, and limp thither as well as I 'can, than accept your offer.'

This diſcourſe would not admit of a reply, though it ſeemed to touch him to the heart. 'You ſhall go, Miſs!' cried he, in his turn, riſing up haſtily, with a countenance that expreſſed the keeneſt grief and deſpair; 'you ſhall 'be obeyed. You are reſolved never 'to ſee me more; never to let me know 'where you may be found! What 'vain pretences, what unaccountable 'fears, do you make uſe of! No, my 'dear, dear inſenſible! there is not the 'leaſt appearance that this can be the 'motive of your refuſal. You cannot 'have ſuch a groundleſs ſcruple. You 'are hurt with a fall at my door; I 'am there myſelf; and, with a crowd 'of ſpectators, am a witneſs of your 'misfortune: you cannot ſtand; I or-'der you to be brought into my houſe, 'in order to ſend you home. Nothing 'could happen more ſimple and more 'natural; nothing more innocent than 'that, finding you in theſe circum-'ſtances, I ſhould carry you home to 'your friends, and take this occaſion 'of making myſelf known to them: 'but you are againſt it. Doubtleſs 'you have reaſons for it: I am either 'diſagreeable to you, or elſe you are 'pre-engaged.'

Upon this, without giving me time

to

to reply, vexed at the ſilent melancholy which I ſtill preſerved, he ſtepped haſtily to the parlour-door, and called very loud to one of his ſervants, who came running; mean while his ſoul ſeemed embittered with every contending paſſion; and the painful ſtruggle between love and deſpair was viſible in every look and every action. 'Fly!' cried he; 'call a chair! and if one 'cannot be got, a coach: the lady 'will not accept of mine.' Then, returning to me—'Be ſatisfied, Miſs; 'you ſhall have your wiſhes: you 'have nothing more to fear from me, 'for both you and your parents ſhall 'be eternally unknown to me, unleſs 'you tell me your name; and this I 'have not the leaſt reaſon to expect.'

To this I made no anſwer; nor, indeed, was I able to make any, my tears had taken away my uſe of ſpeech: full of the moſt melting reflections, I held down my head to prevent his diſcovering my weakneſs; nor do I think a lady of ſo ſoft and tender a mould as you, Madam, will be ſurprized at it, if you conſider the ſtate of my mind at that time; how cruelly I had been agitated, and how much my courage had been exhauſted.

See the different mortifications I had been obliged to undergo, pondering, weighing, and making eſſays upon my ſoul, to compare it's troubles, and know to which I ſhould give the ſad preference: yet what ſervice had it been to me to fix upon the painful reſolution of leaving Valville? Was it leſs difficult to accompliſh my deſign of remaining unknown? No, certainly: he offers me his coach, and propoſes to conduct me home himſelf; at laſt, he only deſires to know my name; a requeſt ſo ſmall, that, without the appearance of ingratitude, I cannot deny him. But, alas! I knew it not: my firſt misfortune deprived me of it, except Marianne; which could be no direction to him, and could only point out my extreme wretchedneſs. To what an extremity was I reduced! rudely to leave Valville, without regard either to gratitude or good-breeding; to baniſh myſelf from him as from one with whom I intended to break off all acquaintance: to leave for ever the man that loved me! whom I ſhould for ever regret the loſs of; and him, too, who had taught me to feel I had a heart! for we only know we have one when we begin to love.

Beauty in diſtreſs finds an eaſy paſſage to the ſoul; the innocent ſufferer naturally raiſes compaſſion in every generous mind: but where love has taken poſſeſſion, it adds an additional charm to every grace, melts every paſſion into tenderneſs, every thought into love.

The generous Valville, quite diſconſolate at the thought of my leaving him without a hope of ſeeing me any more, was ready to give vent to his deſpair; but my tears ſoon gave a turn to his paſſion, and my grief in a moment made him forget his own: I never ſaw a tender compaſſion painted more lively on the countenance. 'Bleſs me, Ma'dam! what mean theſe tears?' cried he, throwing himſelf at my feet with an air of aſtoniſhment, and ſome rays of a dawning hope in his eyes. 'Why, 'my dear charmer, do you weep? 'Sure I have not been ſo unfortunate 'as to offend you? If I have, it was 'without deſign: pray ſpeak, and de'liver me from this cruel uncertainty. 'What, ſilent ſtill!' added he, kiſſing my hand with inexpreſſible tenderneſs. 'Tell me, oh, tell me! what diſturbs 'you? Can you heſitate a moment 'whether you ſhall open your heart to 'him who has given you his own? to 'him who ſwears to be for ever yours? 'to him who loves you more than life? 'in a word, who loves you as you de'ſerve to be loved? Sure, my dear, I 'have a right to a little of your confi'dence! for it is impoſſible I can ſee 'your tears without impatiently long'ing to remove your uneaſineſs: and 'would it be juſt to give me ſo great a 'concern, without putting it in my 'power to eaſe myſelf of part of my 'anxieties, by removing yours?'

'Would you know me,' cried I, ingenuouſly, 'you muſt ſend to Mrs. 'Du Tour's.'—'To Mrs. Du Tour's!' ſaid Valville; 'what, the linen-draper! 'I ſuppoſe, Miſs, ſhe is to inform your 'parents where you are. Pray, who 'muſt the man ſay he comes from?' At this queſtion I was again confounded, and at a loſs for an anſwer: Valville's want of penetration gave me the greateſt confuſion; for I had fooliſhly imagined that the bare naming Mrs. Du Tour would have informed him that I lived there; and that here would have

been an end of every mortifying queſtion. I made no anſwer; but my ſilence had ſuch a remarkable air of confuſion in it, that at laſt Valville found out what I had not the courage to tell him.

'What, Miſs!' ſaid he, 'do you 'lodge at Mrs. Du Tour's?'—'Yes, 'Sir,' anſwered I, with a tone of humility: 'I was not born to this ſtate; 'but the greateſt misfortunes have re-'duced me to it.'—'Pray, my dear,' returned he, 'dry up thoſe tears;' preſenting me his hand with an air of tenderneſs, that had ſomething in it ſo honeſt and reſpectful, that it was a kind of reparation of the uneaſineſs I had juſt endured.

My hiſtory, upon which we were entering, would, doubtleſs, have been the ſubject of a long converſation, if we had not been interrupted by a noiſe at the parlour-door, where a lady appeared, leaning upon Mr. De Climal; who immediately fixed his eyes upon the poor Marianne, half reclined upon a couch, her eyes wet with tears, and in converſation with a young man, whoſe humble and tender poſture declared their ſubject was love, and that he was ſaying to me—'I adore you;' for he was kneeling at my feet. But what was ſtill more unlucky was, that at this moment his head reclined upon one of my hands, which it might be thought he was kiſſing. Was not this a very amuſing picture for Mr. De Climal?

I wiſh I was able to deſcribe his looks on this occaſion: you will at firſt imagine that he bluſhed, and was out of countenance; but this is only a rough ſketch of the man. Imagine you ſee him ſtaring about him with a wild, confuſed look, but ſeeing nothing. He ſhrugs his ſhoulders; his arms had a ridiculous motion; and he ſeemed at a loſs what attitude to give his body, or how to mould his face, in order to wipe off the diſorder that was painted there.

Mr. De Climal was amorous, and fond of me. Judge, then, how jealous he muſt be. Theſe paſſions gave him ſtrong and violent agitations; but his pretended piety forbade his diſcovering the leaſt degree either of jealouſy or love. But they appeared in ſpite of all his endeavours to hide them: he was ſenſible of it, and this made him aſhamed. He was then afraid his ſhame ſhould be diſcovered; and all this together gave ſuch an air of uncertainty, of comicalneſs and folly, to his motions, that made it much more eaſy to form an idea of than deſcribe. But this was not all; his diſorder had another motive, that I was ignorant of; for Valville, in riſing up, with a low voice, cried—'Oh, here is my un-'cle!'

More ſingular ſtill was this remarkable chance. I could not help bluſhing at the ſight of De Climal; but his relation to Valville increaſed my confuſion; while the looks which I caſt at him, if he obſerved them, ſhewed a conſciouſneſs of having liſtened with pleaſure to the diſcourſe of Valville; for I had the air of an accomplice viſible in my countenance: we were, in fact, three moſt ridiculous figures. But the lady who entered with Mr. De Climal did not ſeem to take notice of our diſorder; for my youth and beauty, and the tender poſture of Valville, I believe, took up her whole attention. She opened the converſation with an agreeable air of gaiety. 'I 'cannot blame you, Sir,' ſaid ſhe to Valville; 'you are in good company; 'but I believe it is a little dangerous. 'Sir, I do not think your heart is ſafe,' added ſhe, ſaluting us with a ſmile. At firſt he could make no anſwer, but a ſmile, for want of having ſomething to ſay. Mr. De Climal ſmiled too; but with ſuch ill grace, that it appeared forced and unnatural; and he ſeemed entirely undetermined what part he ought to take in the adventure; and perplexed to know how I would behave; unreſolved whether he ſhould know me or not, and how I would act in this particular.

On the other hand, being equally at a loſs how to behave to him, I obſerved his conduct towards me, that I might conform myſelf to it; but, as his ſimpering air could give me no light into his intentions, my manner of ſaluting him was not more deciſive, and left him in as great an uncertainty as his countenance had done me: in ſhort, I both did too much and too little; in one half of my behaviour I ſeemed to know him, in the other to be entirely ignorant of him. It was a perfect contradiction

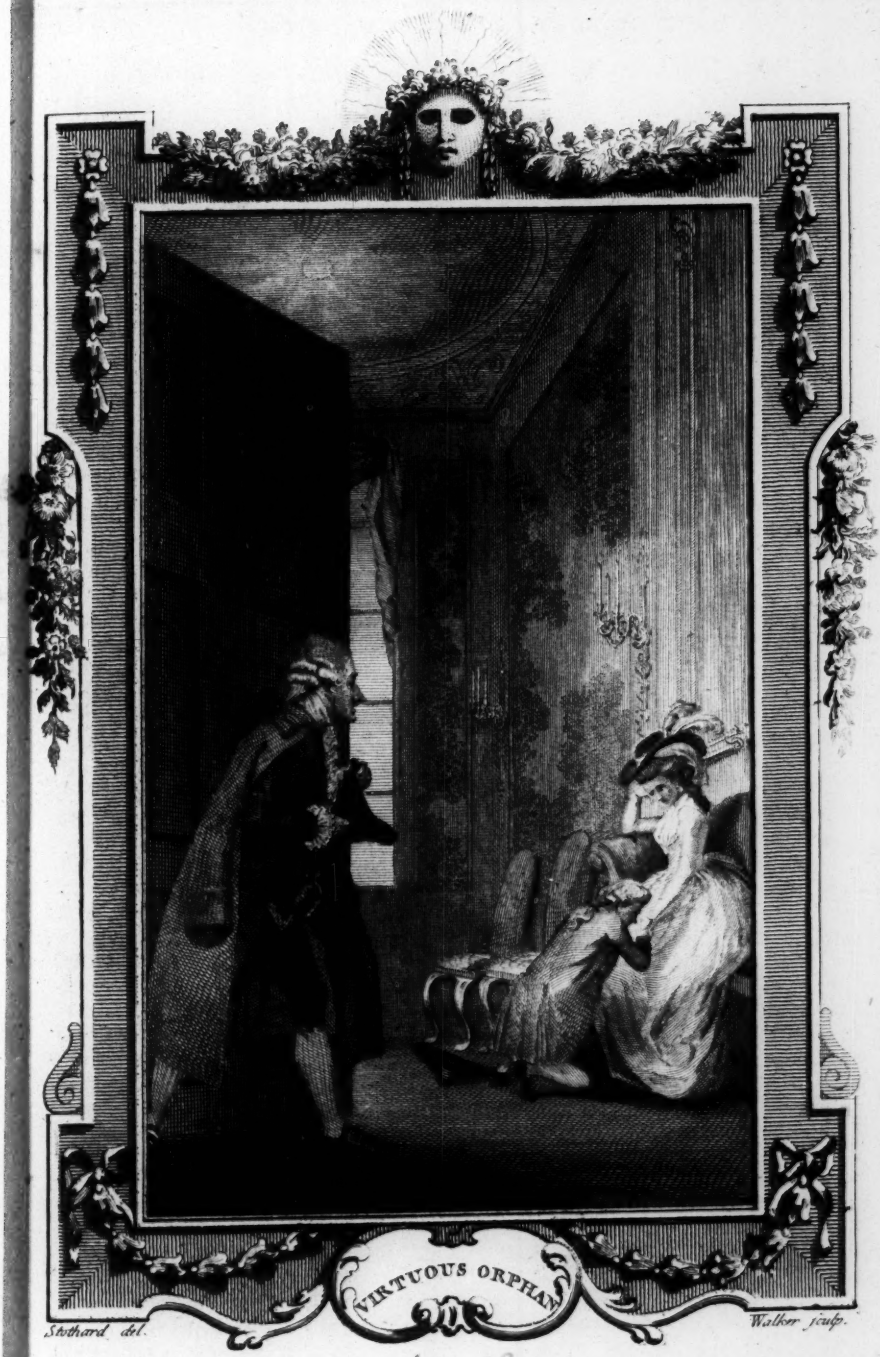

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Plate II. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Oct.r 9 1784.

diction to itſelf; and ſeemed to ſay, 'Yes,' and 'No,' and yet not perfectly either.

Valville obſerved this equivocal, unintelligible behaviour; for he has told me ſince that he was ſtruck with it. He had for ſome time ſuſpected his uncle was not what he was willing to appear. He had learned, from certain parts of his conduct, to queſtion his religion, and to ſuſpect his oſtentatious appearance of ſuperior piety to be all a farce, and put on only to hide the immorality of his ſecret vices: he ſaw I was amiable; found I lived at Mrs. Du Tour's; that it was with many tears I had confeſſed it. And all this, added to my confuſed behaviour to Mr. De Climal, who had a countenance not leſs diſcompoſed and unſettled, gave too much reaſon for theſe melancholy conjectures.

I forgot to tell you, that I ſeemed as if going to riſe, in order to pay my reſpects to them more decently. 'No, 'Miſs, no,' ſaid Valville; 'pray keep 'your place: this lady, I am ſure, 'will not allow it when ſhe knows 'you have hurt your foot—and, as for 'this gentleman,' added he, turning to his uncle, 'I believe he will diſ'penſe with it, becauſe you ſeem to 'know each other.'

'I think I have not that honour,' ſaid Mr. De Climal immediately, with a colour which ſeemed to revenge his breach of truth in ſpite of his aſſurance. 'Pray, Miſs, have you ſeen 'me any where?' continued he, with a look which begged me to be ſecret. 'I do not know,' returned I, with a tone leſs bold than my words; 'but I 'think your face is not quite unknown 'to me. I believe I have ſeen you, 'Sir, ſomewhere.'—'Very likely,' replied he: 'but what is the matter? 'Has the lady had a fall?'

To this queſtion his nephew made no anſwer: his inquietude ſo took up his thoughts, that he did not ſeem to hear him. 'Yes,' ſaid I, all confuſed as I was for my ſhare of his lye, which I was ſupporting, and for which I was conſcious I muſt bear an equal ſhare of guilt, even in the opinion of Valville, who I found ſaw through the deceit. 'Yes, Sir, I had a fall juſt by, as I 'was coming from maſs, and was 'brought in here becauſe I was unable 'to walk home.'

'But,' ſaid the lady, 'you ought to 'have ſome help if you got a ſprain; 'it may be of ill conſequence. Are 'you alone, Miſs? Have you nobody 'with you? Neither a footman nor 'your woman?'—'No, Madam,' ſaid I, aſhamed of the honour ſhe did me, for which I reproached my dreſs as the cauſe; 'I do not live far from hence.' —'Well,' added ſhe, 'we ſhall go to 'dinner in a quarter of an hour, and 'then we will conduct you home.'

'What, again!' ſaid I to myſelf. 'Sure the whole world is in league to 'mortify my pride! Muſt every body 'be for carrying me home, for no other 'reaſon but becauſe I have no home but 'what I am aſhamed of?'

This lady, who was talking of attendants, would have been ſtrangely ſurprized had ſhe been told my circumſtances: inſtead of the fine lady, ſhe would have found an indigent, impertinent girl, a ſecret acquaintance of the hypocritical Mr. De Climal; for I muſt have appeared at this time in this diſadvantageous light. And what then would have become of his reputation for remarkable piety and ſanctity, after his denying he knew me? And ſhould we not both have made a fine appearance if Mrs. Du Tour and Toinon ſhould, according to cuſtom, have been at the door, and cried out—'Bleſs me, 'Sir! is it you?—What, Marianne! 'How came you to ſtay ſo long, child? 'What have you been doing ſince 'church-time? How could you think 'you would not have been wanted?'

The diſcovery of my having abetted a falſhood was, indeed, the true reaſon why I ought to have trembled; the real diſgrace which merited my attention, and not the meanneſs of my circumſtances: but, though this was ſo very obvious, I did not at firſt ſufficiently conſider it. Thus, Madam, we are generally more jealous of the vain applauſe and conſideration of the multitude, than deſirous of the value and eſteem of the wiſe and thinking few; and conſequently not enough ſolicitous after our own integrity, the only true honour; while the trifling blandiſhments of life are purſued with the greateſt aſſiduity. If we are admired, it is the perſon, not the virtue, that is the ſubject of admiration: you may value our good qualities as much as you will; but while you conſider them

ſeparate from us who poſſeſs them, we are not at all affected by it; you muſt conſider them as ours to make your commendations acceptable. By this way of thinking, we are taught to look upon virtue as ſomething foreign to us; but ſelf-love and vanity, as the natural inhabitant of the ſoul, the ſpring and motive to action. Our ſelf-complaiſance and ambition we conſider as part of ourſelves, but our virtue only as our ornaments: the firſt as natural, but the laſt acquired; and conſequently not, like it, neceſſary to our being.

Though this reaſoning ſoothed my pride, yet it was far from giving me ſolid reaſon to approve of my conduct with reſpect to Mr. De Climal; for, ſuppoſing this to be the caſe, can ſelf-love teach us to make ourſelves unlovely? Can ſelf-love make us dare to do an action which it muſt, out of the ſame principle, conceal? Or, in fine, can this attribute of the ſoul excite us to an act that will ſtain our inward purity, involve our minds in anarchy and confuſion, and make us, inſtead of revering and loving, loath and deteſt ourſelves? But I have done: theſe reflections are not ill-placed, though they are a great deal too long; but my next ſhall be ſhorter.

Mr. De Climal and I were at a loſs how to eſcape the danger into which this lady's civility had caſt us, in offering to wait upon me home. Could he avoid lending us his coach? or could I refuſe to accept it? Both were very difficult. He turned pale, and I remained ſilent: while his eyes ſaid—'Draw me out of this perplexed affair;' mine ſaid—'Draw us out yourſelf;' and our ſilence began to grow remarkable, when a ſervant came to tell Valville that the coach which he had ſent for was at the door.

This ſaved us: but the old gentleman began to be ſo confident, that he was even bold enough to abuſe the ſecurity we were in, and carried his aſſurance ſo far as to ſay—'We do not want the coach now; you may ſend it back:' and this he ſaid with ſuch a frank air, as if he had all along deſigned it; and as if he had not heſitated or made the leaſt difficulty of it.

I think, however, that, though he was ſo great an hypocrite at that time, I ought a little to ſoften my expreſſions; ſince, notwithſtanding this black part of his character, which I cannot even think on without deteſtation, his memory ought to be dear to me. His repentance was, I do not queſtion, ſincere; and as truth will not admit of my leaving out a ſcene of villainy which will occur in my Third Part, ſo, in juſtice to him, and in gratitude for the benefit I received by his repentance, I ſhall write with pleaſure on that ſubject, which will be a kind of recompence for the uneaſineſs I feel in diſplaying his vices.

I found he truſted to me to give impunity to his aſſurance; and did not fear that I had either the malice or ſtupidity to make him repent it.

'No, Sir,' anſwered I; 'I will not 'give you ſo much trouble, ſince a 'coach waits for me.—And if you, 'Sir,' continued I, turning to Valville, 'will call ſomebody to help me in, I 'ſhall be gone immediately.'—'I be-'lieve theſe gentlemen,' ſaid the lady, with an air of gaiety, 'will be proud 'of that honour.—There is one,' pointing to Valville, 'who will not regret 'the trouble.—Is it not true?' ſaid ſhe, looking at him with a ſmile. This gallantry proceeded, without doubt, from her finding Valville at my feet. 'But as we are going too,' continued ſhe, 'I muſt tell you what brought us 'hither. Have you any news of Ma-'dam De Valville?' (this was the young gentleman's mother.) 'What, is ſhe 'leaving the country? Shall we ſee her 'again ſoon?'—'I expect her here, 'Madam, this week,' ſaid Valville, with a troubled and careleſs air; which was but an indifferent proof of his attachment to me; and at which I ſhould, perhaps, have been diſguſted, had not my thoughts been too much engaged with my own affairs. I immediately recollected that he had, indeed, received ſufficient cauſe to be diſpleaſed at my conduct, and to render his diſſatisfaction too great to be ſmothered in his own breaſt. I ſaw into the motive of his ſadneſs, and this diſcovery covered me with ſhame. I found his heart diſtracted with the apprehenſion that I did not deſerve his tenderneſs; and that he feared, that at laſt he ſhould be obliged to renounce me, and root out his unhappy paſſion. Dear Madam, could any thing be more obliging than this tender fear? Nothing could be more charming, more amiable;

able; nothing more worthy of caſting my ſoul into a humble and tender confuſion, than this virtuous diſtruſt; for I approved of his ſentiments, was pleaſed at the honeſty and purity of his heart, which would not ſuffer him to indulge the ſatisfaction of loving a mind leſs amiable than his own; but this pleaſure had a mixture of confuſion: and theſe are things which we cannot ſufficiently deſcribe.

But notwithſtanding the coldneſs I had obſerved in Valville, after having anſwered the lady's queſtions, he came to me to help me up, and lent me his arm; but as he ſaw Mr. De Climal coming to us, he prevented him, by ſaying —'No, Sir, do not attempt to ſupport 'this lady; you are not ſtrong enough; 'for I queſtion whether ſhe can ſet her 'foot to the ground. It will be better 'to call ſomebody elſe.' Upon this Mr. De Climal retired; for a guilty conſcience made him diſtruſt his aſſurance. On this Valville rung a bell, and two of his ſervants came immediately. 'Come hither,' ſaid he, 'and carry 'this lady to the coach.'

I believe I had no need of this ceremony; and that, with the help of leaning a little on their arms, I could eaſily have ſupported myſelf; but I was ſo confuſed and diſconcerted, that I let them lead me as they thought fit.

Mr. De Climal and the lady followed me together, and after them came Valville; who, as we paſſed through the court, I obſerved, by a ſide glance I gave him, whiſper to a ſervant.

I was ſoon in the coach; when the lady, before ſhe got into her's, inſiſted upon adjuſting me herſelf, that I might ſit eaſy, and not hurt my foot. I returned my compliments for her obliging civility, with an air of confuſion; but what I ſaid to Valville was with a worſe grace ſtill, and which he only anſwered by a low bow, with a look that ſaid many things, which I perfectly underſtood, but cannot ſo well explain; the chief of which was, 'Oh! what ſhall 'I think?'

At laſt I parted, with my thoughts in a ſtrang kind of ſuſpenſe, at a loſs to know what I ſhould think, without either joy or grief, pain or pleaſure. 'What will all this come to?' was all I could ſay in this aſtoniſhment, which left me unable to exerciſe any of the faculties of my mind; only a deep ſigh eſcaped me, that ſeemed to proceed rather from inſtinct than from any particular thought.

It was in this ſituation I arrived at Mrs. Du Tour's: I found her ſitting at her ſhop-door, impatiently waiting for my coming home, becauſe dinner was almoſt ready. I took notice that ſhe had fixed her eyes ſome time upon me before I got to the door, and that ſhe ſeemed to regard me not as Marianne, but as one that reſembled her ſo much, that ſhe ſeemed to be in a ſurprize: and the coach was already ſtopped before ſhe thought it was me; for ſhe did not imagine I would come home in a coach. At laſt ſhe was forced to know me again.

'What, Marianne!' cried ſhe, 'is 'it you! I wonder how you could ſtay 'ſo long! I did not expect you would 'come home in a coach! What! was 'the way from church too far for you?' —'No, Madam; but it was impoſſible 'for me to walk, for I have had a fall, 'and have hurt my foot; only be ſo 'good as to help me into the houſe.'

While I was ſpeaking, the coachman opened the door—'Come, come, Ma-'dam,' ſaid he, 'you are at home: 'never fear; I will carry you in in a 'moment; what ſignifies what ſuch a 'pretty little thing as you weighs! 'Come, fear nothing; I could carry 'you farther than your own legs.' On which he took me in his arms, carried me like a feather into the ſhop, and ſet me in a chair.

I was no ſooner ſeated, than, caſting my eyes croſs the ſtreet, I ſaw at ſome diſtance one of Valville's ſervants, who ſeemed to have been running to keep the coach in ſight; and this probably was the reſult of his whiſpering to him as we went out.

The ſight of this domeſtick, placed as a ſpy upon me, revived all my ſenſibility; I bluſhed to find him a witneſs of the meanneſs of my condition; I knew, that as he had ſeen me with Valville, and ſeen me, too, treated in all reſpects like a lady of quality, he muſt be in the greateſt ſurprize to find me carried into a ſhop, and to diſcover that I was a ſervant there. This was the firſt reflection I made: and was not this enough to trouble me? It is true, it was only a footman; but pride will not ſuffer us to ſink in the eſteem of even the loweſt without pain; nothing

thing is minute, nothing indifferent to it. Beſides, I had no reaſon to doubt but that he was ſent by Valville—'Ha! 'has my maſter been at all this pains 'for ſuch a one as ſhe; he has been 'rarely employed.' Methought I heard him ſay this with a broad ſmile; for theſe perſons are commonly very fond of a joke; it is a privilege of their ſtation; and they are eſpecially proud of an occaſion to debaſe thoſe to their own level, whom they have, through miſtake, honoured as much their ſuperiors; and, on this account, I feared that, in his report to Valville, he would let ſlip ſome inſulting reflection; or divert himſelf with my circumſtances, in ſuch a manner as to wound the delicacy of his maſter's affection, by making me look deſpicable. I was conſcious I had already ſunk too much in his eſteem, ſince he no longer thought it an honour to ſerve me. An adieu to the delight we have in love, when the glory of inſpiring it is tarniſhed by the apprehenſions that we are unworthy the affection that is caſt upon us, and the lover is obliged to ſtruggle to get the maſtery of a paſſion which he thinks a diſhonour to him; and as this was Valville's caſe, how diſadvantageous to me would have been the leaſt degree of raillery; for it is incredible to think how much influence the moſt trifling turn of wit, or the minuteſt circumſtance, has over a mind already diſguſted, when ſet in a humorous light, in order to render the object compleatly contemptible; and, indeed, was this the caſe, Valville's diſdain would have made me more uneaſy than the certainty that I ſhould never ſee him more.

As ſoon as I was ſeated, I took my money out of my pocket to pay the coachman; but Mrs. Du Tour, like a woman of experience, thought proper to take it upon herſelf, believing me too young to manage even ſuch little affairs. 'Let it alone,' ſaid ſhe; 'I 'will pay the man myſelf. Where 'did you take coach?'—'Near the 'church,' ſaid I. 'Oh, that is but 'juſt by,' returned ſhe, counting out ſome ſmall money. 'Here, hold your 'hand, honeſt man; there is your fare.' —'That my fare! No, miſtreſs,' ſaid the coachman, returning her the money; 'I will not take it. This is not 'meaſured by the ell.'—'What does 'the man mean by the ell?' ſaid Mrs. Du Tour gravely. 'Here, take your 'money, and be eaſy. We have known 'what a coach-fare was before to-day.' —'Well, and you may know what it 'is to-morrow, for what I care; what 'does all that arguify? Give me my 'fare, I deſire no more; and do not 'make any words about it. Cannot 'you mind your own buſineſs? Is it you 'that I carried? Did I aſk you for any 'thing? Nay, the deuce take the wo-'man and her ſhilling too! She thinks 'ſhe is haggling for a bunch of car-'rots.'

Mrs. Du Tour, happening to be pretty well dreſſed, could not help fancying herſelf a perſon of great importance, and was therefore highly affronted at the inſolence of the coachman; (all this, Madam, I recount purely to divert you.) The bunch of carrots did not ſound well at all in her ears; how was it poſſible that ſuch impudent nonſenſe ſhould come from the mouth of any one that was looking at her? Was there any thing in her air that could inſpire a diſcourſe ſo vulgar? 'I will aſſure you!' cried ſhe; 'I 'think, fellow, you grow very impertinent! Do you think I will hear all 'your nonſenſe! Go! get about your 'buſineſs! There is your money, take 'or leave it; I do not care what you 'do with it. What does the fellow 'mean? I aſſure you, if I call my 'neighbour, he will teach you better 'manners, that he will; and oblige 'you to ſpeak to people in trade with 'more civility.'—'Mind the old trull? 'What do you think of ſhe now?' returned the other, true coachman like. 'Clear the way! have a care! my lady 'has got her holiday bib on! Ifackins! 'one would not think there needed ſo 'much ceremony to ſpeak to her lady-'ſhip! Sure Mrs. Minx may be ſpoke to! 'The deuce take you, why do not you 'pay me? Were you twenty times a bet-'ter trader than you are, what ſhould 'I be the better for that? Muſt not my 'horſes live? You would not have 'thoſe fat chops if you were not paid. 'How d—d ugly it looks to be ſtingy!'

Bad examples are contagious; and Mrs. Du Tour, who had hitherto kept pretty well within the bounds of that air of dignity which ſhe had juſt aſſumed, could hold out no longer; this laſt inſult of the coachman's made her loſe all patience; ſhe inſtantly deſerted the part

part of a reſponſible woman, which could be no longer of ſervice to her, in order to let the coachman ſee ſhe was not many degrees above him, and was able to conteſt with him who could be moſt vulgar, and render themſelves moſt contemptible. She acquitted herſelf pretty well, and ſhewed ſhe was not unequal to the taſk.

When ſelf-love in people like her is only ſlightly touched, it may keep a maſtery over the paſſions, and with ſome decency attend to reputation, and that honour which it is tenacious of preſerving; but when it is attacked with affronts too groſs to be regarded by perſons of ſenſe, and ſhould only be looked upon with an eye of contempt as beneath our notice, they throw off all reſtraint, abandon themſelves to the low gratification of an unbridled paſſion; and, in this mighty buſtle, throw down and trample upon the reputation they are too eager to ſupport.

Here Mrs. Du Tour, with a torrent of noiſe, diſplayed all the elocution ſhe was miſtreſs of. 'Why, how now, you 'blockhead! you drunken dog! with 'your holiday-bib! pray who do you 'ſpeak to, ſcoundrel?' cried ſhe, all in a breath, and running to the counter for her ell: when, being thus armed—'Get along!' cried ſhe; 'get out of 'my ſhop, fellow! or I will lay this 'meaſure over your bones!'—'D—n 'you, do not ſtrike me!' cried the coachman, laying hold of her arm. 'Keep your hands to yourſelf; for, 'the de'el take me! if you do not be 'quiet, I will ſhew you a fellow that 'will not be beat! Pox take you! I 'do not aſk for a farthing more than 'my due, you ſtinking good-for-no-'thing jade! Is there any thing wrong 'in that?'

The noiſe they made ſoon drew a mob about the door. 'Will you let 'me alone, you blackguard you?' ſaid Mrs. Du Tour, ſtriving to get her ell from the coachman, who had ſeized hold of it. 'Why don't you get up, 'Marianne, and call Mr. Ricard?—'Mr. Ricard!' cried ſhe, in the ſame breath. This was our landlord, who lived up two pair of ſtairs, and who happened to be out. 'Gentlemen,' ſaid ſhe, ſpeaking to the mob that crouded before the door, 'I call you 'all to witneſs; you ſee how it is; he 'has aſſaulted me!' (but that was not true) 'he has abuſed me! Run, one of 'you! run to Juſtice T——! he knows 'me very well; it is I that ſerve him 'with cloth! Only tell him it is Ma-'dam Du Tour!—Run, Miſs Kitty!—'Run, my good girl!' cried ſhe to another, that was ſervant in the neighbourhood: and all this with her cap diſcompoſed by the jerks which the coachman gave her arms when ſtruggling for her ell.

But all her cries were in vain, nobody ſtirred: and you may eaſily judge Mrs. Du Tour had not the leaſt help to hope for; for there was not one who would deprive himſelf of the pleaſure of ſeeing the concluſion of this hopeful quarrel, when every moment promiſed a diverting cataſtrophe; for they imagined, if ſhe could have ſtruck the coachman, who held faſt her ell, it would have opened a very diverting ſcene.

Theſe rough and boiſterous paſſions, noiſe, clamour, and inſult, are hardly pardonable in our ſex; whoſe perfection is to be mild and gentle, and to have a heart all innocence, tenderneſs, and purity; a ſoul at the greateſt diſtance from the brutal paſſions of a fury; and a tongue unuſed to rude and vulgar reproach.

For my part, I was ſo uneaſy and vexed at her folly, that I could not help inceſſantly crying out—'Hold, Ma-'dam! pray let him alone!' The coachman made himſelf hoarſe with telling every one he had not his due; that ſhe would make him give her his trouble for nothing; witneſs the ſhilling, which he never mentioned without ſome contemptible epithet; and it is eaſy to gueſs at the uncivil eloquence of a hackney-coachman.

Had Mrs. Du Tour the leaſt regard to decency, ſhe would have carefully avoided a ſcene that muſt neceſſarily make her the ridicule of a mob as well as of her neighbours: but ſhe gave up all reflection to indulge her eager deſire of making a reply; and was, indeed, too angry to have very delicate ears.

'Yes, you dog! yes, twelve-pence! 'you ſhall not have a farthing more, 'you raſcal!' ſaid ſhe. 'And I ſhall 'not take them, you twelve devils, for 'all your curſed tongue!' anſwered the coachman. 'You ſcoundrel, you are 'not worth twelve-pence!' returned ſhe: 'are not you aſhamed, you rogue? 'What! to come only from the church

'hither? An ambaſſador's coach may 'be had as cheap! I wiſh I may die if 'I give you a farthing more! I would 'ſee you hanged firſt!' continued ſhe, ſhaking her fiſt at him. 'Only re-'member this is St. Matthew's Day; 'but the better day the better deed: 'and to-morrow you muſt take care of 'yourſelf; I tell you ſo, who am not 'ſuch a prate-a-pace as you imagine, 'but the reputable Madam Du Tour; 'and it ought to be Madam in your 'mouth, ſirrah! ſince I am Madam 'with every one elſe, and Madam all 'the world over! Do you hear that, 'you blackguard ſcrub?'

All this while ſhe was pulling and ſtruggling to get her meaſure out of the coachman's hand, who held it faſt; and who, by his ſour look, and the ſuddenneſs of his motion, ſeemed inclined to uſe her as roughly as if ſhe had been of his own ſex, and I believed the poor woman was going to be beat; for a large, ugly, angry fiſt, that he lifted up, and which threatened to puniſh her for having dared to provoke the moderation of an hackney-coachman, made me tremble. I made haſte to take eighteen-pence out of my pocket, and to give it the fellow. He took it immediately; and then ſhaking the ell in Mrs. Du Tour's hand ſo violently, that ſhe was forced to let it go, toſſed it to the farther end of the ſhop; and, putting his hand to his hat—'Bleſſing on you, my 'ſweet girl!' ſaid he, walking off; while the crowd opened to the right and left, not ſo much to make way for him as to give Mrs. Du Tour room to follow him; which ſhe would certainly have done, had I not hindered her by holding her faſt. 'Be quiet, huſſy! 'do you ſee now what you have done 'with your eighteen-pence? I will 'never forgive you, Marianne, as long 'as I live! Do not ſtop me; for if you 'do not let me go, upon my honour, 'I will beat you! It is mighty pretty, 'indeed! Was it not your money that 'I was ſaving? But my own ſhilling, 'pray, who is to return me that?' (for her intereſt would not be ſilenced) 'Has he taken that away too? Why 'did not you give him the ſhop and 'all?'

'Madam,' ſaid I, 'your money is 'fallen on the ground: but never mind 'it; if you do not find it again, I will 'make it good.' And this I ſaid, ſhutting the door with one hand, and holding Mrs. Du Tour with the other.

'A fine uproar, indeed!' ſaid ſhe, when ſhe ſaw the door ſhut; 'it is 'mighty pretty! Let us ſee—Oh, here 'is the money!' added ſhe, picking it 'up as calmly as if nothing had happened: 'the villain was very lucky not 'to find Toinon here; I will aſſure 'you, ſhe would not have let you make 'ducks and drakes of your money, as 'you have done. Truly, ſhe is a better manager than you: but, then, 'poor girl, ſhe has nothing; but you, 'thank God, are rich, and have the beſt 'of treaſures, provided it does but 'laſt.'

'Oh, Madam!' ſaid I, with ſome impatience, 'I know I am poor; but 'do not railly me upon it, I beſeech 'you. It is ungenerous to inſult the 'miſerable, and betrays a meanneſs 'of ſpirit that every good woman 'ought to be aſhamed of. I am ſenſible of the ſupplies I have had, and 'of my own indigence; but I had rather renounce them all, and throw 'myſelf, friendleſs as I am, upon Providence for my ſupport, than to ſtay 'with you, expoſed to ſuch unkind and 'grating expreſſions.'—'Again!' ſaid ſhe, 'pray what makes the girl think 'I railly her now? Is it becauſe I ſaid 'people made her preſents? Well, 'what if they do, where is the harm 'of that? They make you preſents, 'and you take them; you would be a 'fool if you did not. Why, are gifts 'to be refuſed? No, to be ſure! But 'well meant, well taken: and when 'any body has a mind to give me any 'thing, I ſhall take it; but, I am afraid, 'I ſhall not have ſuch good luck; I 'am ſure, however, I meant no harm; 'but you are very touchy. Come, 'come, let us go to dinner: it will 'ſoon be time to go to veſpers.' Upon which ſhe went to table; and I got up and followed her, leaning upon the ell, which Mrs. Du Tour had laid upon the counter.

Mrs. Du Tour was, upon the whole, a good ſort of a woman; ſhe meant no ill, though ſhe often ſeemed to do it; for her anger was partly feigned. To bluſter and look big, to aſſume an air of authority, ſhe fooliſhly imagined was neceſſary to make her be taken notice of. The clamour of a ſhrill and haſty voice kept up her ſpirits, and inclined her

her mind to ſomething of the ſame diſpoſition; and from thence proceeded the diſagreeable hints ſhe gave me; but on this account ſhe was not very tenacious of her fits of ill-humour, ſince they were not ſo much the effects of the diſpoſition of her mind as the weakneſs of it. Perſons of this character have always a very grovelling underſtanding; they may have a few trifling virtues, indeed; but they are either merely conſtitutional, or the copies of what they have ſeen in others: and they make very little uſe of their reaſon, but to conſider how others would behave in like caſes, without ever conſidering the propriety of action, or the beauty and deformity of the two extremes of virtue and vice.

Were I to relate all the diſcourſe ſhe directed to me at dinner, a whole Part would ſcarce be ſufficient to contain it. My looks and ſilence ſhewed it was far from being agreeable to me; but ſhe no ſooner ſaw my uneaſineſs, than ſhe ſhewed her concern by her diſagreeable way of apologizing.

'What is the matter, Marianne?' ſaid ſhe; 'What makes you ſilent and 'dull? Does any thing make you un-'eaſy?'—'Yes, Madam,' ſaid I; 'you 'have mortified me to the laſt degree.' —'What! do you think of that ſtill?' returned ſhe. 'Lack-a-day, how child-'iſh you are! What is it that I have 'ſaid to you? I do not remember any 'thing of it. Do you think, when 'folks are in a paſſion, they mind every 'word they ſay? Bleſs my heart! when 'people live together, muſt they be ſo 'touchy, and be affronted at every 'turn? It is true, I ſaid a word about 'Mr. De Climal; but ſhould you be 'uneaſy becauſe he takes care of you, 'and buys you what you want? I will 'lay a wager, that, becauſe you have 'neither father nor mother, you thought 'I hinted at that; for you are really 'very jealous, and, as Toinon ſays, are 'always watching people's thoughts; 'and ſo, becauſe you do not know who 'were your parents, you perſuade your-'ſelf that we have nothing elſe to think 'on: and ſo, as we were talking yeſ-'terday, by chance, with a neighbour, 'about a child that had been dropped 'and found in an alley, you was in 'the parlour, and overheard us; and 'ſo, I ſuppoſe, thought we had been 'talking of you all the while? I ſaw 'it plainly by your looks. And now 'you begin again to-day: but I wiſh 'I may never eat another morſel as 'long as I live, if I thought of either 'father or mother any more than if 'there never were any ſuch perſons in 'the verſal world! Beſides, is not a 'foundling like other children? A-'marry! if all the children that are 'dropped, were given to the commiſſary, 'where would be found a houſe big 'enough to hold them all? We do not 'chuſe our ſtation in this life before 'we are born; but, ſince God is the 'Father of the fatherleſs, charity is 'not quite dead. Now, is it not a good 'Providence that has given you Mr. 'De Climal? It is true, his deſigns 'are not over good; but no matter, 'God has the care of every thing: but 'if the man is good for nothing, his 'money is good; aye, that it is, and 'better than a good Chriſtian's, who 'would not give half ſo much! Come, 'come, child, I would only make you 'a good manager; not that I would 'have you ſtingy: my birth-day is 'coming; and then, or on yours, or 'on Toinon's, or ſo, you may throw 'away a little money, and divert your-'ſelf; but, except theſe times, or at 'the carnival, or other holidays, when 'you treat us, you ſhould keep your 'money to yourſelf.'

She was in this part of her leſſon, of which ſhe would have never been tired, and part of which was as diſagreeable to me as the reprimands that occaſioned it, when ſomebody knocked briſkly at the door. Here my adventures become numerous and intereſting; for I have only two days to ſtay at Mrs. Du Tour's; and I promiſe I ſhall trouble you with fewer reflections, if theſe prove diſagreeable to you. You will let me know your ſentiments.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE

VIRTUOUS ORPHAN.

PART III.

YOU are in the right, Madam; I have made you wait too long for the continuation of my hiſtory; I do not excuſe myſelf, I only beg pardon, and proceed.

I have already told you that ſomebody knocked at the door, while Mrs. Du Tour was preaching up œconomy; which, however, ſhe was willing to diſpenſe with, whenever I had a mind to let her ſhare in my extravagance, and regale her and her family at my expence. Here ſhe was interrupted by a knocking at the door—'Who is there?' cried ſhe immediately, keeping her ſeat; 'who knocks there?' I thought I had juſt heard a coach ſtop, and a voice anſwered to Mrs. Du Tour, which was not altogether unknown to me. 'I believe,' ſaid I, 'it is Mr. De Climal.'—'Do you think ſo?' ſaid ſhe, ſtarting up and running to the door.

'Oh, dear Sir!' cried ſhe, 'I aſk 'your pardon. Upon my word, I 'ſhould have made more haſte if I 'thought it had been you. Marianne 'and I have juſt done dinner; and, indeed, there is only us two at home. 'Johnny' (this was her ſon) 'is gone 'to ſee his aunt, who is to take him to 'the fair; for the little young rogue 'is continually abroad with her on holidays. Mary, the maid, is gone to a 'couſin's wedding; I told her ſhe might 'go if ſhe would, for weddings do not 'happen every day, and ſhe will be a 'good while before ſhe comes back. 'On the other hand, Toinon is gone to 'ſee her mother; the poor woman does 'not ſee her often, ſhe lives as far as—— 'O dear! I cannot think of the name of 'the place: well, I ſhall think on it by-'and-by. And ſo, as I was ſaying, 'you muſt think how ſhe muſt trot 'and run to get thither and back again 'to-night, and ſo much the better; I 'am glad on it, it makes her ſtay at 'home. And ſo I was alone waiting 'for Marianne, who happened to fall 'as ſhe came from church, and hurt her 'foot, ſo that ſhe could not walk, and 'ſo they carried her into a houſe to look 'at her foot, and to have a ſurgeon, 'who, you know, could not come in a 'moment; he muſt be ſent for, let it be 'ever ſo far; and then ſhe muſt have her 'ſtocking off and put on again; then 'ſhe muſt reſt herſelf, and a coach be 'called: and, at laſt, ſhe came home, 'after ſhe had made me ſtay till half an 'hour paſt one. Now, you would 'think we might go to dinner. No, 'there was the ugly coachman, that I 'had a mind to pay myſelf, to ſave Ma-'rianne's money, who does not know 'how to manage; but ſhe, in ſpite of 'all I could do, was ſuch a fool as to 'give the coachman twice as much as 'his fare. I was in ſuch a paſſion, I 'could have beat the rogue if I had been 'ſtrong enough.'

'There has been noiſe enough, then,' ſaid Mr. De Climal. 'Yes, Sir, if 'you pleaſe to call it ſo; I was in a 'heat, indeed: but there was no harm 'done, only a mob gathered about the 'door.'

'So much the worſe,' ſaid he, gravely; 'ſuch ſcenes ought to be carefully 'avoided: and Marianne was in the 'right to pay him what he aſked.—'How does your foot do?' added he, addreſſing himſelf to me. 'Pretty well, 'Sir,'

'Sir,' said I; 'I feel hardly any pain: it 'is weak, indeed; but, I hope, to-mor- 'row it will be perfectly well again.' —'Have you done dinner?' said he to us. 'Oh, Sir, yes, to be sure,' replied Mrs. Du Tour; 'we were sat 'talking of one thing or other. Will 'not you please to sit down, Sir? Have 'you any thing to say to Marianne?' —'Yes,' said he, 'I want to speak to 'her.'—'Well, be so good as to walk 'into the parlour,' returned she; 'this 'is a nasty hole, every thing is in a 'litter.—Come, Marianne, lean upon 'me; hold, I will wait upon you in a 'minute. Stay, stay, I will fetch my 'ell, which may make a shift to do.' —'No, no,' said Mr. De Climal, 'I 'will help her.—Here, take hold of my 'arm, Miss.' Upon this I got up, and went with him, through the shop, into the parlour.

'Well,' said Mrs. Du Tour, as I was seating myself in an elbow-chair, 'since you are engaged with Marianne, 'I will slip on my hood, and go to 'church, to hear a little of the prayers: 'it is really pretty late; but I shall not 'lose all, I shall hear more or less of 'them.—Sir, you will excuse my going. '—I leave you to look after the house, 'Marianne; if any body asks for 'me, tell them I shall not be long: do 'you hear, child?—Sir, your servant.'

Upon this she left us; and went out a moment after, only pulling the door after her, but not shutting it; because nobody could come into the shop without our seeing them from the parlour.

Till this time Mr. De Climal appeared gloomy and reserved, and had hardly spoke four words; he seemed to wait till she was gone before he would begin the conversation. For my part, I guessed, by his thoughtful intriguing air, what employed his mind; and was, before he began, disgusted with the persecution I was like to undergo of hearing him urge his hateful passion: for you remember, that, before my adventure with Valville, I had decided within myself, that his pretended affection was only an amorous inclination, inconsistent with honour, and that strict religion he made profession of; but what passed at his nephew's put it beyond all doubt. A good man would never have blushed at seeing me there; would never have dissembled his knowing me, nor have appeared so confused and perplexed. No, his conscience was wounded; and he dreaded a discovery of his guilty design. This was, indeed, a blushing before the sin, or rather before it appeared visible; and, while I viewed him in this light, you cannot imagine how deformed his vice made him appear, and what an insupportable burden his company was to me.

Three days before, when I discovered that he loved me, I only considered him as an hypocrite whom I must suffer to act as he pleased, since I was resolved to render all his attempts upon my virtue abortive: but at present my thoughts were changed; I could not regard him with that tranquil indifference. His detested sentiments raised in my heart an indignation against his person; in a word, I regarded him with other eyes: the tenderness of the nephew, who was young, amiable, and gallant, had taught me to look upon the uncle in a true light; I took notice of his age, his wrinkles, and, above all, the ugliness of his character.

What a foolish and ridiculous figure he had been obliged to make at Valville's! How would he introduce his detested love, so offensive to God? Would he exhort me to be no better than himself, and to renounce all my hopes, my rapturous hopes, of a happy futurity, in return for the services he had done me! Oh, how odious he is! How can a man of his age hide from himself his own villainy, which ought to fill him with horror! To be hoary with age, which naturally should inspire reverence; to have an air of sanctity, and the character of a good Christian; and yet, notwithstanding all this, with a hardened front, to tell a girl in private—'Take no notice of this ap- 'pearance of sagacity and merit; I am 'a cheat; I deceive every body; I love 'you with the guilt and madness of a 'shameless debauchee; and beg you 'would oblige me so far as to turn a 'libertine to please me.' Was not this a most engaging lover?

These were the ideas that passed through my mind during the silence which Mrs. Du Tour's presence occasioned.

At last we were left alone. 'What 'an everlasting talker is this!' cried he,

he, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders; 'I 'thought ſhe would never have done 'ſtunning us with her clack.'—'Yes,' anſwered I, 'ſhe loves too well to hear 'herſelf ſpeak; and, beſides, ſhe perhaps cannot imagine that you could 'have any thing to ſay to me, that you 'would ſcruple to ſay before her.'—'What think you of our meeting at 'my nephew's?' reſumed he, ſighing. 'Nothing,' ſaid I, 'but that it was an 'accident.'—'You acted very prudently to pretend not to know me,' ſaid he. 'It was becauſe you ſeemed 'to wiſh I ſhould do ſo,' anſwered I. 'But, Sir, why are you glad I did not 'call you by your name? And what 'was the reaſon why you pretended you 'had never ſeen me before?

'I always thought a perſon of your 'character was never afraid of having 'his actions examined; and that, conſcious of his own uprightneſs, he 'ſcorned to do any thing in the dark, 'or in private, that he was aſhamed to 'own in open day-light, and in the 'face of all the world.'

'Why,' ſaid he, with an inſinuating and wheedling tone, 'it is much 'more proper, both upon your account and mine, that they ſhould be 'ignorant of the engagements that are 'between us, which will not be ſoon 'over; and we ſhould be very much to 'blame to give them an opportunity of 'criticiſing upon it: for, my dear child, 'thou art ſo very charming, that they 'could not help thinking I loved thee.'—'Piſh, Sir! they could never think 'of any ſuch thing,' returned I, with an ingenuous freedom; 'they know 'you are a man of unblemiſhed honeſty.'—'Yes, yes,' ſaid he merrily; 'they know it, and have reaſon 'to think ſo: but, Marianne, one is 'not leſs honeſt for loving a pretty 'girl.'—'When I ſaid honeſt,' returned I, with a ſerious air, 'I meant 'a good, a pious, and religious man; 'one who is above being a ſlave to vice, 'and has learned to ſet bounds to his 'paſſions; in a word, one who delights 'to diffuſe happineſs around him, who 'reveres himſelf, and loves his God. 'This, Sir, I have been taught, is 'the picture of every good man; at 'leaſt, it is a height of virtue that he 'ardently aſpires after: but how is this 'conſiſtent with a vicious——'

'Hold, my dear child,' interrupted he; 'you do not take me for a ſaint, 'I hope? I would not have you view 'me in this light: you do me too much 'honour, I will aſſure you; indeed I 'do not deſerve it. However, it would 'be very difficult for a ſaint to continue ſo with you. Aye, difficult indeed! Judge, then, how impoſſible 'it is for others. I have never a wife 'to whom I owe my affections; I have 'not been able to reſiſt the powerful 'force of ſo many united charms: but 'we will talk of this by-and-by. Let 'us return to your accident. You fell 'down, and was carried to my nephew's, who is a giddy young fellow; and, no doubt, ſaid many gallant things to you; did not he? He 'was entertaining you, I fancy, with 'all the fine things he could ſay, when 'the lady and I entered: but there is 'nothing ſurprizing in that; he found 'you what you are, divinely charming, 'and beautiful as an angel; in ſhort, 'what every body elſe muſt think of 'you. But, as I am certainly the beſt 'friend you have in the world, (and 'this, I hope, I ſhall be always able 'to give you convincing proofs of) 'tell me, my charmer, did not you 'delight to hear him? Methought you 'ſeemed to liſten with an air of ſatisfaction. Am I deceived?'

'I, Sir!' anſwered I, vexed and confuſed, 'I heard him, becauſe I was 'with him; I could not poſſibly do 'otherwiſe: but he ſaid nothing to me 'but what was conſiſtent with the 'greateſt politeneſs, and the moſt perfect virtue.'

'Perfect virtue!' cried he, repeating my words. 'Take care, Marianne; 'this may proceed from ſome prejudice in his favour. Alas! how much 'I ſhould pity you, if, in your preſent ſituation, you ſhould be tempted 'to liſten to his deluſive arts, and be 'cajolled into your ruin! How irreparable would be the loſs! and what 'would become of you, do you think? 'But, tell me, did he aſk you where 'you lived?'

'Yes, Sir, I believe he did,' anſwered I, bluſhing. 'And you, not 'knowing the conſequence, have, 'without doubt, told him,' added he. 'To what purpoſe would it have been 'to have concealed it from him,' returned

turned I, 'since I could not get into a 'hackney coach without giving orders 'where to drive me?'

'You make me tremble for you,' cried he, with a serious and compassionate air. 'Yes, I shudder at the thoughts 'of this unhappy event, which may 'be attended with the most fatal consequences, if your prudence does not 'prevent them: indeed, child, he 'would ruin you; it is but too true, 'and I cannot help telling you so. 'Alas! what a pity it is, that, thus 'possessed of all the various charms 'and graces that adorn your whole 'sex, you should become the prey of a 'young rake who does not love you! 'For do these thoughtless fools know 'what it is to love? Have they a heart? 'Have they any solid sentiments? Have 'they honour or a character to support? 'No, no; his highest ambition is to 'gratify his vicious desires, and then 'to abandon you to despair and misery. My nephew will regard you 'as one much beneath him; he will 'look upon you as a pretty girl, whom 'he condescends to make a kind of 'mistress of; and who, his vanity at 'once prompts him to believe, is ready 'to run mad for him: this is what 'you are to expect from him. He 'will at first amuse you by a passionate 'behaviour, and a few trifling presents: he will make the most tender 'protestations, which you will too easily believe; he will delude you by 'an appearance of the most ardent affection; he will be incessantly praising 'your too lovely person; and, by pretending to adore you, insinuate himself into your affections. In short, 'he will propose some little assignations, which you will at first refuse 'him, but at last consent to; and then 'you will find that, as soon as you have 'surrendered up to him the possession 'of your heart, inconstancy and disgust will succeed; and he will boast 'of having made a conquest of your 'virtue, and despise the sacrifice. This 'is the natural behaviour of a young 'man; and thus you will infallibly 'find it, if you listen to his pretended 'passion. And would this be agreeable to you? Pray, consider what 'would become of you if this should 'ever be your case! You have wit and 'good sense; and therefore cannot avoid looking into your circumstances, 'and seeing what will be the consequence of your giving him encouragement, and being terrified at 'the frightful apprehensions that must 'frequently disquiet your mind. You 'know, Marianne, you are an orphan; 'an orphan unknown to all the world, 'related to no person upon earth: you 'know none that will share in your affliction, and sigh with you in your 'misery; without parents, without 'fortune, without friend, me only excepted, whom you have only known 'by chance. I am the only person that 'interests himself in your affairs; and 'am, indeed, tenderly attached to you, 'as you see by my manner of speaking to you; and will have infinitely 'more reason to think so by my future 'actions; for I am rich, (this I say by 'the bye) and am able, on that account, to support you in a manner 'proportionable to my affection, provided you know your true interest, 'and I have reason to approve your 'conduct: by conduct, I mean prudence, and not a certain austerity of 'manners, not a rigid and severe life, 'which it may be difficult, and perhaps impossible, for you to lead; for 'you are not in a situation to be scrupulously nice in this particular; besides, mere morality cannot save you; 'it is a low and despicable attainment. 'No; what you want in this you must 'make up in strong confidence and 'presumption; for implicit faith and 'sound orthodoxy are a sure guide.'—'Hold!' interrupted I; 'I am at a loss 'to comprehend what you mean. In 'what must not I be scrupulously 'nice? and what means that censure 'of morality? Is it not all that is 'good, all that is amiable, truly noble and great in man? all that makes 'the Deity lovely, adorable, and worthy our highest regards? I am sure I 'always thought morality the brightest 'attribute of the Divinity.'—'Pish! 'do not preach,' resumed he: 'pray 'observe I speak to you as a man that 'knows the world; who knows you 'must live; and that necessity is a terrible thing: and therefore was going 'to say that, though I may appear to 'you as an enemy to what you call 'love, I confess I am not so to all 'kinds of engagements. I do not 'say you must fly from them entirely; 'they may be useful and reasonable, as

'well

'well as ruinous and fatal, as that 'muſt be which you might have for 'my nephew, ſince it could have no 'other end but to deprive you of the 'benefit of all the advantages you are 'poſſeſſed of; which is, the being ami-'able. You would perhaps find ſome 'pleaſure and ſatisfaction in loving a 'giddy young rake with tenderneſs 'and fidelity; but it would be a plea-'ſure big with unhappineſs, ſince the 'fooliſh libertine would not love you 'in return; and, from the firſt day, 'would leave you in indigence and 'miſery, from which you would find 'it extremely difficult to extricate 'yourſelf. Miſery, indeed! I cannot 'ſoften the expreſſion, ſince it is my 'buſineſs to open your eyes, and not to 'dry up your tears. This ſubject, my 'dear Marianne, has employed my 'thoughts ever ſince I left you; and 'has made me ſo ſoon leave the com-'pany where I dined: for I have a 'great many things to tell you; and 'am in a very good diſpoſition, as 'you, without doubt, have taken no-'tice of.'

'Yes, Sir,' anſwered I, with the tears ſtreaming from my eyes, and my breaſt filled with confuſion and vexation at the dreadful picture he had drawn of my condition, as well as deteſtation at that ſelfiſh, deteſtable motive, that had induced him to uſe me thus. 'Yes, Sir, ſpeak freely: I 'ſhall always think it my duty to fol-'low the advice of ſo pious a man as 'you.'

'Let my piety alone: I tell you,' ſaid he, approaching me with a free air, to take hold of my hand, 'I have 'already told you what diſpoſition I 'am in. I throw religion aſide: I am 'not preaching to you, my dear; I 'would only appear to you as a man 'of good ſenſe, who knows you have 'nothing, and muſt be provided with 'all the neceſſaries of life, unleſs you 'are determined to go to ſervice; and 'this you ſeem to have an averſion to; 'and which, indeed, is not at all fit 'for you.'—'No,' anſwered I, bluſh-ing with anger; 'I hope I ſhall never 'be obliged to come to that extre-'mity.'

'This would be a ſad reſource,' cried he; 'I cannot even think of it 'without feeling a very ſenſible unea-'ſineſs; for I love you, my dear child, 'moſt tenderly.'

'I am perſuaded you do, Sir; and 'I depend upon your friendſhip, and 'that virtue which you profeſs,' returned I, in order to deter him from explaining himſelf more clearly; but it was to no purpoſe. 'Ah, Mari-'anne!' returned he, 'I profeſs no-'thing but weakneſs; and to be, per-'haps, even more weak than any other 'perſon. You know very well what 'I mean by friendſhip: but you are 'a little malicious creature; and are 'willing to divert yourſelf, by pre-'tending not to underſtand me. Yes, 'I love you; you know it, and have 'for ſome time been ſenſible of it: I 'love you as ſuch a beautiful and 'charming creature ſhould be loved. 'It is not friendſhip that you have in-'ſpired: at firſt, I thought it was only 'that, but I was deceived; it was 'love, the moſt tender love. Do you 'underſtand me now? My love will 'never change; and you ſhall have no 'longer room to complain of your ad-'verſe fortune: for there is no friend 'comparable to ſuch a lover as I am.'

'You my lover!' caſting down my eyes: 'you, Sir! I could not have 'thought it!'

'Nor I neither,' returned he; 'I 'was ſurprized, my dear, to find I 'had loſt my heart. You were very 'unhappy; I had never ſeen any body 'who had ſo much reaſon to be afflict-'ed, or more worthy of ſuccour: I 'was born with a heart ſenſible of the 'misfortunes of others; and, in ren-'dering you my aſſiſtance, I only 'thought of being generous, of in-'dulging my compaſſion, or piety, if 'you pleaſe, ſince you are willing to 'look on it in that light. I looked 'on your diſtreſs with the heart of a 'friend, till your charms melted the 'mind that your misfortunes had ren-'dered ſoft, and too ſuſceptible of ten-'der impreſſions. I ſtill preſerve the 'ſtrongeſt and moſt ardent deſires of 'doing you all that friendſhip could 'inſpire: and while I felt the growing 'paſſion ſwell my heart, I called it by 'a name leſs ſoft, and leſs liable to 'alarm me. Thus I have deceived 'myſelf, and have been puniſhed as 'my preſumption has deſerved; and 'therefore do not pretend to excuſe 'myſelf.

'myſelf. I own I am very much to 'blame; I ought to have ſecured myſelf 'againſt this weakneſs; and I ſhould 'have been leſs guilty had I feared you; 'had I fled from you, and deſerted you 'in this miſerable diſtreſs: but, on the 'other hand, if I had been ſo prudent, 'what would have become of you, 'Marianne? Poor child! to what 'frightful extremities wouldſt thou 'have been reduced! See how my 'weakneſs, or my love, call it which 'you pleaſe, came ſeaſonably to your 'relief. Do not you think, my dear, 'there is a Providence in it, which 'has permitted me to love, and you to 'be extricated from your embarraſſed 'and dreadful circumſtances, at my 'expence? for, if I had taken care of 'myſelf, you would have had no pro-'viſion, no retreat to fly to: and this 'reflection conſoles me, becauſe it juſ-'tifies to myſelf the impetuoſity of 'my paſſion, and makes it neceſſary; 'though, at the ſame time, it humbles 'me. It is a little evil, attended with 'a great, with an infinite good. I 'have here only mentioned the diſ-'traction you would be in by my ne-'phew, or any other young man's 'abandoning you, without ſaying any 'thing of the reproach which will fol-'low. There are few men, eſpecially 'young ones, who mind ſuch a girl as 'you: they boaſt and glory in the ſuc-'ceſs of their amours; and, with an 'impudent mockery, point out the 'poor deſerted wretch to their compa-'nions, who creeps along oppreſſed, 'and almoſt ſunk down with miſery; 'and cry, with an inſolent look—"There ſhe is!" Oh, my dear charm-'er! judge what an adventure this 'would be to you, who are the moſt 'lovely perſon of your ſex, and 'would therefore be the moſt diſho-'noured; for in theſe caſes the faireſt 'are moſt deſpiſed, becauſe it muſt coſt 'them ſome pains to bring themſelves 'to look upon them as deſpicable. 'But you would run no hazard with 'me: you know my character; and 'are ſenſible that your reputation would 'be ſecure under my protection. I ſhall 'not be deſirous that other people 'ſhould know I love you; nor that 'you return my affection: it is in pri-'vate that I ſhall relieve you; and, 'without noiſe, ſecure to you a fortune 'that may for ever free you from the 'neceſſity of depending upon others, 'who have not ſuch generous ſenti-'ments. Perſons, whether of better 'or inferior circumſtances, are gene-'rally covetous: they are amorous 'without tenderneſs, and would only 'give you a preſent and ſcanty ſupply; 'ſo that the ſame neceſſity would al-'ways oblige you to ſuffer their pre-'tended love.'

I could not hear this diſcourſe with-out being ſeized with the moſt piercing grief: I found myſelf worthy of the greateſt compaſſion, in being obliged to hear his ſhocking inſolence; and, burſt-ing into a flood of tears, I cried out—'Good God! to what am I reduced!'

He was immediately ſenſible that this exclamation proceeded from the fear and terror with which he had filled my mind. 'Softly, ſoftly!' ſaid he, with a whining tone, and taking hold of my hand. 'Huſh! ſoftly, my 'dear, charming girl! take courage; 'ſince you have been ſo happy as to 'pleaſe me, you are out of all the 'danger I have mentioned. It is true, 'without me you could not avoid it; 'for, I muſt not flatter you, you are 'not born to be a linen draper; no, 'this will never ſupport you; I am 'ſure you muſt be ſenſible of that: 'and, ſuppoſing you had made yourſelf 'a miſtreſs of the trade, how would 'you raiſe money to ſet up? You muſt 'be for ever a ſhopmaid, without hav-'ing the leaſt glimmering hopes of 'ever improving your circumſtances. 'Amiable as you are, you ſtill want 'many of the neceſſaries and conve-'niences of life; but how will you ob-'tain them, unleſs you conſent theſe 'perſons ſhould help you? And, if 'you do conſent, how happy will be 'your ſituation!'

'Oh, Sir!' ſaid I, with a deep ſigh, 'entertain me no more with theſe diſ-'agreeable ſubjects; have ſome conſi-'deration for me, and pity my youth: 'you know that I am but juſt out of 'the hands of a virtuous lady, whom 'I am reſolved it ſhall be my ſtudy to 'imitate. From her and her brother I 'have received an education that makes 'ſuch diſcourſes quite unintelligible to 'me: and I am ſurprized to ſee it poſſi-'ble for a man of your appearance to 'be capable of uſing me in this man-'ner, for no other reaſon but becauſe 'I am poor!'

'No, my child,' returned he, ſqueezing my hand; 'no, you are not: you 'have riches, ſince I have them; it is 'I that am to be henceforward to you 'a parent, in the room of thoſe you 'have never known. Compoſe yourſelf, I beſeech you: notwithſtanding 'what I have ſaid, I am not willing to 'give you the leaſt degree of uſeleſs 'fear, but to ſhew you of what conſequence it is that we ſhould get acquainted, and that I ſhould have 'taken, without my perceiving it, the 'moſt tender inclination, which attaches me to you, and makes our intereſts 'inſeparable. It is an inclination that 'humbles me; but which I chearfully 'ſubmit to, becauſe it is the effect of an 'event every way ſurprizing: yes, the 'end of your misfortunes depends on 'this affection. I ſhould not have given 'you a ſufficient ſupport, had I been 'leſs yours; I ſhould have behaved as 'a generous good man ought on ſuch 'occaſions: but that would not have 'been ſufficient; your wants required 'that I ſhould do ſomething more; they 'required I ſhould love you, and love 'you moſt paſſionately, too. I find I 'cannot overcome it; that I am forced 'to yield; and that it is my duty to 'atone for my weakneſs, and expiate 'my guilt, by removing all the inconveniences of your preſent condition: this is what I have reſolved 'upon, my dear; and I hope you will 'not oppoſe it, for I flatter myſelf 'you do not know how to be ungrateful. I confeſs there is a good deal 'of difference between your age and 'mine; but, in fact, I am only old by 'compariſon, that is, becauſe you 'are very young; for, with any other 'perſon, I ſhould be thought pretty 'tolerable,' added he, with the tone of a perſon ſenſible of his good conſtitution: 'but, let us ſee, we ought 'to take our meaſures, and fix upon 'ſomething before Mrs. Du Tour 'comes home. I believe you think no 'more of being a linen-draper: on 'the other hand, there is Valville, a 'rakiſh young fellow; you have told 'him where you live; and he will infallibly ſeek an opportunity to ſee 'you again. We ought, then, to eſcape 'his purſuit, and to hide from him 'our engagements, which we ſhall 'not be long able to conceal if you 'ſtay with this woman: ſo the only 'method we can take is, to remove to-'morrow to the other end of the town, 'which will not be at all difficult. I 'know an honeſt man, who has the 'management of my affairs; that is, 'what they call a ſolicitor: his wife is 'a ſenſible woman; and they keep a 'very pretty little houſe, where there 'is an apartment which has been let to 'a gentleman of Provence, who has 'juſt left it; and this apartment I will 'go to-night to beſpeak for you. 'You will be agreeably ſituated, and 'extremely well uſed, on my account. 'Theſe good people will be charmed 'to have you there; and think themſelves highly honoured, becauſe you 'will appear genteel, and in ſuch a 'manner as to gain reſpect. You 'ſhall arrive there under the character 'of one of my relations, who has 'neither father nor mother; whom I 'have brought out of the country, in 'order to take care of: this, joined to 'a handſome ſum I will pay for your 'board, the ſtock of rich cloaths, 'and the noble furniture, you ſhall have 'in two days, together with the maſters I ſhall provide for you, ſuch as 'a dancing, ſinging, and muſick-maſter, or what others you pleaſe; to 'which I may add the manner I ſhall 'behave towards you when I pay you 'a viſit: all theſe, I ſay, will effectually ſecure their eſteem, and render 'you miſtreſs over them. Is not this 'true? There is not time for heſitation; you muſt make haſte, Marianne: and, in order to prepare Mrs. 'Du Tour for your departure, tell her 'to-night, that you find yourſelf unfit for her buſineſs, and that you will 'go into a convent to-morrow morning; upon which, I will ſend the 'man's wife we have been ſpeaking 'of, who ſhall come in a coach, which 'ſhall carry you to her houſe, where 'you will find me. Tell me, do not 'you agree to this? And are not you 'willing, too, that, to encourage 'you, and to prove the ſincerity of my 'intentions, (for I do not deſire you 'ſhould rely entirely upon my word;) 'I hope, I ſay, you will not be diſpleaſed if, till ſomething better can 'be thought on, I bring you to-morrow a ſmall contract of five or ſix 'hundred livres a year. Speak, my

'dear,

'dear, lovely girl! will not you be 'ready to-morrow? Shall they come 'for you? Yes, yes! you conſent; 'do you not?'

At firſt, I could make no anſwer: ſuch an open indignity confounded me, filled me with amazement, and took from me the uſe of ſpeech; and I remained immoveable, with eyes caſt down, and bathed in tears.

'What do you reſolve, then, my 'dear Marianne?' continued he, after a moment's pauſe. 'The time 'preſſes us to make haſte: Du Tour 'will be here preſently. Is it agreed? 'Shall I ſpeak to-night to the man?'

At theſe words, coming to myſelf— 'Oh, Sir!' cried I, 'you are not, then, 'known: the monk who brought me 'to you was deceived; he told me you 'was a man ſo honeſt——'

Here my tears and ſighs choaked my words, and prevented my ſaying any more. 'My dear child!' returned he, 'what falſe ideas you conceive of 'things! Alas! if he himſelf was 'ſenſible of the violence of my paſſion, he would not expreſs ſuch ſurprize, nor would he eſteem my character leſs. He would tell you, that 'theſe are involuntary effects, which 'may happen to the moſt honeſt and 'moſt pious men: he would tell you, 'that, all goodneſs as he is, he durſt 'not ſwear to preſerve himſelf free; 'and that there is no fault ſo pardonable as a ſenſibility like mine. Do 'not thus make a monſter of me,' added he, bending one of his knees imperceptibly before me; 'do not believe my heart leſs true, leſs worthy 'of your confidence, becauſe it is 'tender! This does not affect my probity, as I ſaid before: it is a weakneſs, but not a crime; and a weakneſs, too, to which the beſt hearts 'are the moſt ſubject, as your own experience muſt have informed you. 'This monk, you ſay, thought he 'preſented you to a virtuous man: this 'I have been hitherto; this I am ſtill; 'and if I was leſs ſo, I ſhould not 'love you, perhaps, at all. It is your 'misfortunes, and my virtues, that 'have united their force, and inſpired 'me with my preſent reſolutions: for 'it is to be generous, and to indulge 'my pity for you, that I ſuffer myſelf 'to love; to love you who reproach 'me for it; you, whom others will 'love, but not like me; you, who 'would make them a return, though 'your fortune be a loſer; and you, who 'repulſe me, your beſt, nay, only 'friend, who am going to extricate 'you from all the anxious diſtracting 'cares, and all that reproach, which 'threaten your days; me, whoſe tenderneſs (and I may ſay it without vanity) is a preſent chance has made 'you; and me, whom Heaven, which 'diſpoſes of all things to ſubſerve it's 'wiſe purpoſes, is making uſe of to 'change your condition.'

He had no ſooner ſaid theſe words, but Heaven, whom he preſumed to make an accomplice in his guilt, ſeemed to puniſh him by the ſudden arrival of Valville; who, as I have already ſaid, knew Mrs. Du Tour. He came through the ſhop to the parlour, where he found my old gallant in the ſame poſture in which, two or three hours before, he had been ſurprized by Mr. De Climal; that is, on his knee before me, with my hand in his, which he was kiſſing, and which I was endeavouring to ſnatch from him. In a word, a revenge could not have been more compleat.

I was the firſt who perceived Valville; when a geſture of ſurprize and aſtoniſhment made Mr. De Climal turn his head, and ſee him too.

But judge how he was ſtruck at the ſight! He ſeemed turned to ſtone; his mouth was open, as if fixed; he remained on his knee without motion, without preſence of mind, without the uſe of ſpeech. Never did confounded and abaſhed hypocrite make leſs myſtery of his ſhame, or more plainly diſcover his guilt. None could have behaved with a worſe grace under the weight of his iniquity, or confeſs more frankly his own baſeneſs. But it is in vain I attempt to deſcribe him, ſince I cannot give you a picture that comes up to the original.

For my part, as I had nothing to reproach myſelf with, I appeared more ſurprized than confuſed at this event, and was going to ſpeak; when Valville, who at firſt caſt a look full of diſdain at me, and then coolly contemplated his uncle's diſorder, ſaid, with an air of tranquillity and contempt—'This 'is mighty pretty, Madam!—Your 'ſervant, Sir; I beg pardon for my in'truſion.' And then left us, caſting

another glance at me, more contemptuous than the former; when Mr. De Climal roſe up.

'What do you mean, Sir? What is 'very pretty?' cried I, riſing with precipitation. 'Stop, Sir! Stop! you 'are miſtaken! you wrong me! you do 'not do me juſtice!'

But my cries were in vain, ſince he did not return. 'Run after him, Sir,' ſaid I then to his uncle, whoſe heart ſeemed ſtill to be in a violent palpitation, and who was, with a trembling hand, pulling his cloak over his ſhoulders. 'Run, Sir! Would you 'have me made a victim to his ſcorn? 'What will he think of me? What 'will he take me for? Lord! how unhappy I am!'

This I ſaid with the tears in my eyes; and ſo diſtracted were my thoughts, that I was going myſelf to call Valville back, who was already in the ſtreet: but his uncle ſtopped me. 'What are 'you going to do?' cried he. 'Stay, 'Miſs, do not diſturb yourſelf; I 'know what turn to give this affair: 'beſides, what need you care what 'ſuch a fool thinks of you? ſince you 'may, if you pleaſe, never ſee him any 'more.'

'How! what need I care!' replied I, in a rage. 'Not care! Does not 'he know Mrs. Du Tour? and will 'not he freely tell her his thoughts? 'Have not I had a converſation with 'him for above an hour? And will not 'he know me again whenever he ſees 'me? May he not meet me every day? 'perhaps to-morrow. Will he not 'deſpiſe me? Will he not regard me 'as a loſt, abandoned, and unworthy 'creature, purely on your account? 'Me, who have ſtill retained the virtue which he imagines I have loſt! 'who had rather loſe my life than my 'innocence! And have nothing that I 'can call my own, but my honeſty, 'and the ſecret ſatisfaction of not having deſerved ſuch reproach. No, 'Sir, I have reaſon to be afflicted, and 'in the utmoſt grief, that ever I knew 'you: it was the greateſt misfortune 'that could happen to me. Let me 'go; I will, I am reſolved, ſpeak to 'your nephew, and let him know my 'innocence. It is not juſt that you 'ſhould ſecure your reputation by the 'loſs of mine. Why do you counterfeit the pious man if you are not 'ſo? It is hard that I muſt be made a 'tool to ſupport your hypocriſies!'

'You little ungrateful creature!' replied he, turning pale, 'is it thus 'you repay my kindneſs? What do 'you mean by your innocence? Where 'did you dream that I ever thought of 'attacking it? On the contrary, you 'have heard me ſay, that, though I had 'an inclination for you, I reproached 'myſelf, and was ſorry for it; that it 'filled me with humility; that I looked upon it as a fault, for which I was 'ſelf-condemned, and which I was 'ready to atone for, by turning it entirely to your advantage, without expecting any thing from you in return, 'but your grateful acknowledgments. 'Were not theſe my very expreſſions? 'And is there any thing in all this that 'ought to render me ſuſpected of a 'crime, which my very ſoul abhors, 'and thus to blemiſh the purity of my 'honeſt intentions?'

'Well, Sir,' ſaid I, 'ſince theſe 'were your deſigns, and you have ſtill 'ſo much virtue; if you are, indeed, 'the upright man you profeſs to be; 'do not permit me to loſe my reputation through an accident, which you 'alone was the cauſe of. Lead me to 'your nephew; take me to him directly; undeceive him, and ſave your 'honour as well as mine! You held 'my hand faſt in yours; and, I believe, was even kiſſing it, in ſpite of 'my endeavours to draw it back: you 'were at my feet. And can you think 'he could take this for a proof of 'your piety and compaſſion? Will he 'not rather imagine you are my lover, 'and that I am your miſtreſs? At leaſt, 'ought you not to give yourſelf the 'trouble to undeceive him? You ought 'certainly to ſpeak to him, and let 'him know my innocence; you are 'obliged to do it, out of regard to my 'character, and to prevent ſcandal: 'nor can you be ſilent without being 'highly guilty in the ſight of that Being, who is truth and goodneſs itſelf. Then, Sir, you will find I ſhall 'have the moſt grateful heart in the 'world; that nobody will reſpect you 'more: I ſhall be entirely at your devotion, and ſhall give you all the affection of a child; all the confidence 'and regard that is due to one who will 'ſo juſtly deſerve the dear name of a 'friend. And if, after this, you will

'not

'not abandon me, expect from me all 'that a modeſt and inflexible virtue 'may innocently grant. Would you 'gain my eſteem and reverence, and 'my moſt dutiful and affectionate re-'gard, delay not a moment; but carry 'me immediately to Valville, and at 'once ſave your reputation and mine. 'Say to him—"You ought not, ne-"phew, to harbour an ill opinion of "this girl; ſhe is a poor orphan; and, "on this account, I have taken her "into my care, and am reſolved to fill "up the loſs of her neareſt relations, "by being myſelf a father to her: "and, though I was willing to ſeem "not to know her when with you, it "was only to diſguiſe ſo remarkable an "act of piety." Say but this, and let 'your conduct ſhew you are in earneſt, 'and I will go with you wherever you 'will. If theſe are your diſpoſitions, 'you will the eaſier pardon all I have 'ſaid; ſince it proceeded not from in-'gratitude, which will ever be a ſtran-'ger to my breaſt, but from a thought-'leſs, ſudden tranſport, occaſioned by 'the fear of my good name's being 'loſt, and my virtue in danger; that 'virtue which has been my only ſup-'port in my afflictions. Do this, I 'ſay, and I will atone for all I have 'ſaid by the moſt humble ſubmiſſion 'poſſible. We have nothing to do 'but to ſtay till Mrs. Du Tour re-'turns home, before we go: but if you 'will not conſent to it, I declare I will 'go by myſelf!'

'Get you gone, you little ſaucy 'huſſey!' returned he, like a man who had loſt all ſenſe of ſhame, and no longer valued my eſteem, ſince he was willing I ſhould deſpiſe him as he deſerved. 'Get you gone! I do not 'fear you! Do your worſt! You are 'not able to throw an odium upon 'my character! But, do you hear? 'I adviſe you to take care what you ſay, 'or I will make you know what it is 'to affront me! I will ſay no more: you 'ſhall know how much is ſometimes 'loſt for having dared to ſay too much. 'Farewel; depend no more upon my 'friendſhip; I withdraw my charity: 'there are other perſons in diſtreſs 'more worthy of pity, and to whom 'it is juſt I ſhould give the preference. 'You will ſtill have ſomething to make 'you remember me: you may keep 'the cloaths, linen, and money; though, 'indeed, you do not deſerve them.'

'No, Sir!' ſaid I, or rather cried I to him, 'I will not keep any of them; 'you ſhall have them all again: and, 'firſt, I begin with your money, which 'I have happily about me. There it 'is,' added I, throwing it on the table in a haſty, contemptuous manner, which well expreſſed the emotions of a young heart, at the ſame time proud, virtuous, and inſolent; 'now, there only re-'mains the cloaths and linen, which I 'ſhall preſently bundle up for you to 'take with you in your coach, Sir: and, 'as I have ſome of your cloaths on, 'for which I have as great an horror 'as I have for you, I only deſire time 'to go into my chamber and undreſs 'me, and I ſhall be with you preſently; 'and, pray, ſtay for them, or, I give 'you my word, I will throw them out 'of the window.'

You muſt obſerve, that, whilſt I was talking in this manner, I was unpinning my cloaths; and had preſently pulled off my cap, becauſe I no longer looked upon it as mine; ſo that in a moment I ſtood bare-headed before him, with my hair diſhevelled.

This ſight entirely diſconcerted him. I was in a wild tranſport, regardleſs of every thing; I raiſed my voice; and there was nothing to be ſeen but diſorder and confuſion, and a wild indecorum, which alarmed him, and which he ſeemed to apprehend was in danger of degenerating into an inſult upon him.

I inſiſted upon going into my room to pack up my cloaths: he held me faſt, and would not let me go on account of my paſſion; his lips, pale and trembling, began to open; but what he ſaid I could not perfectly hear; though, if I could, he ſeemed to ſpeak with ſuch confuſion, that muſt make him incapable of expreſſing himſelf intelligibly. At laſt, he ſtammered out—'But, 'Marianne! are you mad? Why all 'this noiſe? Huſh! how fooliſh you 'make yourſelf? Come, be quiet! 'Take care! Huſh! Mrs. Du Tour 'will come preſently!'

On this ſhe entered. 'Hey-day!' cried ſhe, ſeeing me in this diſorder, 'what is the matter now? Is the girl 'bewitched! What have you done with 'your cap? Mercy on me! it is on the 'ground,

'ground, I think. Bleſs my heart! 'has any body been beating her?'

Theſe queſtions ſhe aſked all in a breath, and with ten times more noiſe than we both made before.

'No, no,' ſaid Mr. De Climal, who made haſte to anſwer her, for fear I ſhould begin firſt; 'I will tell you what 'is the matter. It is nothing but a 'miſunderſtanding of hers that provok-'ed me, for which I ſhall put a ſtop to 'my favours. I will pay you for the 'little time ſhe has been with you; but 'I ſhall not be anſwerable for the time 'ſhe ſhall ſtay after to-day.'

'What!' ſaid Mrs. Du Tour, with an air of inquietude, 'will not you 'continue to pay for the poor wretch's 'board? How do you think I muſt 'keep her, then?'

'Madam, pray do not make your-'ſelf uneaſy about that; I ſhall not be 'at your expence: and God forbid I 'ſhould ever more be at his,' ſaid I, in my turn, ſitting down in an elbow-chair, without knowing what I did; and where I gave way to my grief, regardleſs of either of them. As for him, he ſtole away while I was ſpeaking; and I remained only with Mrs. Du Tour, who ſeemed quite aſtoniſhed; and, holding up her hands—'What a 'rout is here made, indeed!' cried ſhe, ſitting down. 'You have made a fine 'piece of work on it, Marianne; have 'not ye? No more money! no more 'proviſion! no more maintenance! 'Now, are you ſatisfied, hey? What 'a pretty ſtep you have taken! Do not 'you think you have? Aye, aye, cry 'now! cry, do! you may have your 'bellyfull of it! At laſt you are turn-'ed out of doors. What a fooliſh 'wench you are!'

'Oh, let me alone, Madam! let 'me alone, I entreat you!' ſaid I. 'You talk without knowing any thing 'of the matter.'—'Not know any 'thing of the matter!' returned ſhe; 'that is pretty, indeed! Do not I know 'you have nothing in the world; is 'not that knowing enough of the mat-'ter? Not know, gither! What does 'the girl mean by her not knowing? 'Where will you go now? It is this 'makes me uneaſy; for I ſpeak purely 'out of friendſhip for you, and nothing 'elſe; for, were I in circumſtances to 'keep you, you would have no occa-'ſion to mind the loſs of Mr. De Cli-'mal. "Ads-bobs!" I would ſay, "come, come, my girl; thou haſt no-"thing, it is true; but I have more "than I want: let him go, if he will; "never mind him." But, lack-a-day! 'what ſignifies good nature alone! 'The times are bad, and proviſions 'are very dear; and one has enough 'to do to make both ends meet; and it 'is not without difficulty that we can 'do that.'

'Be eaſy,' anſwered I, with a deep ſigh; 'I aſſure you I will go to-mor-'row, let what will follow. I am not 'without money, and will give you 'what you demand for the expence 'I ſhall be to you till I leave your 'houſe.'

'What a pity it is!' anſwered ſhe. 'O but Marianne!' returned ſhe, quite ſoftened, 'how happened this ſad 'quarrel? I have already, you know, 'preached to you, and inſtructed you 'how to manage him; I am afraid you 'did not follow my directions.'

'Do not mention him any more,' ſaid I to her; 'he is an unworthy wretch! 'He would have me leave your houſe, 'and lodge, at a great diſtance from 'hence, with one of his acquaintance; 'who probably is no better than him-'ſelf; and whoſe wife was to have taken 'me away to-morrow morning. So, 'Madam, if I had not broke with him, 'but ſeemed to conſent to every thing 'he ſaid, as you adviſed me, I ſhould 'not have ſtaid longer with you.'

'Hah, hah!' cried ſhe; 'was that 'his intention? He wanted to take you 'from me to place you with ſome 'ſcrubs, I ſuppoſe. Really, that is 'mighty good! What a fuſty old fel-'low it is! What a dotard! with his 'up-lifted eyes, and gloomy diſmal 'devotion! Would not one take him, 'at firſt ſight, to be only fit to be put 'in a niche for ſome ſaint? And yet, I 'find, he is as arrant a ſinner as the 'worſt of us. But why did he want 'to remove you? Was it becauſe he 'could not ſee you here? Who would 'have hindered him? Was it not in his 'own power? He told me that he would 'take care of you, which was a very 'good work.'—'So much the better,' ſaid I. 'Do we uſe to interfere in 'works of charity? No, ſure! None 'but God knows people's conſciences; 'and he will have us always think the 'beſt of our neighbours. What ſhould

'he

'he be afraid of? he might come and 'go when he pleaſed: and, ſince he 'ſaid he was a good and charitable 'man, was it my place to contradict 'him, and give him the lye? Had you 'not a room to yourſelf? and ſhould I 'have gone to have ſeen all you did 'there? What would he have had 'more? What maggot bit his old 'crown? Pray, what were his reaſons 'for deſiring you to change your 'lodging?'

'You muſt know,' returned I, with an air of negligence, 'that, after my 'fall, I was carried to Mr. Valville's; 'and, having told him where I lived, 'he fears he ſhould come to ſee me 'here.'—'Oh, there is the ſtory then, 'at laſt!' replied ſhe: 'I ſee the rea-'ſon perfectly, and do not at all won-'der at his acting thus; it is be-'cauſe he apprehends his piety will 'not paſs current with his nephew, 'who doubtleſs would, one time or 'other, have taken occaſion to aſk him 'what he intends to do with you. 'But, Marianne,' continued ſhe, 'has 'the young gentleman been here?'—'Yes, Madam,' ſaid I; 'he is but juſt 'gone, without entering into any par-'ticulars; and it was after his depar-'ture that Mr. De Climal ſhewed his 'reſentment at my refuſal to accom-'pany him to-morrow to the new 'lodgings he had provided for me; 'and then reproached me as being 'guilty of the blackeſt ingratitude for 'daring to refuſe him, after having re-'ceived ſo many favours from him. 'For this reaſon I was reſolved to re-'turn all his preſents, even to the cap 'I had on; and this thought agitated 'me ſo much, that I put it off for that 'purpoſe, that he might take it with 'him.'

'What a ſtrange kind of route is 'here about nothing!' cried ſhe: 'you 'had ill luck, indeed, to fall juſt by 'Valville's houſe! Mercy on me! how 'came your foot to ſlip? You ſhould 'have take care how you walked, Ma-'rianne! See, now, what it is to be 'giddy! But how came you to tell 'him where you lived? for it was that 'only that brought him hither.' I did not give much attention to what ſhe ſaid; and anſwered her only out of complaiſance. She went on—'In 'ſhort, child, I do not know how to 'direct you; I ſee no remedy, not I. 'Adviſe with yourſelf; for, after what 'is paſſed, you muſt make your choice, 'and think of ſomething: the ſooner 'you come to a reſolution the better. 'I will have no buſtle in my houſe: 'Toinon and I both love peace. It is 'none of your fault, indeed: but no mat-'ter for that; people always put a bad 'conſtruction upon things; every body 'will pretend to be judges, though 'they know nothing of the matter; 'they all love to out with their non-'ſenſe; and then comes the tittle-'tattle—"Who is he?" and "Who is "ſhe?" and "Where?" and "How?" 'and all that. You muſt needs think 'this cannot be very agreeable: be-'ſides, we are not related to you; if 'you were but a couſin, or ever ſo diſ-'tant a relation, you know, it were 'another thing; but you are neither 'akin to us, nor any body elſe.'

'You afflict me ſenſibly, Madam!' returned I briſkly: 'have I not already 'told you I will go to-morrow? Would 'you then have me go to-day? It ſhall 'be juſt as you pleaſe.'

'No, child, no!' anſwered ſhe; 'do 'not miſtake me; I am not ſo unrea-'ſonable: and, if you knew how much 'I pity you, I am ſure you would not 'have any reaſon to complain of me. 'No; you ſhall lie here, and ſup with 'us to-night, if you will take up with 'what we have in the houſe; I will 'not have any thing for that: and if I 'can be of ſervice to you, through my 'acquaintance, pray, child, do not 'ſpare me. But I muſt give you one 'piece of advice; and that is, to ſell 'the gown your old lover gave you: 'you cannot wear it with any face 'now; ſince you are poor, it is too 'good for you; and the linen, too, is 'ſo fine, that it cannot fail to make 'people aſk you where you had it. Be-'lieve me, beauty, poverty, and finery, 'do not look well together in one of 'your age. I would adviſe you to keep 'only the cloaths you had when you 'came here, and ſell the reſt. I will 'buy them of you, if you will; though 'I do not care much whether I do or 'no: but I have a mind to buy a new 'ſuit; and, to oblige you, I will buy 'your gown for that purpoſe. I am a 'little more fat than you, but you are 'taller; and, as it is very full, I ſhall 'manage that, and eaſily make it ſerve. 'As to the linen, I will either pay for 'it,

'it, or change it for other: but do as 'you pleaſe; I am very indifferent 'about it, and would not have it, if it 'was not to oblige you.'

'No, Madam,' ſaid I, coldly; 'I 'will ſell nothing, becauſe I have re-'ſolved, and even promiſed, to ſend all 'to Mr. De Climal.'

'To him!' replied ſhe; 'you are a 'fool then; I would ſee him hanged 'firſt! Give them him, gither! I would 'as ſoon give them to Old Nick! He 'ſhould not ſee a rag of them any 'more. But you jeſt, ſure! Was it 'not an alms? And what is given this 'way, you know, child, can never be 'recalled.'

She would not, very probably, have ſtopped here, though all ſhe could ſay would have been to no purpoſe, if ſhe had not been forced to it by an old woman's coming in, who had ſome buſineſs with her. As ſoon as ſhe left me, I went up into our chamber: ours, I ſay, becauſe it was Toinon's as well as mine.

As to my ſentiments with regard to Mr. De Climal, I ſhall mention them no more: my gratitude was all that ever bound me to him, which now he had wiped out. I deteſted him, and looked upon him as a monſter; and a monſter, too, that was ſo entirely indifferent to me, that I did not at all regret his being ſo. However, I pleaſed myſelf with the thoughts of returning his preſents, and never ſeeing him more.

Let us now come to what paſſed in my chamber. You imagine, I fancy, my firſt thoughts were taken up with the diſmal ſituation I was in; but you are miſtaken; this only regarded my life: but what engroſſed my whole attention was of greater conſequence; it was myſelf.

You ſmile, Madam; and, perhaps, think I make a diſtinction where, in reaſon and nature, there ſhould be none: but, indeed, I do not; our lives are leſs dear to us than our paſſions. If we carefully obſerve what paſſes within us, we ſhall find that our lives are not neceſſary to our exiſtence; that it is, in a manner, only by accident that we live; but that to be is natural to us: thus, for inſtance, when a man, grown deſperate with the reflection of his miſery, murders himſelf, he only thinks of leaving life to diſengage himſelf from the cares of it; and it is not himſelf he is weary of, but only the burden he bears.

If I have lengthened my recital with this reflection, I have only done it to juſtify what I ſaid to you; that my thoughts were engaged upon a ſubject more important than life itſelf; and this was Valville.

You remember that this gentleman, when he ſurprized me with Mr. De Climal, cried out—'This is mighty 'pretty, Madam!' and you know, too, that I loved him: judge, then, how piercing was this ſhort reflection!

In the firſt place, I had virtue; and while Valville thought ſo, he was my lover: a lover, Madam, that it was impoſſible to hate, even in circumſtances that ſeemed to require it. 'Perhaps he 'loves me no more!' cried I; 'he has 'already gained a victory over his paſ-'ſions! Ah! how unworthy he is of 'my affection! But for what is he to 'blame? Is not De Climal rich and 'old, whilſt I am poor and deſtitute? 'Has he not ſeen him at my feet, a 'moment after we had mutually pre-'tended not to know each other? What 'opinion can he have of me after this 'dark and myſterious conduct? Then, 'what have I to reproach him with? 'Though he loves me, can he help be-'lieving me guilty? Could he ſay leſs 'than he did? And is not he ſorry 'that he has placed his affections upon 'an unworthy object, whom he is 'obliged to deſpiſe? Sure his diſdain 'is the ſtrongeſt proof of his own vir-'tue, and that his intentions were ho-'nourable! But does he actually de-'ſpiſe me? Does he accuſe me of be-'ing guilty of every crime? Does he 'not heſitate a little to condemn me 'without hearing what I had to ſay in 'my own defence? And can I excuſe 'ſuch a man? Ought I to ſee him 'again? No! that would only declare 'my own weakneſs: did he only ſuſpect 'me, did he only ſhew his reſentment, 'or been highly provoked, I might, I 'ought to have borne it! But to deſpiſe, 'to diſdain, and affront me! to go off 'abruptly, though I called him back, 'and beſought him to hear me! nay, 'perhaps, has turned his paſſion into 'hate! Oh! why ſhould I think of him 'any more? Why endeavour to juſtify 'myſelf to a man who is ſo baſely de-'ceived, through his own precipitate

'folly,

'folly, which would not permit him 'to ſtay to hear me vindicate my con-'duct? Ah, how little does he know 'me! Let what will become of him! 'The uncle is gone, let the nephew fol-'low! The one is a vile and unworthy 'wretch; and the other believes that I 'am ſo.

'But I have a bundle to make up,' continued I, riſing from a chair, where, ſeated in a penſive poſture, I made this ſhort ſoliloquy—'But why do I amuſe 'myſelf thus, ſince I muſt go to-'morrow? I muſt ſend away theſe 'cloaths to-day, as well as the money 'Mr. De Climal gave me:' which lay upon the table till Mrs. Du Tour had made me take it up, and put it in my pocket.

I opened my drawers to take out my new linen. 'Yes, Valville, yes!' ſaid I, drawing it out; 'you will ſoon 'know me better, and begin to think 'of me as you ought.' This idea flattered me in ſuch a manner, that I gave way to the thought; and though, in juſtice, I ſhould chearfully have re-turned the cloaths to De Climal with-out any other motive, yet this of unde-ceiving this dear man ſo took up my ſoul, that it ſeemed as if this conſidera-tion had the greateſt ſhare. 'I will 'ſend,' ſaid I, 'the linen, the gown, 'and the money, with a letter, to him; 'and this will not fail to diſabuſe him, 'and make him regret my loſs.'

He appeared to me to have a gene-rous ſoul; and I applauded myſelf, and was extremely ſatisfied, at the un-eaſineſs I foreſaw I ſhould give him for having offended me: and I could not help flattering myſelf, that, on many accounts, I had a title to reſpect. Firſt, I had been very unhappy, and had ſomething ſingular in my adventures, which demanded pity; and pity, you know, Madam, is a friend to love: then I was conſcious of my own vir-tue, and the artleſs innocence of a frank and open heart. This he would eaſily diſcover to my advantage; and, be-ſides, I could not be ignorant that I was thought handſome and naturally genteel. What could I deſire more? Would not all this ſoften a generous lover, make him ſigh for having too raſhly ſuſpected me, and revenge my cauſe upon his heart? I could not wiſh to ſucceed better than this; and, pro-vided I afflicted Valville, and made him ſenſible how much he had wronged me, I ſhould have been content: and, this done, I would never more ſpeak to him, nor give him an opportunity to ſee me. I found I loved him, and knew that he was ſenſible of it; and was even glad he was ſo; becauſe, find-ing that, in ſpite of this, I had broke with him, he would eaſily ſee what ſhare he had in the affair.

In the mean time, the bundle was making; and what will doubtleſs make you ſmile, was, that, in the midſt of theſe lofty and courageous thoughts, I could not help conſidering the linen I was handling, and ſaying to myſelf, but ſo low that I could ſcarce hear it—'It is, however, well choſen; how white 'and fine it is! it is almoſt a pity to 'loſe it!'

This ſmall regret diſhonoured a little the nobleneſs of my ſurrender; but what would you have? I might have dreſſed myſelf in this linen which I was ſending away. Great actions are diffi-cult; and what pleaſure ſoever we take in them, we are apt to imagine, ſome-times, we would willingly diſpenſe with it, provided we may taſte the plea-ſure of enjoying our inclinations. To behave with a true greatneſs of mind requires ſome pain; we muſt do as thoſe who would appear tall; that is, ſtand upon the ſtretch: but we need only be as we are, to appear little. You ſee, Madam, I am a little ſevere upon my-ſelf. But to proceed.

There was now my cap to put up; and, as I entered the room, I had laid it in a chair near the door; but had quite forgot what I had done with it. A girl of my age, who is going to loſe all her finery, may ſurely be allowed ſome little abſence of mind on ſo im-portant an occaſion.

Now I thought of nothing but my gown, which was next to be bundled up; and, as I had it on, was, very likely, loth to pull it off. 'Is there nothing 'elſe left?' ſaid I. 'Is this all? No! 'there is the money.' And this I took out of my pocket without the leaſt re-luctance; for I was not covetous, only a little vain; and for this reaſon, parted with it with more courage than any of the reſt.

At laſt, however, there remained no more than my gown. 'What ſhall I 'do next? Come, before I pull it off, 'let me take down the other,' added I;

which was, without doubt, only to gain time. I then went to take it; but, in the ſmall ſpace there was between me and it, which was only two ſteps, my heart began to ſoften; my eyes, in a moment, grew full of tears, without my perceiving how they came ſo: I fetched a deep ſigh; which was either for myſelf, for Valville, or my fine gown; I do not know which. But what is more certain, is, that, taking my old one down, I ſighed again, ſat down in a chair, and cried out—'Oh, 'how unhappy am I! Good God! why 'didſt thou take from me my father 'and mother?'

Perhaps this was not what I would have ſaid; for, it may be, I only ſpoke of my parents to render my affection more commendable; for ſometimes we even diſſemble with ourſelves, and are guilty of weakneſſes which we are willing to hide from our own hearts, by diſguiſing them under falſe names; ſo that it is not improbable but that the loſs of my gaiety might draw theſe tears from me. However, after this ſhort ſoliloquy, which would doubtleſs have ended in my ſtripping myſelf of all theſe borrowed ornaments, I accidentally caſt my eyes upon my cap, that lay juſt by me.

'Well,' cried I, 'I thought I had 'put every thing into the bundle; and 'there that cap lies ſtill! What have 'I been doing? I have forgot to take 'a cap out of my drawers; and here I 'have ſtood all this while bare-headed! 'How anxious and perplexed am I! 'What a troubleſome taſk have I upon 'my hands!' And then, paſſing inſenſibly from one idea to another, Father St. Vincent came into my mind. 'Alas, poor man!' ſaid I, 'how much 'will he be aſtoniſhed! What have I 'to tell him? I am reſolved I will go 'to ſee him; and there is no time to 'loſe. I ought to make haſte on account of my ſad ſituation, and refer 'ſending away the bundle till the next 'day. How ſilly am I to make myſelf uneaſy for theſe naſty cloaths!' I called them naſty, to perſuade myſelf I did not love them. 'To-morrow 'morning will be a much better time 'than the preſent. Valville will be at 'home then; and it is very improbable 'he ſhould be there now. I will let 'the bundle alone for the preſent, and 'niſh it by-and-by, when I ſhall re-'turn from viſiting the monk. My 'foot gives me very little pain; and I 'will take my time, and go to the con-'vent.

'Well, but what cap muſt I put on? 'What cap! why, this that is juſt by 'me; it is too much trouble to open 'my drawers to look for another, ſince 'I have this ready: and, beſides, it is 'better than mine; and, therefore, it is 'even proper that I ſhould put it on to 'undeceive the monk; who, on ſeeing 'how profuſe Mr. De Climal had been 'of his favours, would eaſily judge 'that it was not charity that induced 'him to be at ſuch expence.' For I was reſolved to relate my whole adventure to him, ſince he appeared to me a very honeſt man; and this cap, I imagined, would confirm what I ſaid.

But, as for the gown I had on—'What,' ſaid I, 'muſt be done with 'that? Certainly I need not pull it off! 'It is fit he ſhould ſee that too; for it 'will be an additional proof of the 'baſeneſs of his deſigns.' I then, without the leaſt ſcruple, reſolved to keep it on; ſince reaſon itſelf ſeemed to authorize my doing ſo. The imperceptible artifice of my little reaſonings had carried me hitherto; and I began to take freſh courage.

I made haſte to put on my cap; which done, I went down to go out. I found Mrs. Du Tour below with a neighbour; who called out—'Where are you 'going, Marianne?'—'To church,' returned I. This was an equivocation, or rather a compleat falſhood; for though a church and a convent are almoſt the ſame thing, yet they convey two very different ideas. 'So much 'the better, child!' cried ſhe; 'ſo much 'the better! Go, and ſubmit yourſelf 'to the holy will of God! My neighbour and I have been talking of you; 'and I have been telling her, that we 'will have a maſs, on your account, 'to-morrow.'

While ſhe was detaining me with this diſcourſe, this neighbour, who had already ſeen me two or three times, fixed her eyes upon me, and conſidered me with a vulgar kind of curioſity; the reſult of which was, that, from time to time, ſhe ſhrugged up her ſhoulders, and cried—'Poor girl! I pity her with 'all my heart! There is nobody that 'ſees her, but muſt think ſhe comes of 'a good family.' This kind of con-

cern

tern was neither to my taſte nor advantage; and, as I could not thank them for it, I left immediately theſe two goſſips to purſue their reflections by themſelves.

From the departure of Mr. De Climal, till this moment, I had not thought like a reaſonable being; I had only amuſed myſelf with my diſdain for Mr. De Climal, whom I could not think on without the greateſt contempt; with my complaints againſt Valville, whom, my heart told me, I ſtill loved; in meditating projects of tenderneſs and pride againſt him; and in regretting the loſs of my gaiety: but of my ſituation I had not taken a moment's thought; it did not once enter into my mind; nor had I felt the leaſt concern about it.

But the uproar and confuſion of the ſtreets at once ſcattered all theſe trifling ideas, and made me enter into myſelf. The more I obſerved the places I paſſed through, and the continual motion of this prodigious city, the more it appeared a place of ſilence and ſolitude to me: a foreſt would have appeared leſs deſert; I ſhould have found myſelf there leſs alone, leſs a forlorn and ſolitary wanderer. Was it only my misfortune to be placed in an unfrequented wild, I might then, indeed, hope to eſcape: but how could I fly from that deſart in which I found myſelf? the whole world being one to me, ſince I was not linked to it by any of thoſe ties which are the bonds of ſociety, thoſe dear and ſocial engagements, which unite perſons to each other.

The crowd of people with which I was ſurrounded, talking to each other, the noiſe they made, the clatter of the coaches, and the ſight of ſo many houſes, all inhabited, ſerved only to increaſe my affliction.

'Nothing that I ſee here,' ſaid I to myſelf, 'concerns me. How happy 'are theſe people!' reſumed I, after a moment's pauſe; 'they all have their 'diſtinct places of ſafety and retire-'ment! The night will come, when 'they will be no longer here; they will 'all betake themſelves to their reſpec-'tive homes: but, for me, I do not 'know where to go! Nobody will 'wait for me! nobody conſider my 'preſſing wants! I have a retreat for 'no longer than to-night; to-morrow 'I ſhall have none!'

This, however, was ſaying too much; for I had ſtill ſome money left, with which I might have hired a room, till Heaven, perhaps, would have found out a way to relieve me; but a retreat for a few days may almoſt be called none at all.

I did not weep at all at that time; but I was not more eaſy than if I had. I collected matter for my grief from almoſt every object that preſented itſelf; my ſoul inſtructed itſelf in every thing that could heighten and aggravate my misfortunes; and this was not a time for tears. We only ſet open the ſluices of grief when our ſorrows are riſen to a proper height, and ſwell too high to be confined within their banks; but not while we are opening the channels of ſorrow, and ſearching into the various cauſes we have to be afflicted. Accordingly, I ſoon after gave vent to my oppreſſed and aching heart.

I was dreſſed as I was in the morning; but my cloaths did not employ my thoughts; or, if they did, they gave me no pleaſure. I drew the attention of many perſons as I paſſed along; which I obſerved without any ſelf-approbation: ſometimes I heard them ſay—'See! what a charming creature!' But theſe reflections, though they were not ungrateful, gave me not a moment's delight; for I was then incapable of liſtening, with pleaſure, even to a ſubject ſo ſweet and entertaining to our whole ſex.

Sometimes, too, I thought of Valville; but it was only to tell myſelf that it would be ridiculous to think of him any more; and, indeed, my ſituation repelled the ideas I had of him. How unbecoming a paſſion would love be in one of my circumſtances! In an unhappy, miſerable creature, like me, who wanders, unknown, over the earth, where I am aſhamed to live; ſince I muſt be either the object of the contempt or compaſſion of others.

I arrived, at laſt, at the convent, in a ſituation of mind not to be expreſſed: I aſked for Father St. Vincent; and they conducted me into an outer parlour, where, I was told, he was with another perſon. But, Madam, admire this ſtroke of fortune; can you imagine who that perſon was? It was Mr. De Climal! who, on ſeeing me, bluſhed and turned pale alternately; whilſt I looked upon him with as great indifference as if I had never ſeen him before.

'Ah! is it you, Miſs?' ſaid the religious. 'Come, I am very glad to ſee you here at this time, though I did not expect it. You were the ſubject of our converſation.—Pray, Sir, keep your ſeat.'

'No, father,' replied Mr. de Climal, bowing to the religious; 'permit me to leave you: after what has happened, it muſt be indecent for me to ſtay any longer. I am not angry with Miſs, I aſſure you, Sir; may Heaven forgive her, as I do, with all my heart! and ſo far from reſenting the ſcandalous opinion ſhe had conceived of me, I ſwear to you, father, that I am more diſpoſed to ſerve her than ever; and that, with the greateſt humility, I return thanks to Heaven for the affliction I have met with in the exerciſe of my charity to her! but, I believe, that neither prudence nor religion will permit me to ſee her more.'

This ſaid, he ſaluted the father, and bowed to me too, with eyes modeſtly caſt on the ground, while I held down my head; and he was going to retire, when the monk ſtopped him, by taking hold of his arm—'No, Sir, no,' ſaid he; 'you muſt not go: I conjure you to hear me. Yes, your diſpoſitions are moſt commendable, moſt edifying. You pardon her; you wiſh her well: oh, how wondrous good is this! but obſerve you do not carry this goodneſs to it's utmoſt extent; ſince, notwithſtanding all this, you abandon her in ſpite of the need ſhe ſtands in of your aſſiſtance; in ſpite of her offence, which will render your ſuccour ſo meritorious; in ſpite of that charity which you believe you ſtill have for her, and the exerciſe of which you are going to diſpenſe with; take care, Sir, and fear leſt it ſhould be extinguiſhed in your pious breaſt. You thank God, you ſay, for the little affliction and mortification he has ſent you through her imprudence and folly. Well, would you merit this mortification, which is a mercy; would you be truly worthy of it; redouble your care for this poor orphan, who will acknowledge her fault. You have told her you liked her; which her vanity, her fear, and even her virtue itſelf, might engage her to interpret to your diſadvantage. —Is it not true, child? Do not you think yourſelf to blame for having injured, by your unjuſt ſuſpicions, this good gentleman, to whom you are under ſuch great obligations; and who, very far from looking upon you with carnal eyes, has been induced, by his holy affections, by his ſweet and pious exhortations, to engage you himſelf to fly from whatever might lead you aſtray? A thouſand times bleſſed be the kind Providence that has conducted you here to-day!—It is to you, dear Sir, ſhe is brought back; you ſee and are convinced of it.—Go, daughter, confeſs your fault; repent of the folly of your heart, and promiſe to make reparation by your future reſpect, confidence, and acknowledgment. Come forward,' added he, becauſe I kept at a diſtance from Mr. De Climal.

'Oh, Sir!' cried I, addreſſing myſelf to the falſe devotee; 'is it I, then, that am guilty? Can you expect me to hear this with patience? God, from whom nothing can be concealed, will do us both juſtice: it is impoſſible for me to have been deceived; and you know it very well.' Here my heart was too full to let me proceed, and I ſtopped to wipe away my tears.

Mr. De Climal, as bold a hypocrite as he was, could not bear it; I ſaw the moſt perplexing embarraſſment painted upon his countenance, and a confuſion that he could not hide. He feared his looks would betray him, and that this diſorder would induce the monk to ſuſpect his character: this made him at once take the moſt effectual means to diſguiſe his heart, which was to appear ſtill with an ingenuous confuſion, and frankly confeſs that he was ſo.

'She diſconcerts me,' ſaid he, with a modeſt diſorder in his look and voice; 'I do not know what to anſwer. What inſult ſhe loads me with! Ah, father, aſſiſt me to ſupport this new trial! This will be ſpread abroad! This poor child will tell it every where; ſhe will not ſpare me!—Alas, child! you would do me a great piece of injuſtice: but God forgive you!—Adieu, father: talk to her; endeavour to make her baniſh all theſe unjuſt ideas, if it is poſſible. It is true, that I have expreſſed a great deal of tenderneſs for her; but ſhe has miſtaken the nature of my affection: it is her ſoul that I

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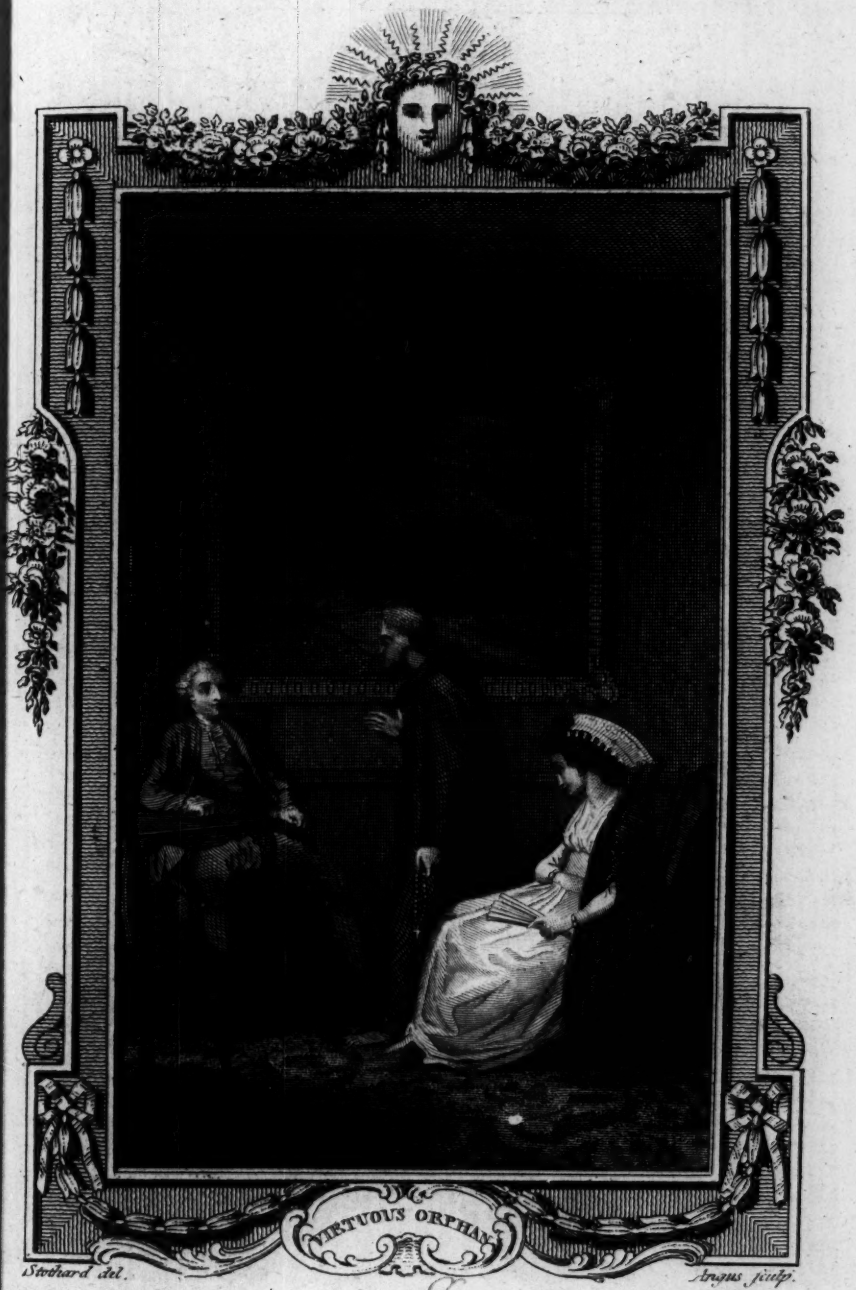

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'have loved, and it is her ſoul that I 'love ſtill; and which, indeed, de-'ſerves to be loved. Yes, father, Miſs 'has virtue; I have found in her a 'thouſand amiable qualities: and I 'recommend her to you, ſince it is no 'longer proper that I ſhould concern 'myſelf with her affairs.'

After theſe words, he retired, bowing only to the monk; who returned his compliment with an air of uncertainty, as if he knew not how to behave. He waited upon him to the door of the convent, and followed him with his eyes till he was out of ſight: at laſt, he returned to me; and, with a great deal of affection in his looks, began—'Daughter,' ſaid he, 'you grieve me. 'I am far from being ſatisfied with 'your behaviour; you have neither 'prudence nor gratitude; you are too 'obſtinate to believe any thing but 'what enters your fooliſh head: and 'ſee now what it is all come to. Oh, 'the good man! What a loſs you will 'have of him! What is it that brought 'you here now? It will be to no pur-'poſe to addreſs yourſelf to me any 'more; it will be entirely in vain. 'What good do you think I can do 'you? I have already done all I am 'able. If you have not profited by 'it, it is neither my fault, nor that 'good man's, who I found out for you. 'He has treated you as if you were his 'own child, for he has told me all; he 'ſupplied you with cloaths, linen, mo-'ney; he has furniſhed you with every 'thing; he has aſſured me that he paid 'for your board, and would have will-'ingly ſtill paid it; and even had a 'deſign of ſettling you in the world: 'but, becauſe he did not approve of 'your ſeeing his nephew, who is a 'giddy, debauched young coxcomb, 'you imagine, out of ſpite, that this 'pious and holy man loves, and is 'jealous of you. Is not this very 'ſtrange, very dreadful? He jealous! 'He love you! God will puniſh you, 'child, for the wicked thought. It 'ſprung from the malice of your heart; 'and God will puniſh you for it; I 'tell you ſo!'

I weeped while he ſpoke. 'Hear me! 'hear me!' replied I, ſobbing; 'I en-'treat you to hear me!'

'Well, what do you ſay?' returned he. 'What buſineſs have you with 'that young man? Why are you ſo 'obſtinately bent upon ſeeing him? 'What a monſtrous conduct! How-'ever, I might paſs by this folly; but 'to carry your ill-humour and ran-'cour ſo far as to be ungrateful and 'rude to a worthy gentleman, to whom 'you are under ſuch obligations! 'What do you think will become of 'you? What a misfortune is it to have 'ſuch a ſpirit as yours! Oh! indeed your 'behaviour vexes me. How genteelly 'are you dreſſed! Who would ima-'gine you had no relations? And, if 'you had, and they were even rich, 'could you be better accommodated 'than you are? Perhaps not ſo well. 'And all this, it is likely, proceeds 'from him. O Heavens! what can 'you complain of? He has ſpared no 'coſt——'

'Oh, father, you are in the right!' interrupted I; 'he has, indeed, ſpared 'no expence: but do not condemn me 'without hearing me. I hardly know 'his nephew; I ſaw him firſt by chance, 'and have never ſince been in his com-'pany: then, how is it poſſible I 'ſhould have entered into any engage-'ments with him? Mr. De Climal has 'abuſed you; and has given you pre-'tended reaſons, very different from the 'real ones, in order to prejudice you 'againſt me. You mentioned my 'cloaths: they are, indeed, too fine; 'I was ſurprized to ſee them ſo; and ſo 'are you now. Come, father, come 'near; take notice of the fineneſs of 'this linen; I would not have had it 'ſo good; and was very unwilling to 'accept of it on account of his beha-'viour before: I ſay, I even told him 'I could not accept of it; but he made 'a jeſt of my refuſal, and anſwered—"Go, look in your glaſs, and ſee if "this linen is too fine for that beauti-"ful face." Was you in my place, 'father, what would you have thought 'of this diſcourſe? Be ſincere, and 'tell me, if Mr. De Climal is ſo de-'vout, ſo pious, what buſineſs had he 'to take notice of my face? What was 'it to him whether I was beautiful or 'ugly? Why did he, with a merry 'air, call me his Dear Rogue in the 'coach; and add, that I ſhould have 'a heart more ſenſible; and that he 'would leave me his to aſſiſt me in 'making it ſo? To what purpoſe could 'he ſay all this? When a perſon ſpeaks 'of the heart to a girl, and of leaving

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'her his own, can it be piety that 'teaches him to make uſe of ſuch ex-'preſſions? Does he kiſs her——'

'A kiſs, child!' interrupted the religious; 'a kiſs! you dreamed ſo; 'that could never be! and you cannot 'ſay it. Who can believe you? Go, 'child! you are miſtaken! It was no 'ſuch thing! It is impoſſible! A kiſs! 'what a dream! Poor man! it was 'only a jolt of the coach, ſome ſudden 'motion, which toſſed his head againſt 'yours. This is all; to be ſure it was 'nothing elſe: and this, in your paſ-'ſion, you took for a kiſs! When we 'hate a perſon, we always put the 'worſt conſtruction upon every thing 'they do.'

'Ah, father! what reaſon could I 'have to hate him?' anſwered I. 'I 'had not, at that time, ſeen his nephew, 'who, he ſays, is the cauſe of his an-'ger againſt me: I had not even ſeen 'him; and therefore could not, on his 'account, be prejudiced againſt his 'uncle. But ſuppoſing I was deceiv-'ed with reſpect to the kiſs, which you 'cannot believe Mr. De Climal gave 'me, he would not by his conduct 'have confirmed my ſuſpicions; he 'would not have renewed them at Mrs. 'Du Tour's; he would neither have 'handled nor praiſed my hair in my 'chamber; where he was continually 'ſeizing my hand, putting it to his 'mouth, and making me ſuch com-'pliments that I could not hear with-'out bluſhing.'

'What! what is this you tell me? 'Softly, child; ſoftly!' returned he, with an air more ſurprized than incre-dulous. 'Your hair that he handled; 'that he praiſed! Mr. De Climal! 'Him! I cannot believe it. What 'could induce him to behave thus? 'It is true, he had much better not 'have done ſo. Theſe are abſences of 'mind that, I confeſs, do not look 'very decent; but, to be ſure, he had 'no meaning in them. It was a fooliſh, 'inconſiderate action; but not a cri-'minal one.'—'And my hand,' cried I, 'which he put to his mouth; was 'this, too, an abſence of mind?'

'Oh! your hand!' replied he; 'your 'hand; I do not know how to recon-'cile that. There are a thouſand peo-'ple, you know, who take every body 'by the hand when they ſpeak to them: 'and, perhaps, it is a cuſtom that he 'has got. I am ſure I have been ſerved 'ſo a hundred times.'

'Mighty well, father!' returned I: 'but, when you take a girl by the 'hand, you do not kiſs it; you do not 'commend it's beauty; you do not 'kneel before her, and talk of love.'

'What! how dare you tell me ſuch 'a monſtrous falſhood? It is quite in-'ſufferable!' cried he. 'Hold thy 'tongue, thou little viper! It is falſe! 'I cannot bear to hear you! It is the 'devil that has inſpired you with theſe 'thoughts! Yes, it is the devil, to be 'ſure! Go! get out of my ſight! I 'will hear no more! I do not believe 'a word of what you have told me; 'neither of the hair, your hand, nor 'his diſcourſe: it is all a forgery! 'Oh, thou dangerous little creature! 'She makes me tremble! How invi-'dious the reflection! to ſay, that Mr. 'De Climal, who leads a life of peni-'tence and devotion, who is wholly 'given up to acts of piety and charity, 'ſhould kneel before you, and talk of 'love!—Lord! what will this world 'come to?'

This he ſaid, joining his hands, and lifting up his eyes, as if affrighted at my diſcourſe; and as if reſolved, too, to baniſh thoſe diſagreeable ideas, for fear he ſhould be tempted to examine them.

'Indeed, father,' anſwered I, all in tears, and vexed at his prejudice, 'you treat me very ill. It is extremely 'painful for me to find myſelf uſed 'thus, and loaded with freſh injuries, 'where I come to ſeek for conſolation 'and redreſs. You are related to the 'perſon who brought me to Paris, and 'who had the care of my education; 'you have told me yourſelf that you 'eſteemed her much, and that her vir-'tue has edified you; it was to you ſhe 'made her confeſſion at her death, at 'a time when it cannot be ſuppoſed ſhe 'would ſpeak againſt her conſcience; 'you know what ſhe ſaid of me; I am 'ſure you muſt eaſily remember it, 'ſince it is not long ſince ſhe was taken 'from me; and I am not conſcious to 'myſelf that I have done any thing 'that can give cauſe for ſuch an ill opi-'nion of me ſince that time, as you 'have now entertained: on the con-'trary, my innocence and inexperi-'ence have excited your compaſſion, 'as well as the dreadful ſituation you

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'ſaw me in; and is it poſſible that you 'can imagine, that I am inſtantly be-'come the moſt vile, deceitful, and 'abandoned creature in the world? 'You ſeem ready to believe, that, in 'the grief and extremity I am in, a 'man, with whom I have only been 'one hour, and that by mere chance, 'and whom I ſhall never ſee more, has 'rendered me ſo fond and paſſionate, 'that I have loſt all ſenſe of goodneſs, 'all conſcience; and that I have, at 'once, the courage and ſpirit to invent 'things which ought to make me 'tremble; to forge the moſt frightful 'falſities; and all this, too, againſt a 'virtuous and worthy man, who would 'aſſiſt me to live, who was able to do 'me ſo much good, and whoſe friend-'ſhip it was my intereſt to preſerve; 'but it is he, it is he who is the liber-'tine; who, ſeeming devout and cha-'ritable, gives me liberally in publick, 'in hopes of bribing my virtue, and 'rendering me in ſecret a ſharer of his 'guilt and infamy.'

'O Heaven! how tranſported does 'ſhe appear! But what is this ſhe 'tells me? Who ever heard the like?' cried he, holding down his head, but without interrupting me, while I went on.

'Yes, father, this is his deſign; 'this the reaſon why he dreſſed me in 'ſuch a manner: and if I would have 'conſented to leave the place I was in, 'and ſuffer myſelf to be carried to a 'houſe magnificently furniſhed, where 'I ſhould board with one of his ac-'quaintance, who is, he ſays, a ſoli-'citor, and who he was to inform that 'I was a relation of his juſt come out 'of the country, he would have been 'ſatisfied. This is his charity! this 'his virtue!'

'How!' cried the monk, interrupt-ing me; 'a ſolicitor, ſay you? Is he 'married?'

'Yes, father,' anſwered I, 'he is 'married. I was to live with this ſoli-'citor, attended by maſters who were 'to teach me to dance, ſing, and play 'upon the ſpinnet; while all the fa-'mily were to ſhew me ſuch reſpect, 'that I ſhould appear as their miſtreſs. 'His wife was to take me away to-'morrow, and carry me to her houſe; 'where, if I was willing to go, he 'would immediately preſent me with 'a bond to pay me five or ſix hundred 'livres annually, till ſomething better 'could be provided for me. If I had 'not ſhewn that I abhorred his pro-'poſals, he would not have reproached 'me, as he has done, with the louis 'd'ors he has given me, which I will 'return; nor with the cloaths, which I 'am aſhamed to wear, and of which 'I will make no advantage; God for-'bid I ſhould! He did not tell you, I 'ſuppoſe, that I threatened to ac-'quaint you with his deſigns; or that 'I told him you were deceived in him, 'and thought him as pious as he ſeem-'ed to be: to which he had the front 'to anſwer, that you would look upon 'it as nothing, as a mere trifle which 'may happen to every body, and per-'haps to you; and that you could not 'ſecure yourſelf againſt love, becauſe 'every good man is liable to this paſ-'ſion, and moſt in danger of being 'captivated by it. Do you think, fa-'ther, it is probable I could invent all 'this?'

'Good Saviour!' cried he, quite a-mazed; 'what a ſtrange recital! what 'ought I to think of it? You ſtagger 'me, child! This ſolicitor puzzles 'and perplexes me; and ſeems to con-'firm all you have ſaid.—I cannot de-'ny it, for I know him; I have ſeen 'them together,' ſaid he, as if apart; 'and this poor child could never have 'found out that Mr. De Climal em-'ployed him, and that he is married.— 'It is an ill-looking fellow, is not he?' added he, turning to me again.

'I cannot tell, father,' returned I: 'Mr. De Climal only mentioned him 'to me; for I have neither ſeen him 'nor his wife.'—'So much the bet-ter,' returned he; 'ſo much the bet-'ter. Aye, aye, you was to go to 'live with them; I underſtand you. 'The huſband is a man I never could 'like. But, child, how ſtrange is 'your ſtory! If it is true, who can we 'truſt?'

'If it is true, father!' cried I. 'What inducement could I have to 'lye? Is it on his nephew's account 'you ſuſpect my veracity? Oh, that I 'was but ſhut up in a convent, never 'to ſee him more!'

'Say you ſo, child? That is well 'ſaid; nobody can ſpeak better.'—'If 'you have any ſuſpicion left, father,' added I, 'aſk the linen-draper, where 'Mr. De Climal had placed me, what

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'ſhe thinks of him; whether ſhe does 'not look upon him as a cheat and a 'hypocrite? Aſk his nephew, if he 'did not ſurprize him on his knee be-'fore me, holding my hand and kiſſing 'it, which I could not ſnatch from 'him. This ſo offended the young 'gentleman, that he looked upon me 'as loſt and ruined: and, in ſhort, 'father, conſider the confuſion Mr. 'De Climal was in when I entered. 'Did not you take notice of his 'looks?'

'Yes, yes,' ſaid he; 'he bluſhed: 'you are in the right. I did not know 'what to think of it. But, can it be 'poſſible? I cannot get this ſolicitor 'out of my head. It is a terrible arti-'cle; and his confuſion, too, I like no 'more than that: the contract is ano-'ther dark ſtory. He was in great 'haſte, ſure! What occaſion was there 'for the rich furniture; and ſo many 'maſters? Who would he have you 'dance with? A pleaſant kind of cha-'rity, truly! I ſuppoſe it was to fit 'you for the maſquerade. But is it 'Mr. De Climal that has done all 'this?—Lord, how much we need thy 'aſſiſtance! Alas! how depraved is 'human nature! The mind, and all the 'noble powers of the ſoul, are too 'often ſlaves to the paſſions, and re-'bels to reaſon. How miſerable is 'mankind, when this is the caſe! Mi-'ſerable, indeed!

'But, child, think no more of it; I 'believe you do not deceive me; no, 'you are not capable of ſo much falſe-'hood: but ſay no more; be diſcreet; 'charity demands you ſhould be ſo. 'Do you mind? Never mention this 'ſtrange adventure to any body: take 'care that you do not pleaſe the world, 'by repeating this ſcandalous affair. 'They will triumph; and, from his 'wickedneſs, take occaſion to ridicule 'the true ſervants of God. Endea-'vour even to think that your eyes and 'ears have been deceived: this is a 'diſpoſition of mind, that will be very 'agreeable to God, and which will 'draw down his bleſſing upon you. 'Come, child, do not afflict yourſelf; 'take courage,' cried he, obſerving my tears, which began to flow faſter, becauſe he ſeemed to ſympathize with me. 'Continue to be wiſe and good; 'and Providence will take care of you. 'Fare you well! I have ſome buſineſs, 'and muſt leave you: but give me a 'direction to that tradeſwoman's where 'you live.'

'Alas, father!' anſwered I, after having given it to him, 'this day is the 'laſt I am to be with her: he pays no 'longer for my board; and I am obliged 'to leave my lodging to-morrow; for 'ſhe expects I ſhould do ſo. If you 'abandon me, I ſhall have no where to 'fly to: you, father, are my only 'friend; you my only reſource.'

'Me, my dear child! Alas! how I 'pity thee! I am poor, and can do 'thee no ſervice; but God can do every 'thing for thee: do not be diſcou-'raged; we ſhall ſee, child, we ſhall 'ſee, what is to be done for you; I 'will think of it. God, that knows 'how ſenſible I am of your affliction, 'perhaps will inſpire me; for it all 'depends on him. I ſhall pray to him 'for directions; do you do ſo, too: 'tell him, that in his goodneſs alone 'you put your truſt, and that all your 'hopes are in his mercy. I will be 'with you by nine in the morning, 'without fail; but be ſure you do not 'go out before that time: it grows 'late, and I have buſineſs to do. A-'dieu! Compoſe yourſelf: you are a 'good way from home, and it is time 'to be going. Heaven preſerve you! 'Fare you well till to-morrow!'

We parted, without my being able to utter a ſingle word; and I went away at leaſt as uneaſy as I was when I came to him. The pious conſolations he had given me rendered my condition even more frightful than it had ever appeared to me before. I was not de-vout enough to reliſh them; and is it not ſtrange that a young mind ſhould believe that all hope is loſt, and her condition deſperate, when ſhe is told that God alone can relieve her? It is a grave and ſerious idea, that diſturbs and alarms her confidence in all human aſſiſtance; for our minds are generally too much attached to the objects of our ſenſes to dare to riſe above them: this makes us too often fly from ourſelves, and dread the dull moments of ſerious thoughts and pious contemplation.—O Religion, how much do we wrong thy native amiableneſs! How do we deſpiſe the glorious privilege of being reaſon-able and immortal! Nor is it ſtrange, ſince religion, the honour, the happi-neſs of all intelligent minds, is almoſt

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every where repreſented to the young and ſprightly, as an enemy to all their joys; as inconſiſtent with gaiety and delight: and thus, our fancies having cloathed her in all the dreary pomp of horror, we ſhun and fly from the imagined ſpectre.

As I was returning home, in a profound conſternation, affrighted at the proſpect that lay before me, and oppreſſed with the weight of my ſorrow, I was ſtopped by a tumult in the ſtreet, at the door of a convent: the church was open; and, half perſuaded by a ſentiment of religion, which then entered my mind, and half induced to it by the deſire of giving a looſe to my grief, and venting my ſighs without reſtraint, as well as to hide my tears, which drew upon me the attention of many obſervers, I entered the church, which I found empty, and threw myſelf on my knees at a confeſſional. There I abandoned myſelf to my affliction, and ſmothered neither my ſighs nor my groans. I lamented my miſery in the natural language of an oppreſſed heart; and, as I did not expect to be heard, I cried out—'Why 'am I brought into the world? Miſe'rable that I am! What can I do here? 'My God, thou haſt placed me in this 'ſituation; thou knoweſt my miſery; 'thou knoweſt my diſtreſs; do thou, 'then, relieve me. O thou common 'Father, thou compaſſionate Parent of 'univerſal nature! be a father to me, a 'poor miſerable orphan! the moſt for'lorn, the moſt wretched of all thy 'creatures: teach me to confide in thy 'goodneſs; and relieve me from all 'my diſtreſs!'

I was in the midſt of my exclamations, at leaſt I believe ſo, when a lady came in unperceived, whom I did not take notice of till ſhe retired.

I found afterwards, that ſhe was juſt arrived out of the country, and had given orders that her coach ſhould wait at the gate of the convent, where ſome of her friends had deſired her to deliver a letter to the prioreſs; and that, while a ſervant was gone with it to her, ſhe ſtepped into the church, finding, as I did, the door open.

She was ſcarce entered, when my moving complaints reached her ears; ſhe heard, perhaps, all I ſaid; and ſaw me in a poſture expreſſive of the deepeſt deſpair, while my thoughts were ſo ſwallowed up with my calamities, that I even forgot where I was. My affliction, which appeared to her the moſt extreme, ſenſibly touched her; my youth, my ſhape, and, perhaps, too, my dreſs, contributed to intereſt her in my grief.

On theſe occaſions, the eye recommends us to the heart; if you are unhappy, and make but a mean appearance, the moſt generous minds will be too apt to overlook you; or, at beſt, will intereſt themſelves but coolly in your affairs: you will want that attraction which flatters their vanity; and nothing can aſſiſt you ſo much in rendering them generous towards you; nothing makes them reliſh the honour and pleaſure of being ſo, as the ſeeing in you an air of diſtinction.

This lady examined me with attention; and would even have ſtaid to ſee me turn my head, if ſhe had not been told that the prioreſs waited for her in the parlour.

At the noiſe ſhe made in retiring, I came to myſelf; and, as I heard ſomebody's ſteps, I was willing to ſee who it was: ſhe expected it, and our eyes inſtantly met.

I could not ſee her without bluſhing, at being ſurprized in my lamentations; but, in ſpite of all my confuſion, I obſerved ſhe was pleaſed with my looks, and that my affliction touched her: this appeared viſible in her countenance; and, in return, mine (if it told her my thoughts) expreſſed a ſenſe of gratitude, at leaſt, equal to my timidity; for ſouls are capable of this kind of intercourſe.

I remained here about half a quarter of an hour longer; both to dry up my tears, and to revolve in my mind what I ſhould do the next day, if the monk did not ſucceed in his deſigns. 'How 'much do I envy the lot of thoſe girls 'in this convent!' ſaid I: 'how happy 'are they!'

I was taken up with this thought, when the maid, who looked after the doors of the convent, came and told me, very civilly, that ſhe was going to ſhut up the church. 'I ſhall go pre'ſently,' returned I, not daring to give her any more than a ſide look, for fear ſhe ſhould take notice that I had been weeping; but I forgot to take care of the tone in which I anſwered her, and this it was betrayed me. She

thought it ſo moving, and, beſides, obſerved me ſo young, genteel, and agreeable, (as ſhe told me afterwards) that ſhe could not help ſaying to me—'Alas, dear Miſs! what is the matter? 'Pray, what diſturbs you? Have you 'loſt any thing of value? Perhaps you 'want to ſpeak with ſome of our la-'dies. Pray, Miſs, which of them 'would you ſee?'

I made no anſwer to theſe queſtions; but my eyes began again to flow. Our ſex, Madam, are very apt to cry when we are told that we have been weeping; and this is a puerility that we cannot eaſily ſhake off.

'But, Miſs, pray tell me what is 'the matter? I beg of you,' continued ſhe, 'tell me freely. Shall I go and 'tell any of our religious, that you 'deſire to ſpeak to them?' Here I could not help reflecting on what ſhe ſaid. 'It is God, perhaps, who ſends 'her to inſpire me with that thought,' ſaid I to myſelf, quite moved with her tender importunity. 'Yes, Madam, 'I ſhould be very glad to ſpeak with 'the prioreſs, if ſhe be at leiſure.'

'Very well, Miſs,' returned ſhe; 'if 'you pleaſe to follow me, I will con-'duct you to her parlour, and ſhe will 'wait upon you in a minute. Come.'

I followed her up a few ſtairs, when ſhe opened a door; and the firſt object which preſented itſelf was the lady I have mentioned; whom I had never ſeen, but when ſhe went out of the church, and who then looked upon me in a manner extremely obliging.

She appeared even charmed at ſeeing me again; and roſe up, with a friendly air, to make room for me.

She was with the prioreſs of the convent; and I have already told you the cauſe of her viſit. 'Madam,' ſaid the ſervant, 'this lady deſires to ſpeak with 'you.'

The prioreſs was a ſhort perſon, but plump, fair, and double-chinned; and her complexion freſh and healthy: there are no ſuch faces to be met with in the world; for the good plight of ſuch a body does not at all reſemble that of others. It is a conſtitution formed by eaſe, and more methodically, with more art, more ceremony, and a more refined ſelf-love than ours. It is commonly either the conſtitution, the quantity of food, or a life of inactivity, that gives us this ſtate of body; but hers was obtained by the devout care which ſhe exerted inceſſantly, in conſulting the eaſe and welfare of her dear perſon; which was a proof that, notwithſtanding her having renounced the pleaſures of life, to think on a better, her heart was not only ſtill fixed on this, but that ſhe indulged a ſoft, indolent, and voluptuous habit; and not only enjoyed her health, but took as much pains to procure herſelf as many nice ſuperfluities, as if ſhe was always on the recovery of it. Thus this plight of body, nurſed up in the convent, has a different appearance from ours, which comparatively looks profane; for it not only renders the face fat and plump, but gives it a ſolemn air of gravity; and communicates to the looks not chearfulneſs and gaiety, but tranquillity and content.

At the firſt view, Madam, you perceive in theſe perſons an outſide courteous and affable, though they are inwardly cold and unconcerned: it is the mien, not the ſoul, that is affected and ſeems to grow tender; for they are like fine images, which, though they appear ſenſible, and expreſs the paſſions with a ſtriking beauty, yet have neither ſentiment nor goodneſs. But I will proceed: perhaps I may attempt to finiſh her picture another time.

'Your ſervant, Miſs,' ſaid the prioreſs, ſaluting me: 'may I know to 'whom I have the honour to ſpeak?'—'The honour is mine, Madam,' anſwered I, covered with ſhame; 'and 'if I had even told you who I am, I 'ſhould not be at all the better known 'to you.'

'If I am not deceived, you are the 'perſon I juſt ſaw in the church,' ſaid the other lady, with a tender ſmile; 'and I think, too, I ſaw you weep; 'which ſenſibly affected me.'—'I am 'extremely obliged to you, Madam, 'for your concern,' returned I, in a low and timorous voice, and then was ſilent. I was at a loſs how to begin; for the reception I met with from the prioreſs, though extremely civil, had diſcouraged me. I immediately loſt all my hopes without knowing why. The firſt ſight of the prioreſs ſtruck me; and made me at once imagine that her goodneſs was all ſuperficial. 'She 'will condole, but not ſuccour me,' ſaid I to myſelf; 'I ſhall have no aſ-

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'ſiſtance from her. Alas! I have no-
'thing to hope for!'

Meanwhile, the ladies were ſtanding, which made me bluſh, becauſe my dreſs deceived them, and I was greatly below ſo much ceremony. 'Do you 'deſire to ſpeak with me alone?' ſaid the prioreſs to me. 'As you pleaſe,' anſwered I; 'but I ſhould be very 'ſorry to diſturb the lady, or give you 'the leaſt trouble: I will wait upon 'you another time.'

This I ſaid, with an intention to eſcape from the embarraſſment into which I had thrown myſelf, and to come no more.

'No, Miſs; no:' ſaid the lady to me, taking me by the hand, to make me come forward. 'I beg you would 'ſtay; my viſit is over, and I am go-'ing: ſo I ſhall leave you entirely at 'liberty. I have taken notice that 'you are very uneaſy; and you there-'fore deſerve every body's concern: 'and if I ſhould turn you away in this 'diſpoſition, I ſhould never forgive 'myſelf.'

'Yes, Madam,' ſaid I, touched with her diſcourſe, and all in tears, 'it is 'true, I am very uneaſy; I am ex-'tremely ſo: nobody has ſuch cauſe 'for it as I; nobody has ſo much rea-'ſon to complain, nor ſo worthy of 'compaſſion. You, Madam, ſhew a 'heart ſo noble, that I will make no 'difficulty of ſpeaking before you: 'you need not retire, for you will not 'at all diſturb me; on the contrary, it 'is happy for me that you are here; 'becauſe you will help me to obtain of 'this lady what I am come to beg for 'on my knees;' here I caſt myſelf at her feet: 'and that is, that ſhe would 'be pleaſed to receive me into her 'houſe.'

'Oh, my charming dear! how you 'move me!' cried the prioreſs, ſtretch-ing out her arms, as if to receive me, while the lady affectionately raiſed me up. 'How happy am I, that you 'ſhould make choice of my houſe! 'Indeed, as ſoon as I ſaw you, I fore-'ſaw that you were to live with us: 'your modeſty ſtruck me. "Is not this "a predeſtinated perſon?" I thought 'within myſelf: for it is certain your 'vocation is wrote on your counte-'nance.—Is it not true, Madam? Is 'it not as I ſay? How charming ſhe 'is! What an air of wiſdom!—O 'my child! how am I tranſported! 'How you fill me with joy! Come, 'my angel, come.—I would lay any 'wager that ſhe is an only child; and 'that they would marry her againſt 'her conſent.—But tell me, my dear 'life; is it now that you would enter? 'We ſhould, however, let your rela-'tions know of it. Do not you 'think ſo too? But to whom muſt 'we ſend?'

'Alas, mother!' returned I, 'I 'can direct you to nobody.' My confuſion and my ſighs made me ſtop here. 'Well,' ſaid ſhe, 'what muſt 'we do, then?'—'No; I can direct 'you to nobody,' continued I: 'you 'are quite miſtaken, mother; I have 'not even the comfort of having any 'relation; at leaſt, if I have any, I 'have never known them.'

'Sweet Jeſu!' replied ſhe, with ſomething of a colder air, and leſs af-fection; 'that is very dreadful, Miſs! 'No relations! How can that be? 'Who, then, takes care of you? It is 'likely, then, you have no fortune. 'What is become of your father and 'mother?'

'I was but two years old,' ſaid I, 'when they were aſſaſſinated by rob-'bers, who ſtopped a ſtage-coach in 'which I was with them: their do-'meſticks ſhared the ſame unhappy 'fate, and only I was left alive. I 'was carried to the vicar of a neigh-'bouring village; and, by him and his 'ſiſter, a lady of the moſt unſpotted 'virtue, was educated with the great-'eſt tenderneſs. But, unhappily for 'me, after having brought me to Pa-'ris, ſhe died, at a time when her bro-'ther was loaded with the heavieſt 'misfortunes: her death plunged me 'into the deepeſt diſtreſs; I had no 'perſon who loved me upon earth, 'theſe two dear perſons excepted; and 'all the proſpect that lay before me 'was, to ſubſiſt upon the charity of 'others; a diſmal ſituation, indeed! 'But it was the loſs of this dear lady, 'the loſs of her tender friendſhip, that 'moſt nearly afflicted me: not to men-'tion the value and ſincere reſpect I 'owed her brother, whom, perhaps, I 'ſhall never ſee more. I regretted 'their loſs, not the ſupport I received 'from them; and I would gladly have 'given my life to have ſaved hers. 'She died in the inn where we lodged:

'I was left there alone; and there I 'was robbed of almoſt all the little 'money ſhe left me. A monk, her 'confeſſor, took me from thence, and 'put me, ſome days ſince, into the 'hands of a gentleman, whom I will 'not name: we thought him a man of 'ſtrict piety and virtue; but we were 'both deceived, he was quite the re-'verſe. He placed me with Mrs. Du 'Tour, a linen-draper; but ſcarce was 'I there, before he diſcovered his wick-'ed deſigns; when, to ſeduce me from 'the paths of virtue, he uſed all his 'art, and, at laſt, promiſed to make 'me a handſome ſettlement, and to 'provide for me with the greateſt mag-'nificence: but I had learned to chuſe 'the keeneſt ſufferings, rather than to 'deprive myſelf of the ſecret witneſs 'of an approving conſcience. I would 'have welcomed poverty, want, and 'even ſlavery, with all it's train of 'miſeries, ſince, even then, I ſhould 'have poſſeſſed a mind free from the 'reſtraints of vice and the ſting of in-'famy. I was ſhocked at his beha-'viour, and aſtoniſhed at his hypo-'criſy and deceit: I endeavoured to 'make him aſhamed of himſelf. "O "Sir!" ſaid I, "have you no ſenſe of "religion? What abominable thoughts "do you entertain!" But I ſpoke in 'vain; my reſolution to continue vir-'tuous was ſo far from bringing him 'to himſelf, and making him repent, 'that it enraged him againſt me, and 'made him treat me as an ungrateful 'wretch: he threatened to puniſh me, 'if I diſcovered him; he reproached 'me with the money he had given me; 'with my linen, and the gown I have 'on. I ſhall ſend him back the whole 'as ſoon as I return to Mrs. Du 'Tour's, who has given me leave to 'ſtay till to-morrow: I ſhall not know 'where to apply for relief, if Father 'St. Vincent, from whom I am juſt 'come, and who innocently recom-'mended me to this vile man, does 'not find a retreat for me to-morrow, 'as he has promiſed to endeavour to 'do. As I came from him, and was 'paſſing by, I ſtepped into your church 'to dry up my tears, which I could 'not conceal from thoſe that paſſed by 'me: then, Madam, God inſpired me 'with the thought of caſting myſelf at 'your feet, and imploring your aid.' Here I concluded my diſcourſe, or rather my little harangue, in which my grief ſupplied the place of art; which had it's effect on the lady who was with us. I obſerved her wipe her eyes; but ſhe made me no anſwer; ſhe left that to the prioreſs, who had honoured my ſtory with ſome motions of her hand, and geſticulations of her countenance, which ſhe could not refuſe me with de-cency: but I did not perceive that her heart gave any ſigns of being touched.

'Truly, your ſituation is very de-'plorable, Miſs,' ſaid ſhe, (for I had loſt all the tender epithets of 'Dear life!' and 'Charming angel!' all theſe en-dearments were ſuppreſſed;) 'but it is 'not quite deſperate! You muſt ſee 'what Father St. Vincent can do for 'you,' replied ſhe, with an air of com-paſſion. 'You ſay he is to find a place 'for you? It is much more eaſy for 'him to ſerve you than for me; I am 'confined, and do not know how to 'ſet about it. We ſee and know no-'body here, except this gentlewoman, 'and ſome other ladies, who are ſome-'times ſo kind as to pay us a viſit: but 'we are very often whole weeks with-'out being honoured with any com-'pany at all: beſides, our houſe is not 'rich; we are maintained by our 'boarders, whoſe number are greatly 'diminiſhed of late; we are in debt 'too, and ſo ill provided for, that I had, 'the other day, the mortification to re-'fuſe a very promiſing young lady, 'who deſired to be a lay-ſiſter, be-'cauſe we can receive no more, though 'we want them much, on account of 'the expence. Thus, on all ſides, you 'ſee our inability, which mortifies me 'extremely; for you afflict me, my 'poor girl,'—(my poor girl! what a difference of ſtile! before it was 'My 'charming dear!')—'indeed you af-'flict me! But why do not you apply 'to the miniſter of your pariſh? Our 'ſociety can only aſſiſt you with our 'prayers; it is not in a condition to 'receive you: and all that I can do for 'you is, to recommend you to the 'charity of the young ladies. I will 'make a collection for you, and remit 'it to you to-morrow.' A collection for an angel, what a charming pro-poſal!

'No, mother, no!' returned I, with a ſharp and reſolute tone; 'I have not 'yet ſpent the remainder of the little 'ſum that was left me by my dear 'friend;

'friend; and I did not come with a 'deſign to beg alms. I believe that 'thoſe who have a ſpirit cannot ſtoop 'ſo low, till it is neceſſary to do it to 'ſupport life; and I am not yet re-'duced to that extremity: however, I 'thank you.'

'Nor can I ſuffer one with ſuch 'ſentiments to be ever reduced to it,' ſaid the lady, who had hitherto kept ſilence. 'Take courage, Miſs; you 'may ſtill make pretenſions to one 'friend in the world: I will comfort 'you for the loſs of her you ſtill re-'gret; and it ſhall not be my fault if 'I am not as dear to you as ever ſhe 'has been.—Mother,' added ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to the prioreſs, 'I will 'pay the young lady's board; you may 'admit her: mean while, as ſhe is ab-'ſolutely unknown to you, and as it 'is juſt that you ſhould be ſatisfied 'who it is you receive, in order to re-'move all ſcruple from you, and to 'prevent my friendſhip for her being 'made a ſubject of ridicule, we need 'only ſend your ſervant to Mrs. Du 'Tour, the linen-draper; and her teſti-'mony in Miſs's favour will juſtify 'both your conduct and mine.'

I immediately found, by this diſcourſe, that ſhe herſelf would be very glad to know a little more of the object of her friendſhip, and to be ſatisfied who it was ſhe obliged: but, pray, obſerve the generous courſe ſhe took to learn it; with what reſpect, care, and addreſs, ſhe concealed from me the little uncertainty ſhe might reaſonably be in as to the truth of what I had told her.

Theſe inſtances of goodneſs are invaluable; and, of all the obligations a great and noble ſoul can confer upon us, this ſecret politeneſs of ſentiment, theſe tender regards, are the moſt moving. I call them ſecret, becauſe the heart that beſtows them does not put them to the ſcore of the other's gratitude: it thinks they are only perceptible to itſelf; it conceals them from you, and, as it were, buries the whole merit of them in oblivion. This is a height of goodneſs which is quite angelick.

For my part, I preſently ſaw into her ſoul; for thoſe perſons who have a little of this nobleneſs of heart themſelves are extremely quick-ſighted in obſerving it in others, and eaſily take notice of every inſtance of it.

I ſeized with tranſport, though very reſpectfully, the hand of this charming lady; I kiſſed it long, and bathed it with the moſt tender and delicious tears I ever ſhed in my life: for the ſoul is conſcious of it's own dignity; and every thing that ſhews it an air of reſpect, penetrates and enchants it; for our pride is never ungrateful.

'Madam,' ſaid I to her, 'do you 'conſent that I write two or three words 'to Mrs. Du Tour by the ſervant? 'You ſhall ſee my letter; for, I think, 'in the circumſtances in which I am 'placed, ſhe may fear being deceived; 'and, being apprehenſive of a trick, 'may not explain herſelf freely.'—'Yes; do, Miſs,' anſwered ſhe; 'you 'are in the right: pray write to her.—'Mother, will you be ſo good as to 'give us a pen and ink?'—'With 'pleaſure,' ſaid the prioreſs, quite ſoftened; and inſtantly gave us them through the grate: when I wrote the note; which was as follows.

'MADAM,

'THE perſon who bears this letter 'applies to you to be informed 'of what you know of my affairs. Be 'ſo good as to tell her with the utmoſt 'freedom, and without the leaſt re-'ſerve, whatever relates to my beha-'viour and character, as well as the 'melancholy diſaſters of my life, and 'the manner in which I was intro-'duced to you. I ſhould be very much 'diſpleaſed, if a regard to me ſhould 'induce you to ſuppreſs the moſt trifling 'particular; therefore, make no diffi-'culty of ſpeaking according to your 'conſcience, without conſidering whe-'ther it will be of advantage to me or 'not. I am, Madam, your humble 'ſervant,

'MARIANNE.'

This done, I preſented the paper to my kind benefactreſs; who, after having read it, ſmiling with an air that ſeemed to ſay this was a ſufficient proof of my innocence, gave it through the grate to the prioreſs, ſaying—'I be-'lieve you will be of my opinion, that 'a perſon who can write in this man-'ner has nothing to fear.'—'Very 'good!' replied the prioreſs, when ſhe had read it; 'it is extremely good! 'nothing could be better expreſſed!' And immediately, whilſt I was folding

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up the letter, rang the bell to call a ſervant.

As ſoon as ſhe entered, ſhe paid her reſpects to the lady; who ſaid to her—'I have ſeen your ſiſter in the country; 'ſhe is very well pleaſed with the ſituation I have placed her in; and I have 'ſomething to ſay to you,' added ſhe, taking her aſide. I could not help fancying that I was the ſiſter ſhe was talking of, and that ſhe was buſy in giving her orders in which I was concerned; and two or three words dropped, ſuch as—'Yes, Madam; leave it 'to me;' pronounced pretty loud by the ſervant, who inceſſantly looked at me, ſufficiently proved it.

However, the girl took the note, went out, and returned in about an hour after. I ſhall paſs over what was ſaid between the lady, the prioreſs, and I, during this interval. But I forgot one circumſtance; which is, that, before ſhe entered the parlour, another ſervant came to tell the lady that a perſon deſired to ſpeak a word with her in the next room. Upon this, ſhe ſtepped out, but did not ſtay above five or ſix minutes before ſhe came in again; but ſcarce was ſhe entered, when the maid appeared, who, probably, had but juſt left her; and who, with a well-boding gaiety, and ſomething of the enthuſiaſm of friendſhip, addreſſed me in this manner.

'O Holy Virgin! how much good 'have I juſt heard of you, Miſs! But I 'gueſſed as much before.—Madam, 'you can hardly believe all they have 'told me! They ſay ſhe has wit and 'good-nature; is wiſe, virtuous, affable, 'modeſt; in ſhort, ſhe is the beſt girl 'in the world! She is a treaſure; yet, 'nevertheleſs, ſhe is ſo unhappy, that 'Mrs. Du Tour and I have been crying together about her. She has 'neither father nor mother; nobody 'knows who ſhe is: this is all the 'fault ſhe has; and, if ſhe had not 'feared God, ſhe would not have been 'ſo unfortunate; witneſs, a very rich 'man that ſhe diſmiſſed, for good reaſons, like a villain, as he is; but I 'will tell you that another time; I 'only mention the moſt material things. 'As to the reſt, Madam, I did as you 'ordered me; I did not tell your name 'to Mrs. Du Tour; ſo ſhe does not 'know who it was that wanted information.'

The lady bluſhed at this indiſcretion of the ſervant, which informed me what was the ſubject of their converſation; and this bluſh was a new obligation, which I placed to her account.

'Very well, child; that is ſufficient,' ſaid ſhe to her. 'And you, Marianne, 'will not you enter into the convent 'to-day? Have you any thing to take 'from the linen-draper's? Muſt you 'go thither again?'—'Yes, Madam,' replied I; 'but I ſhall return in half 'an hour, if you will permit me to 'go.'

'Do, Miſs,' ſaid ſhe; 'and I will 'wait for you.' I then went out; and, as the convent was not far from Mrs. Du Tour's, I arrived there in a little time; though I ſtill felt ſome pain in my foot.

When I entered, Mrs. Du Tour was chatting at her door with one of her neighbours: I gave her my thanks in the moſt obliging terms, and embraced her moſt affectionately; for I thought ſhe deſerved it.

'Well, Marianne,' cried ſhe, 'thank 'God you have had good luck! How 'did you bring it about? How did you 'manage it? And, pray, who is the 'lady that ſent to me?'

'Hold, Madam! I muſt be ſhort; 'I am in extreme haſte, and have not 'time to anſwer all your queſtions,' ſaid I. 'I am going to undreſs my-'ſelf, and put this gown into the bun-'dle I have been making; which I muſt 'immediately finiſh, and which you 'will be ſo good as to ſend to Mr. De 'Climal's nephew.'—'Yes, yes,' returned ſhe; 'Mr. De Valville; I know 'him; I ſerve him with linen.'—'You 'are right; the very man,' ſaid I, going up ſtairs into my room.

As ſoon as I was there, with all poſſible haſte, I pulled off the gown I had on; and, ſnatching up the old one, put it in the bundle. This was done inſtantly. There were an ink-ſtand and ſome ſheets of paper upon the table; I took one, and wrote thus to Valville.

'SIR,

'IT is but a few days that I have 'known Mr. De Climal your uncle, and am yet ignorant where he 'lives: on this account, I am at a loſs 'how to direct theſe cloaths to him, 'which are his; and which I therefore 'deſire you would ſend to him. He

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'told me he gave them to me out of 'charity, (for I am poor) whilſt I ac- 'cepted them in that light; but, as this 'is not true, and he has deceived me, 'they are no longer mine; and I there- 'fore return them back, as alſo ſome mo- 'ney which he forced me to accept of. 'I ſhould not have had recourſe to you 'on this occaſion, if I had time to ſend 'to a monk called Father St. Vincent, 'who, to ſerve me, had recommended 'me to your uncle; and will teach 'you, when you will, to reproach your- 'ſelf for the inſult you have caſt upon 'an afflicted, virtuous maid, and one 'that is, perhaps, your equal. I am, 'Sir, your, &c.

'MARIANNE.'

What do you think, Madam, of my letter? I was mightily pleaſed with it, and thought it even exceeded my hopes, conſidering my youth and inexperience; but one muſt be very ſtupid, if, with ſome ſentiments of honour, of love, and of pride too, we do not expreſs our- ſelves a little more ſmartly than ordi- nary.

I had no ſooner ſealed up the letter, but I took the bundle, and carried it down ſtairs. I ſuppreſs here a parti- cular account of a number of circum- ſtances that you will eaſily gueſs at; ſuch as packing up my old cloaths to go to the convent; my taking leave of Mrs. Du Tour, who promiſed my let- ter and bundle ſhould be ſent within an hour to Valville's; the repeated aſ- ſurances we gave each other of our friendſhip; and the tears ſhe almoſt ſhed on her part; for ſhe did not quite cry, though I believed every minute ſhe was going to do it; but I let fall ſome tears of ſadneſs in going from her. Methought it ſeemed as if I was leav- ing a ſort of relation, and even my na- tive country too, without even time to think of this ſudden change of circum- ſtances: there was ſomething too much for me in the rapidity of the events.

But, however childiſh this was, can you look upon my going with the thoughts of being for ever excluded from the ſight of Valville as nothing? I had ſaid, indeed, I would never ſee him more; but it was very hard to be thus taken at my word: I had pro- miſed, indeed, never to ſee him more, but not never to be able to ſee him; this is another matter, an affair of a much more ſerious nature, and the heart will not bear to be uſed thus rudely; for what gives it a firmneſs and intrepidity in a caſe like mine, is the power of being weak; and this free- dom I had loſt by my change of cir- cumſtances; this made me ſigh, and abated my courage.

I had told Mrs. Du Tour that I was going to a convent; but what the name of it was, I was entirely ignorant of, as well as the ſtreet it was in; but I knew my way: the porter followed me with my box of cloaths; and I ima- gined that, at his return, he would in- form her; and if by chance ſhe ſhould ſee Valville, ſhe might tell him; but I cannot ſay that I wiſhed ſhe might; it was only a reflection that I made on the way, which ſerved to amuſe me. 'Well, 'but ſuppoſe he ſhould know the place 'of my retreat?' ſaid I to myſelf. 'What then! What is that to me? 'Nothing at all! Will he attempt to 'ſee me, or write to me? Oh, no, to 'be ſure!' ſaid I: but, 'Yes, ſure!' I ſhould have ſaid, if I had anſwered ſincerely, and according to the agreeable probability that he would do ſo.

We ſoon arrived at the convent: I went in, but much worſe dreſſed than when I went out. My benefactreſs aſked me the reaſon; I told her I left all the cloaths ſhe had ſeen before with Mrs. Du Tour, that ſhe might return them to the gentleman I had mention- ed, who had given them to me. 'My 'dear child, you ſhall loſe nothing by 'that,' ſaid ſhe, embracing me: after which I entered, and came again to thank her through the grate of the par- lour. She left me; and I became from that time a boarder.

I have many things to tell you re- lating to the convent. I ſoon became acquainted there with ſeveral perſons: I was loved by ſome, and hated by others. But I ſhall give you a parti- cular account of my abode here, which ſhall begin my Fourth Part; and ſhall finiſh this with an event which has been the cauſe of my entering again into the world.

Two or three days after I was here, my benefactreſs made me be dreſſed in as genteel a manner as if I had been her own daughter; and provided me with all the cloaths which would have been neceſſary for my appearing in that character. Judge of the ſentiments with

which

which her goodneſs inſpired me: I never ſaw her but with tranſports of joy and tenderneſs!

They obſerved that I had a good voice, and underſtood ſomething of muſick; and ſhe was deſirous of perfecting me in it. The prioreſs had a niece, on whom ſhe allowed a maſter of the harpſichord to attend; and he was appointed my maſter too. 'Theſe are 'talents,' ſaid my amiable lady, 'that 'will always be of ſervice to you. If 'you take the veil, they will give you 'an air of diſtinction, and make you 'taken notice of: if you enter into the 'world, they will be looked upon as 'the moſt graceful and innocent ac-'compliſhments.'

She conſtantly came to ſee me every two or three days; and it was already three weeks that I had lived there in a ſituation of mind very difficult to deſcribe. I endeavoured to enjoy a perfect tranquillity; but found, however, that I had it not in my power. I baniſhed from my thoughts the intruding ideas that would hinder my enjoying a perfect repoſe; but in vain; my reflections and uneaſineſs returned together; and a ſecret folly, for which I continually reproached myſelf, tormented me inceſſantly.

Valville knew, without doubt, where I was placed; and yet I heard no more of him: my heart was at a loſs how to account for ſuch a conduct. If he had found the means to let me hear from him, he could have gained nothing by it; I had renounced him; but I did not intend by that, that he ſhould renounce me too. What a fantaſtical ſentiment!

One afternoon, as I was thinking of this, in ſpite of my endeavours to think no more of it, one came to tell me that a footman aſked to ſpeak to me. I fancied he came from my benefactreſs, and went into the parlour. I hardly looked at this pretended domeſtick, who ſhewed only one ſide of his face, and, with a trembling hand, preſented me the letter. 'Who do you come 'from?' ſaid I. 'You will ſee, Miſs, 'by the letter,' ſaid he, with ſome emotion in his voice, which my heart knew again even before I did; for I inſtantly felt myſelf moved by a kind of ſympathy.

I caſt a look at him as I received the letter, and ſaw his eyes fixed upon me. But what eyes were they! How much was I ſurprized! Our eyes were fixed upon each other, while we remained ſome time without uttering a word; and it was only our hearts that had ſpoke, when a ſervant entered, and told me my benefactreſs was coming up, and that her coach was in the court; but ſhe did not name her: 'It is your 'good mamma,' ſaid ſhe; and then left us.

'Pray, Sir, retire!' cried I, in confuſion, to Valville; for you ſee very well it was he; who only ſighed, and left me.

I hid my letter while I waited for my generous friend, who appeared in an inſtant, with a lady, who had every qualification to render her perfectly amiable; who ſoon engaged my affections, and whom you will love too, when I have given you her picture; which I intend to inſert in the Fourth Part, with that of the dear charming woman I called my mother.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.